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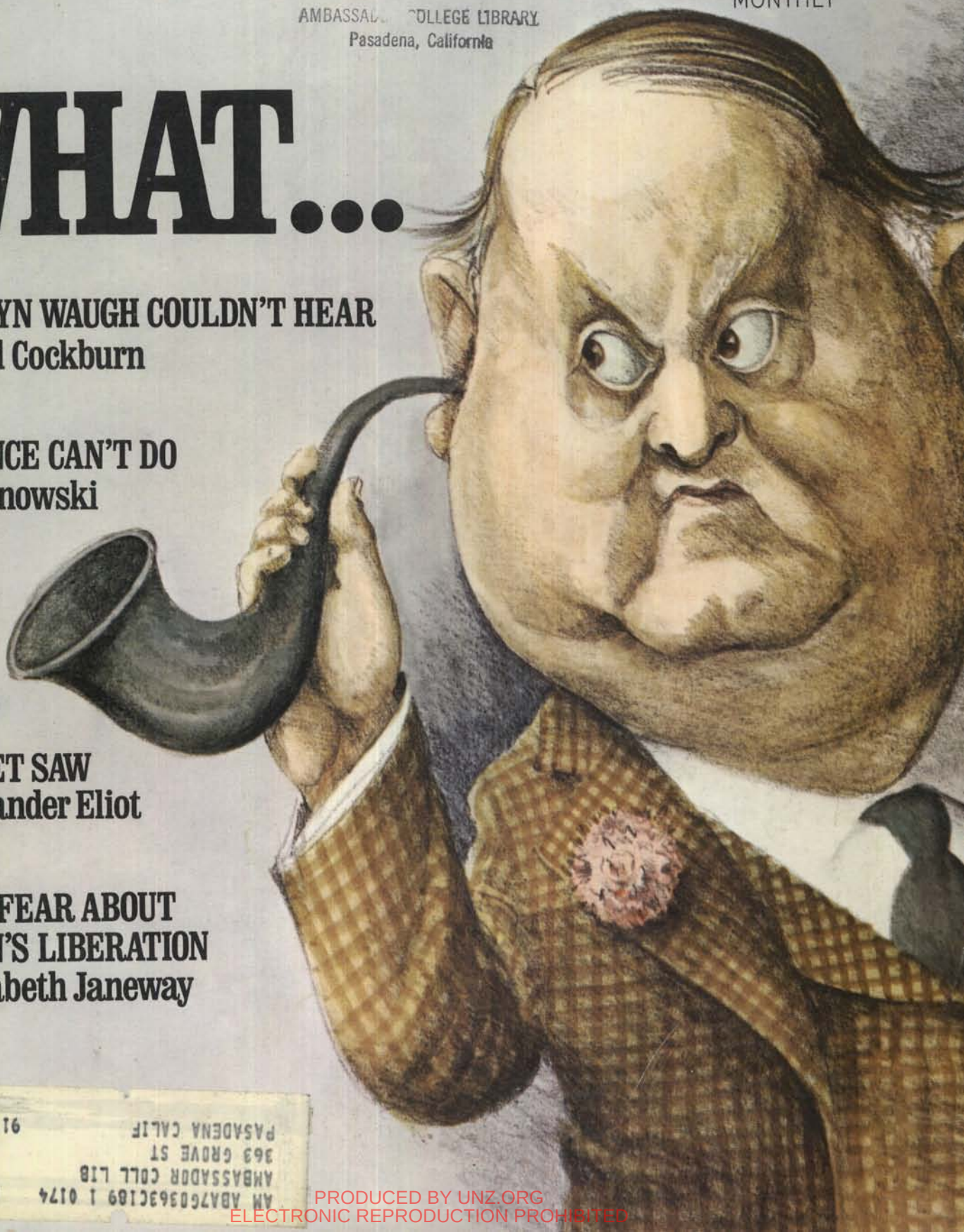

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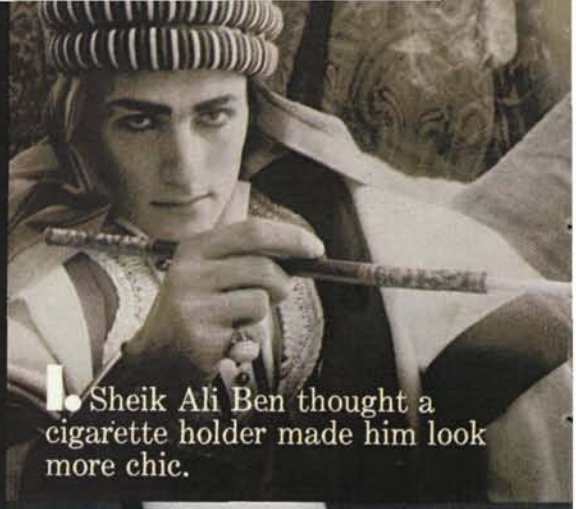
The Parliament recessed filter.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



1. Sheik Ali Ben thought a cigarette holder made him look more chic.

2. Even better, it gave him a cleaner taste. Just like today's Parliament, with the recessed filter that's tucked back, away from your lips.

3. With Parliament, you never taste a filter. Just rich, clean flavor. Now what could be more chic?

Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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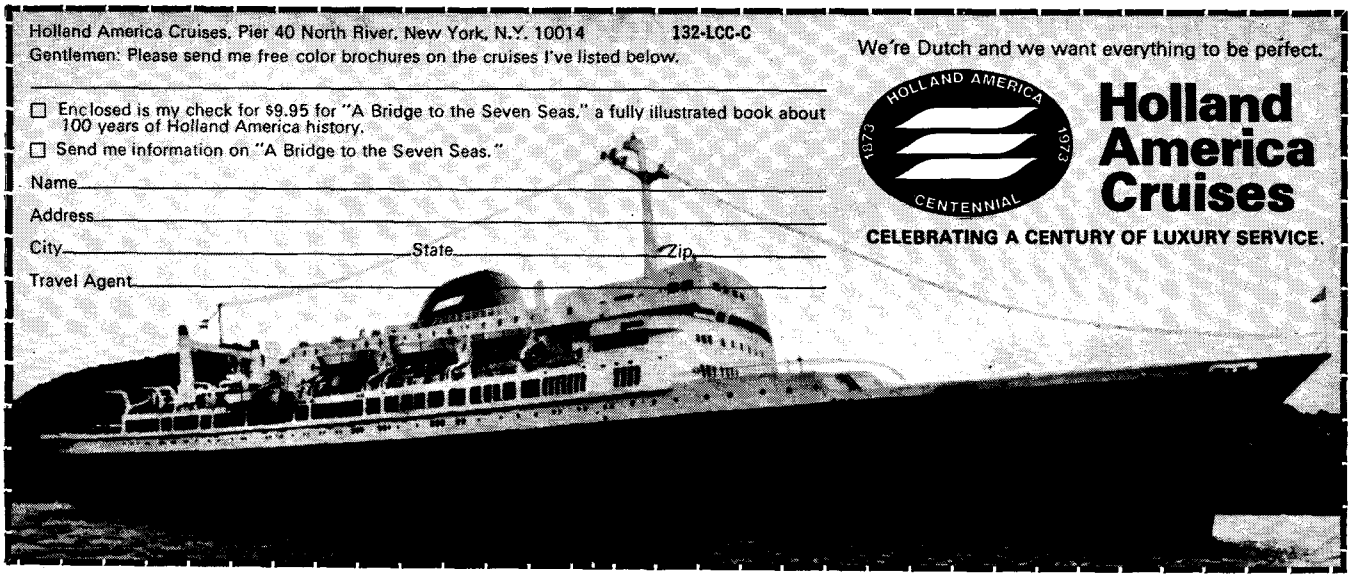

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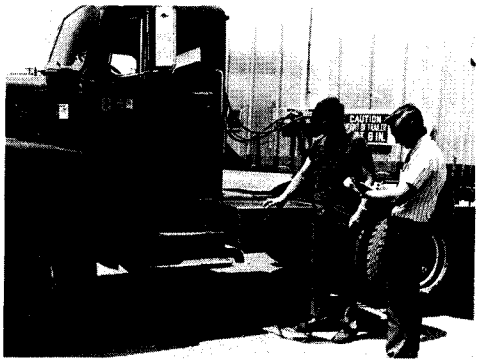

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PUBLISHER:
Garth Hite

TREASURER:
Arthur F. Goodearl

CIRCULATION MANAGER:
Roy M. Green

PRODUCTION MANAGER:
Joseph T. O'Connell

Editorial and Business Office:
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

PRESIDENT: Marion D. Campbell

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REPORTS & COMMENT

PRAGUE

An elderly Czech friend lectured me recently: "Do you realize the incredible changes Czechoslovakia has gone through in my lifetime? It affects how people think, how they act. They've learned to change their tune to please so many masters that they begin to anticipate orders that may never be given."

The Czechs outdid themselves to please their Soviet masters in the 1950s. They were close to the West in geography and outlook, so the Russians applied the screws; the Czechs obliged with thousands of arrests and purge trials that were bigger and more sensational than any others in the East European bloc. At the notorious Slansky trials in 1952, portrayed so vividly in Costa-Gavras' film *The Confession,* eleven Party leaders, eight of them Jews, were sentenced to death and executed. Three more, all Jews, were sentenced to life imprisonment; they have since been released.

What has happened since the Czechs' brief, failed experiment with humanist socialism in 1968, during Alexander Dubček's regime, is very different from the events of the 1950s. Though thousands have been questioned by police, there have been few arrests. A series of political trials in 1972 convicted forty-six, mainly on charges of circulating leaflets urging citizens to boycott the 1971 elections. Sentences were, for the most part, of less than six years, though prison conditions for the forty-six are said to be harsh. A few smaller trials were held during 1971 and 1972.

A stroll through Prague today affords few reminders of 1968. Pastel paint still peels from beautiful Baroque palaces—a little more is gone now—and the ancient Charles footbridge leading up to the Hradcany Castle is still swathed in scaffolding. The city is dirtier, and the streets reek of gasoline fumes, thanks to Prague's booming consumer economy.

Department stores bulge with Czech and East German appliances—mixers, blenders, vacuum cleaners, and electric hair dryers—which are seized by hordes of anxious consumers, even though they know they will never find spare parts. Imported food and liquor, once available only in special hard currency stores, can now be bought at exorbitant prices with Czech crowns. Czechs line up to pay the equivalent of fifteen dollars for a carton of American cigarettes, thirty dollars for a bottle of French cognac, twenty cents for a stick of Donald Duck bubble gum.

Lost generation

But a new and more subtle kind of purge has been going on for the last four years. Once again the government seems to exact more from the citizenry than the Russians might have expected. The oppression is directed at the Czech intelligentsia. A whole generation of the country's best writers, journalists, academicians—especially those in the social sciences—film and theater directors and some actors as well have been thrown out of their jobs. This has been going on even while the United States and Western European countries have been pressuring the Soviets to expand Western cultural contacts with Communist bloc nations as one of the terms to be agreed upon at the ongoing European security conference.

Most of the fallen were loyal Party members until the Russian invasion of 1968. Now they are among the nearly six hundred thousand dropped from Party rolls since 1968. (The Party says that it has since enrolled thousands of new members.) "These are the people," says my elderly friend, "who after World War II were the young idealists who became the Party enthusiasts. They made mistakes, but they began to see more clearly after the disclosure of Stalin's crimes at the Twentieth Party Congress. They made reforms from inside, they helped bring about the crisis of 1968, and now they have all been thrown out."

Many who have lived by their intellects have been forced to take manual jobs, when they can get them. A brilliant sociology professor washes the floors at the university where she once taught. A leading literary critic in his late forties works four hours a night as janitor and wardrobe caretaker in a theater, and by day writes criticism he knows will not be published. A playwright and concentration camp survivor works in a hospital dumping bloody bandages and wheeling corpses to the morgue. A woman novelist works as a hat-check girl in a pub. The editor of a banned journal washes store windows.

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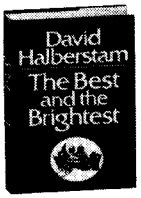

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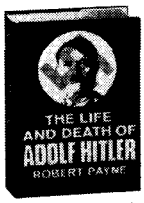

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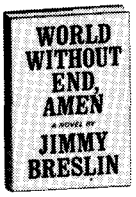

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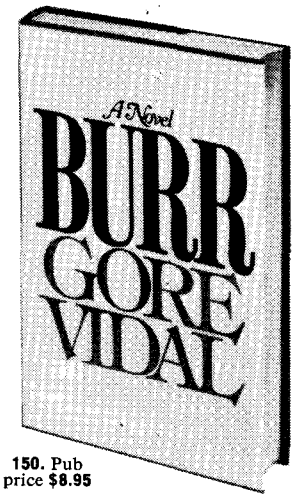

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It was here on the hillsides of this verdant valley that we chose to build The Christian Brothers winery and aging cellars many years ago. And to plant our vines.

Through the years, we have found scientifically why the early vintners instinctively brought the first rare European varietal grape cuttings here. The unique varied climate and soils of the Napa Valley provide the distinctly different needs of each grape variety.

For instance, one area has more cool growing days and is a perfect home for our Pinot Noir, the noble grape of Burgundy. Another has more warm days and gives the proper sunshine to the Cabernet Sauvignon. The same is true for the Chenin Blancs and the Johannisberg Rieslings and all of the other shy-bearing varietals we use in our table wines.

Of course, grapes are just part of our story. The Napa Valley has given us the quiet place we need to bring the wines to life . . . slowly, patiently in our own way. A tradition of quality we will never change.

Long ago the Indians named our valley "Napa," which means plenty. We think of it now as meaning plenty of good grapes, and plenty of time to make our wines. You are always a welcome guest at The Christian Brothers' winery here.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

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PRAGUE

There is a light current of fear in the conversation of ousted intellectuals, though tongues are not paralyzed as they were in the 1950s. (Workers know how badly the regime needs them, so they can be heard criticizing the regime in their pubs on weekday evenings or on a Sunday afternoon.) For intellectuals the future is dour and uncertain. Many know that their names are on arrest lists upon which some government factions would dearly love to take action. Their children are denied access to secondary schools and universities. They worry about keeping jobs that are at best a grade above common labor.

But they will talk—never on the telephone but sometimes in obscure restaurants or parks or even at the top of Gothic gate towers (where I conducted one wretched interview in the pouring rain). Now and then a bold one will glare defiantly at a ceiling fixture, openly addressing the bug he suspects is nestled somewhere inside.

Eva Kučerová sat on a park bench, nervously ignoring the curious gapes of strolling mothers and their children. In 1968, she was a respected professor. Now she works as a *svatchinashka,* a woman who serves beer and sausages to factory workers on their morning break.

"I was lucky to find a secretarial job after only seven tries," she told me. "But then they asked all the workers to declare support for the 1968 invasion. Out of four hundred interviewed only I refused, and I was fired. So I went to the factory as the lowest-grade worker—at that level they make no political demands. I take orders at 6:30 A.M. from two hundred workers, bring back beer and soda in a car, take their mail to the post office, and sometimes do their shopping. If I then work all afternoon and evening translating, I can just about equal my previous salary.

"It is very hard work for a woman of forty-seven, but when you are at the bottom of the social ladder, you have the right to say what you think. They can't get anyone else to do my job, so they won't fire me."

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Waste Watcher Israel Proler — he collects steel cans by the millions

Israel Proler is one of America's new breed of waste watchers. The Chairman of Texas-based Proler International Corp., he is concerned about America's environmental shape. And he is doing something about it by reclaiming everything from junked autos to used tin cans.

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Israel Proler is on the prowl for used steel cans which can be economically handled by his plants. The nation's copper mines can use an estimated 10-billion annually.

Reclaimed steel cans also are recycled by the steel industry, detinning plants and ferroalloy producers.

Mr. Proler and other waste watchers are reclaiming 3 billion steel cans in 20 cities by magnetic separation—the leading resource recovery system. Steel's unique magnetic property makes it possible.

If you would like to know more about "waste watching," write to: Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 150 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

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AGE: 4½ YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

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PRAGUE

It is no accident that the purges have concentrated on Eva and thousands of other intellectuals. Food and housing shortages and student unrest contributed to the fall of Antonin Novotny and the rise of Alexander Dubček in 1968; but it was a revolt of the intellectuals, when Novotny's regime tried to close down the Writers' Union newspaper, that triggered the drama. Czech writers and journalists were leaders of the 1968 surge, targeting in on opponents of the liberalization. The faculties and academic institutions of Prague and Brno aided the 1968 reformers with theoretical and statistical background and data.

"Ideologically unsound"

Writers and intellectuals have traditionally played a special role in Bohemia-Moravia (with the third of the country's provinces, Slovakia, lagging behind). The Czech national revival of the late nineteenth century was based on the reintroduction of the Czech language, which had been suppressed in favor of German during the years of the Hapsburg Empire. Prague, a city of 1.1 million, offers a bookstore on nearly every downtown block and more than twenty theaters. A book by a well-known Czech author may sell fifty thousand copies (in a country of 14.4 million), and until cultural weeklies were closed down by the oppression, the country supported more than fifteen.

Some intellectuals feel strongly that the only justification for Czechoslovakia's existence as a nation-state is the enrichment of its culture. They are suffering now because indigenous Czech culture—with the exception of nonpolitical art and music—is being decimated. There is no serious contemporary Czech drama on stage, and the few Czech films being made are mainly detective stories or pompous historical pageants. The books of nearly all leading contemporary Czech writers have disappeared from the shelves. Although officials have denied that there is state censorship, I was turned away at five downtown bookstores when I asked for contemporary writing, and at the sixth

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PRAGUE

I was given three books by Karel Čapek, who died in 1938.

The libraries have been gutted. Directives issued by the Ministry of Culture last May order "anti-state and ideologically unsound publications" to be withdrawn from circulation and stored in special archives. Anti-state publications, designated "P," can be viewed by "members of the Central Committee and scientific and political workers." Ideologically unsound publications, labeled "Z," may be seen by "designated scientific and political workers and other experts." Many titles which had been made available in 1968—among them works of history on the Czech First Republic and its President Tomáš Masaryk—have been reconsigned to the cellars. The universities and academic institutes, especially the philosophical faculty of Prague's Charles University, oldest in Central Europe and a center of reform activity in 1968, have dismantled their social science faculties. Sociology and philosophy are no longer taught as disciplines at the philosophical faculty; 58 out of 380 professors in the top three ranks have been dismissed from this faculty, according to one victim who has kept tally, and 40 more are on a proscribed list.

Whole centuries have disappeared from the academic curriculum. One fifth-year student of the history of music told me with a laugh that his class had skipped from Baroque to nineteenth-century song. The professor was fired after five lectures. A student of the history of art said that she could study Greek, Roman, and some nineteenth-century art, but the rest was gone.

A few blocks from the university, movie theaters offer a profusion of Russian and American films in about equal number. One week's assortment included *The Arrangement, Bullitt,* and Prague's hit of the season, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.* Czech intellectuals say that there hasn't been a good new Czech film released during the past four years, although in the late 1960s, some of the best coming out of Europe were Czech New Wave films.

Many of the finest film directors have left the country, including

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PRAGUE

Miloš Forman, director of *The Firemen's Ball* and *Taking Off,* who now lives in New York, and Ján Kádar, co-director of the Academy Award winner *Shop on Main Street.* Of those New Wave directors left in Prague, Jan Němec, director of *The Party and the Guests,* and Věra Chytilová, director of *Daisies,* are no longer allowed to film at the state studios, although Chytilová has been permitted to film some TV commercials.

Jiří Menzel, director of the Academy Award-winning *Closely Watched Trains,* made a film in 1969 called *Larks on a String,* about forced work colonies of the 1950s, but it has never been released. His friends say that he has done some work in theater recently and has written three film scenarios, none of them produced.

Aesthetics

Czech intellectuals say that the cultural purge has gone beyond the point of political retribution, and many now feel that it is simply being used as a means for the inept people who have seized the top cultural posts to retain their power. "It is not so much whether you were active in 1969 that counts," says one bitter screenwriter, "but whether you have any talent. The people who are now in charge are so lacking in talent that they want to suppress any competition."

Repeatedly an ousted writer will emphasize how he or she acted out of idealism in the 1950s, but the current governing forces have dispensed with ideology in favor of opportunism. "The Communist Party today," says one writer angrily, "consists of two hundred thousand of the worst apparatchiks plus one million people who survived the purges and need the Party as a ticket to retain their jobs."

There is no one explanation for the nature of the cultural purge. Some Czechs feel that the Soviets' aim is to create another Baltic Republic, a fear that was prevalent when Alexander Dubček was taken forcibly to Moscow after the invasion. A dark joke going the rounds in Prague quotes Brezhnev

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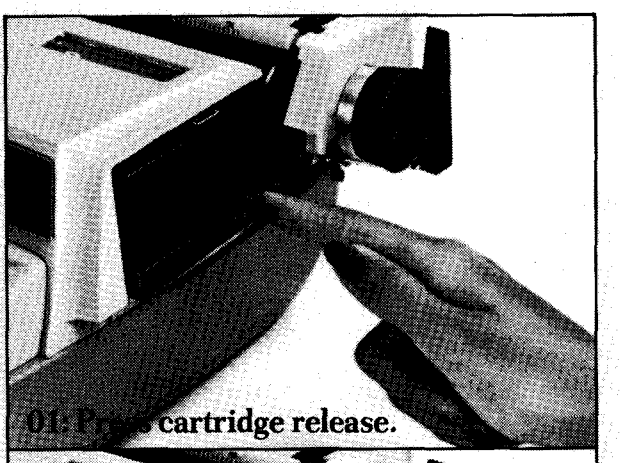
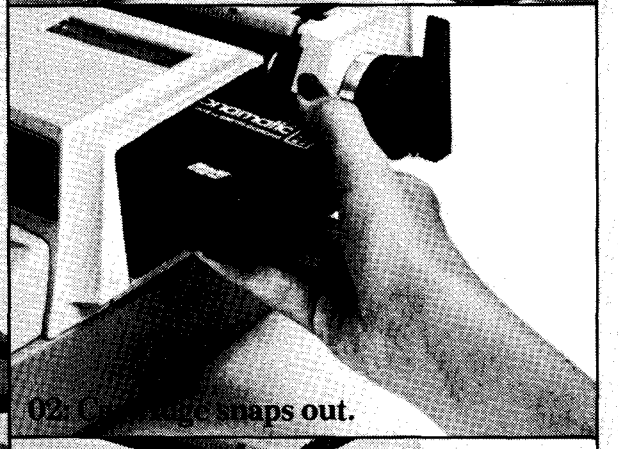


01: Press cartridge release.



02: Cartridge snaps out.

03: Snap in another cartridge.

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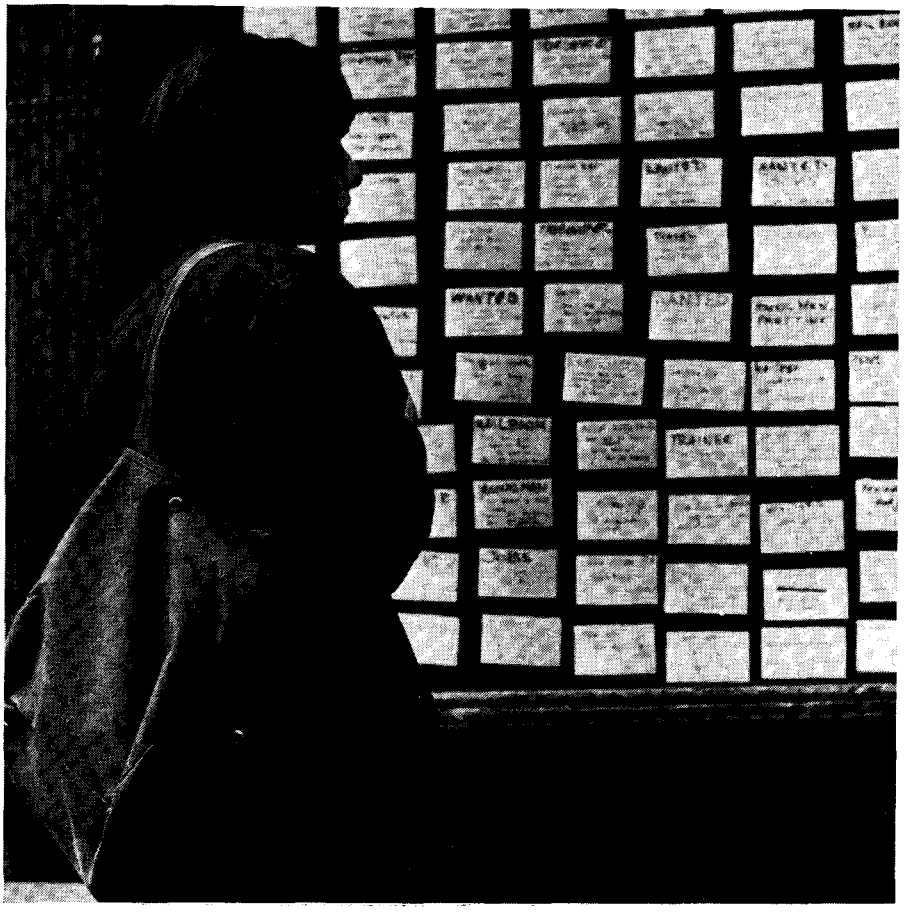

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PRAGUE

as saying, "So why do the Czechs need Czech aesthetics? Let the Bulgarians provide the aesthetics."

Others echo my elderly friend's theory that the Soviets simply want to keep the Czechs quiet and are leaving the methods up to the Czech leaders, knowing that they will be especially thorough in their zeal to please.

At present, an uneasy tension prevails between the intellectuals and the government. The government hopes to beef up the membership of the Czech writers' union (reduced from its one-time high of four hundred Czech and Moravian writers to just under one hundred) and has held out promise of large advances against royalties, but so far only three well-known writers have bitten. One admitted candidly that he needed the money to finish his new villa in the country. Two widely respected elderly writers, one the country's leading poet, were wooed by the union with promises of publication for their latest works, but both declined.

Those who do go back risk having their required apologies made public, and such contrition does not always bring a reward. Alois Poledník, the deposed head of the Czech film industry, made a public apology on TV, but then was denied the job he had been promised.

Ironically, although they cannot be read at home, several well-known authors and playwrights still publish abroad. Ten writers and the widow of one more—"the odd soccer team," as a friend calls them—have publishing contracts in Switzerland and Germany. Playwrights like Václav Havel, author of *The Memorandum,* which ran on Broadway, Ivan Klíma, produced off-Broadway and in London, and Pavel Kohout, famous in Germany, still get their plays on stage in West Germany. And in illustration of the uncertainty of the times, the government has made no attempt to crack down, except to commandeer most of their royalties. The government taxes these eleven writers' royalties—their only income—at 80 percent of what remains after they have made a 40 percent "mandatory" contribution to a writers' fund. This ar-

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rangement is required only of these eleven.

Still, most of the eleven are better off financially than the vast majority of writers who cannot publish at all. Some of the unpublished have had to take other work to pay the bills. One novelist who worked for a year as a hotel porter has discovered a fringe benefit: now he has no difficulty finding accommodations for out-of-town friends during the busy season.

A small group of the best writers meets monthly to discuss in private the new works they are writing. After criticizing each other's work, they type and circulate their manuscripts (so far numbering about twelve) among the intellectual community, not unlike underground *samizdat* circulation of manuscripts in the Soviet Union. As a sardonic touch, the imprint on the Prague cover sheets reads "Defiance Publishing House." The writers claim that they are not violating any Czech laws. They are certain that the government is aware of their activity since most believe that their houses are bugged. Some of these men joined in a petition in December, 1972, signed by thirty-nine writers, requesting home visits at Christmas for political prisoners. They have since been interrogated by the police.

Journalists have suffered more. The Czech journalists' union was purged of 40 percent of its members, including 80 percent of the commentators on foreign affairs. The government is settling old scores for 1968 muckraking which often infuriated the Russians. In 1968, watching the news and rushing for the evening papers was a national pastime. Each night viewers phoned in questions to one or another government minister being grilled in the TV studio.

Today, the street vendors stand beside piles of unwanted papers filled with meaningless ministerial jargon. The TV stations have been denuded of commentators. The evening news is broadcast by youngsters fresh out of journalism school, some of them only recently the students of those whom they replaced.

According to a Prague source, Radio Free Europe is jammed; the BBC gets through, but "everyone listens to the Voice of America now. We sit around and discuss the last VOA broadcast as we used to discuss the last issue of *Literarny Listy*" (the writers' union paper suppressed in 1967, revived in 1968, and suppressed again in 1969).

Manual labor

Those unemployed intellectuals who are lucky have found work as translators—if they know languages—or as minor employees of publications or institutes where they once worked. Ironically non-Communists are often better off, as they have avoided the stigma of having been thrown out of the Party since 1968.

For those intellectuals and former ministry and Party workers who are forced to seek manual work, some jobs are considered plums, such as night watchman, because one can sleep and read. Another popular job is washing shop windows, because one is assigned a fixed number of windows and can do them at one's own speed. Also, many store managers don't want the insides of their windows washed because it disturbs the displays; so they just sign a slip of paper saying that the job has been done.

About thirty intellectuals—professors, historians, writers, lawyers—have found jobs as water conservancy workers, living in the countryside in trailers for three-week stretches, measuring water levels at potential construction sites. One former law professor, now working as a clerk, recalls his days in the forest: "Everyone on that job was an outcast, former criminals or victims of the first or second wave of political expulsions. I worked with a journalist and a professor. In the evenings we had many discussions; and I read more than at the university."

Many of the fallen, especially the young, will tell a visitor that manual work has its appeal. "Some of my friends thrive on it," explains a jobless young journalist. "They have never been healthier in their lives. I have a friend who wrote for *Literarny Listy*. Now he sells books in an outdoor stall downtown. He is

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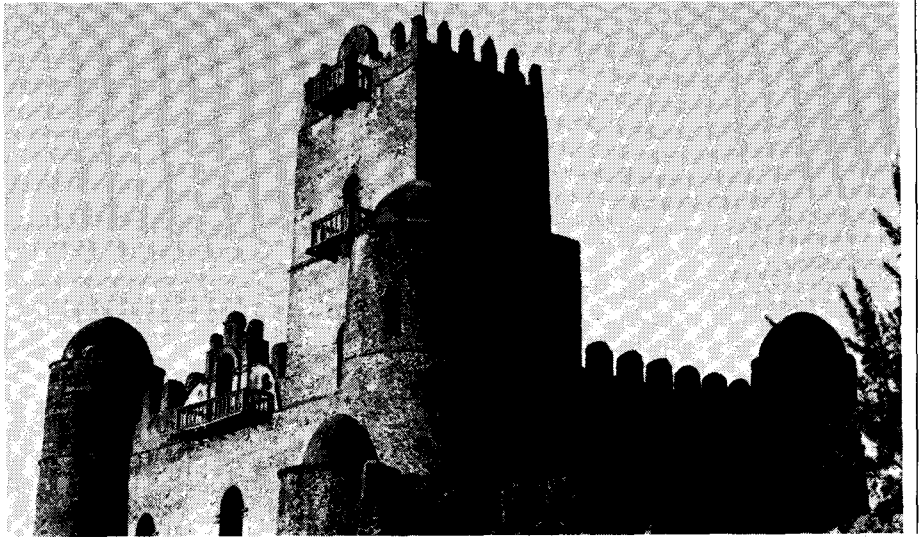

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thrilled because he never knew he had such a talent for sales." But others, especially those over forty, have little stamina for physical work, or if they do manage it, have no energy left for writing.

Some, while suffering, prefer it to losing their integrity. One woman, a former journalist, says, "I would not accept a newspaper job today, even if someone would offer me one. I can't imagine how anyone could write now. Some colleagues of mine who thought they could remain and write about innocuous things now have to write state propaganda and denunciations in a way which is unacceptable to anyone with self-esteem."

Among the intellectuals, as in the population at large, there is a mass retreat into "privatism," concern with self, friends, and family. The word is used even by those who speak no English. "Such a privatism I've never seen before," says a one-time radio personality. "Everybody has his dog, cat, bird, country house. It's not a bad life," he muses. "I have more time for my family; for the first time in my life I am building furniture and bookshelves with my hands. I go to the country every weekend and visit with friends. It is the complete consumer society with no ideology." A pause. "I have everything I need except money, power, or my profession."

A common discussion when intellectuals meet is whether the man on the street misses Czech culture. "I think they do miss it," my elderly friend reflects. "Language and literature have meant more here because the nation was revived by the rebirth of the language. People were taught in school how important culture was. They read a lot. I think they are conscious and ashamed of the loss."

In 1969, when many well-known writers returned from abroad, knowingly risking their careers, they were swamped with letters from ordinary people thanking them, and they remember this. Well-known commentators and writers talk of kindnesses from strangers. But some people, especially non-Communists who suffered in the 1950s, think that the new outcasts are finally getting what they deserve.

People don't speak of the future unless you press them. "I don't think there is any hope," says Eva Kučerová. "People have learned that the Czechs cannot act independently of international relations. Nineteen sixty-eight was a great psychological shock. Most people feel: first, that it will never happen again; second, that they couldn't go through it again; and third, that even if things loosen up, as soon as they get close to being like 1968, it will be cut off. You can work knowing this, but not in the same way."

Prague natives don't get excited about talk of U.S.-Soviet détente. They don't think it promises any thaw inside Czechoslovakia. Despite the newfound Soviet–West German friendship, they point out, the Soviets had to prod the Czech government several times to re-establish normal relations with the West Germans. Party leader Gustáv Husák is thought to be strong enough to ward off the hard-liners who want more trials but hamstrung by the same opponents should he want more liberal reforms.

Some changes are expected from the new Culture Minister, Milan Klusak, the son-in-law of President Svoboda and a former high Foreign Ministry official. "He doesn't know anything about culture," says an unemployed writer, "but I'm sure he'll do his best to woo back the writers." Most people expect that many of the writers eventually will return to the union, with a hard core of twenty to fifty refusing to rejoin under the current hard-line regime.

There is a strange sense of the past tense when you do discuss "possibilities." Raised in the Communist Party framework, thinking that they were aware of its worst faults and had at last, in 1968, figured out how to overcome them, the intelligentsia find themselves rejects at mid-career; they are totally cynical about the future of Party reform. Since they still believe that the Party will retain control over Czech life, they cannot foresee their return to power.

Many refer vaguely to the new generation of youth as the only hope. "They are cynical, without illusions or ideology, and eventually they will bring improvements," I

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was told. Some get small satisfaction out of the fact that those who have ousted them consult secretly some disgraced experts because they themselves cannot make the government machinery function. But this very lack of talent among leaders, say others, means that they will resist vigorously and try to keep their jobs.

As they cautiously contemplate the future, most intellectuals express modest hopes of one day practicing their professions again. "I think that in five or ten years it will loosen up," says a former leading economics professor wistfully, "and maybe I'll be given a seminar again. But the young people will have taken over, and the generation now in their forties and fifties will be lost."

—TRUDY RUBIN

LABOR

The Steel Experiment

In the first fourteen years after World War II, the United Steelworkers union engaged in five major strikes against the steel industry. In those years of short-term contracts, almost every other year brought the threat of a new strike and new attempts by the government to head off a strike through mediation, fact-finding, and other methods—including Harry Truman's seizure of the mills in 1952, deemed by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. The ability of the union and the companies to construct a peaceful, stable relationship steadily diminished even as profits and wages rose on the crest of the postwar boom.

The fifth and final strike in 1959—none has occurred since—was a whopper: 500,000 steelworkers struck for 116 days, the largest single strike in American history. It ended only when the government obtained an injunction under the "emergency disputes" provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. Yet, in that strike, and the resulting realization by both sides that they had lost control of what is called "crisis bargaining," lay the origin of the USW's decision last March to sign away its right to strike the industry in 1974. Since then, the union and the industry have been moving away from the old tough mode of bargaining, so dear to hard-liners on both sides who advocate an arm's-length relationship. This new step, which substitutes arbitration for the strike as the final point of negotiations, is a significant departure from tradition. I. W. Abel, the white-haired, fatherly president of the union, a man not given to hyperbole, termed the agreement an "unprecedented experiment."

Surrendering the right to strike may seem to some union leaders and members to be a sort of unilateral disarmament. An angry steelworker at a steel plant in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, said: "What the hell! We won't have anything to hold 'em by. No strike, no power, no nothing." Despite, or perhaps because of, praise for the pact from President Nixon and AFL-CIO president George Meany, a persistent if small chorus of critics, both inside and outside labor, continues to voice objections.

Whither the strike?

Since the 1935 Wagner Act gave workers the right to organize, bargain, and strike in support of bargaining, voluntary arbitration has been used in many instances. But never before the agreement of last March 29 had such a powerful union and a major industry decided to do so on such a large scale. The agreement pledges the USW not to strike ten large steel companies, either separately or as a whole, when current contracts expire on August 1, 1974. The big ten companies—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, National, Republic, Armco, Jones & Laughlin, Inland, Allegheny Ludlum, Wheeling-Pittsburgh, Youngstown Sheet & Tube—agree in return not to lock out their 350,000 employees. Issues that are not settled in negotiations will be submitted to binding arbitration by a panel selected by both parties.

The "no strike" label often attached to the pact is, however, a misnomer. While steelworkers cannot strike over wages, fringe benefits, and other obligations imposed throughout the industry, they are empowered to bargain for, and strike over, conditions that affect them daily in the mills. Abel insisted that a new right for the locals to strike accompany surrender of the industrywide strike threat. The companies gave in.

Now, for the first time, the locals (some three hundred in the ten firms) will be able to strike over such purely local issues as the condition and availability of locker and washrooms, the accessibility of parking lots, relief from hot jobs, time off for lunch, protective clothing, control of in-plant air pollution, procedures for refusing hazardous assignments, and local implementation of incentive pay rules: in sum, the kinds of issues now frequently categorized as humanizing the workplace.

This key provision has its limitations, but the fact that it was there helped Abel win ratification of the arbitration agreement by the USW's Steel Industry Conference, an often querulous body of six hundred local union presidents. The official title of the pact is the Experimental Negotiating Agreement (ENA). It is experimental in that it establishes the arbitration procedure only for talks in 1974. After that, either or both sides may terminate it, but the contracts negotiated next year must run for three years.

ENA also contains extensive guarantees and exclusions. It calls for a wage hike of at least 3 percent a year for the next three years, as well as a $150 bonus for each steelworker. It excludes from arbitration cherished contractual provisions that neither side wants to risk in arbitration: for the union, a generous cost-of-living escalator clause and a section that limits management's ability to increase workloads; and for the companies, a clause guaranteeing management's right to run the business.

All in all, it was by no means an unconditional surrender of power by the union. The companies will pay dearly for the ability to promise customers that no strike will halt production next year. Steel management has reason to distrust arbitration even more than does the union. A strong management can withstand a strike to avoid exceeding cost limits that it has set for itself, whereas decisions resulting from arbitration are unpredictable and severely limit that flexibility. "Anyone who has ever faced arbitration," says R. Heath Larry, vice chairman of U.S. Steel Corporation

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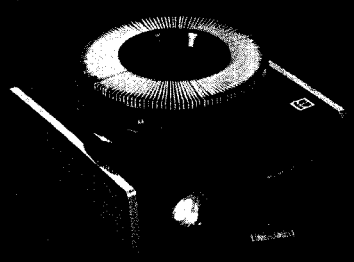

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12 thin slices top round, about ¼ inch thick
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½ pound veal, ground
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons butter, softened
1 cup soft white breadcrumbs
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper to taste
12 very thin slices prosciutto
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 large clove garlic
1 large onion, chopped
2 carrots, chopped
1 bay leaf
¾-1 cup dry white wine
1 can (about 2 pounds) plum tomatoes, sieved

Flatten slices of beef as thinly as possible.

Mix ground meats, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, parsley and egg. Taste mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Place a slice of prosciutto on each piece of beef, spread with stuffing. Roll slices tightly and tie with string.

Heat oil, butter together in large skillet. Add garlic, onion, carrots and bay leaf, saute few minutes. Add beef rolls and brown well on all sides.

Stir in wine and cook over moderate heat until most of the liquid has evaporated.

Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to low and simmer for an hour, or until the beef is fork tender.

Remove beef to a warm platter. Strain pan liquid, return to skillet and cook for a few minutes until thickened to taste. Pour over beef rolls and serve hot.

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When Italians get together

LABOR

and the industry's chief labor negotiator, "faces it with some doubt. For that reason, we will bargain in such a way that we will never have to go to arbitration."

If both sides have such grave doubts about arbitration, why did they embrace it? The immediate motivation was the undeniable harm caused both sides by the very existence of the strike threat. In every bargaining year since the late fifties, steel customers have stockpiled steel months in advance of the strike deadline so as not to get caught short in the event of a strike. This has produced a triennial boom-bust cycle for steel: in the early months of a year in which a contract was to expire, mills had to produce at a flat-out rate to meet the artificially high demand. This required hiring new workers, scheduling overtime, reactivating old, inefficient iron and steel furnaces, and then laying off workers and deactivating furnaces when the market returned to normal. In 1971, the buildup and letdown cost the ten companies a total of $80 million, to no good purpose.

Indeed, the frantic hedge buying that occurred in 1971 was a foolish waste of resources and effort. Nobody benefited except the banks, which lent money for inventory buying and storage. Perhaps steel's customers could be faulted for lacking faith in the ability of the industry and the union to make a peaceful settlement; after all, they had done so in four previous rounds of talks. But could a prudent manager *not* stockpile steel if dozens of pundits predicted a strike? Probably not.

The union and the steel industry settled peacefully in 1971, and the layoffs, which had started a full month before the strike deadline, accelerated sharply in the post-settlement bust period. Entire mills shut down, and eventually 100,000 steelworkers had to find other jobs or go on unemployment or welfare. Up to 90,000 were out of work for six months, thereby losing out on the 10 percent wage increase that became effective as they left the mills. Could the union ignore the sacrifices of this significant portion

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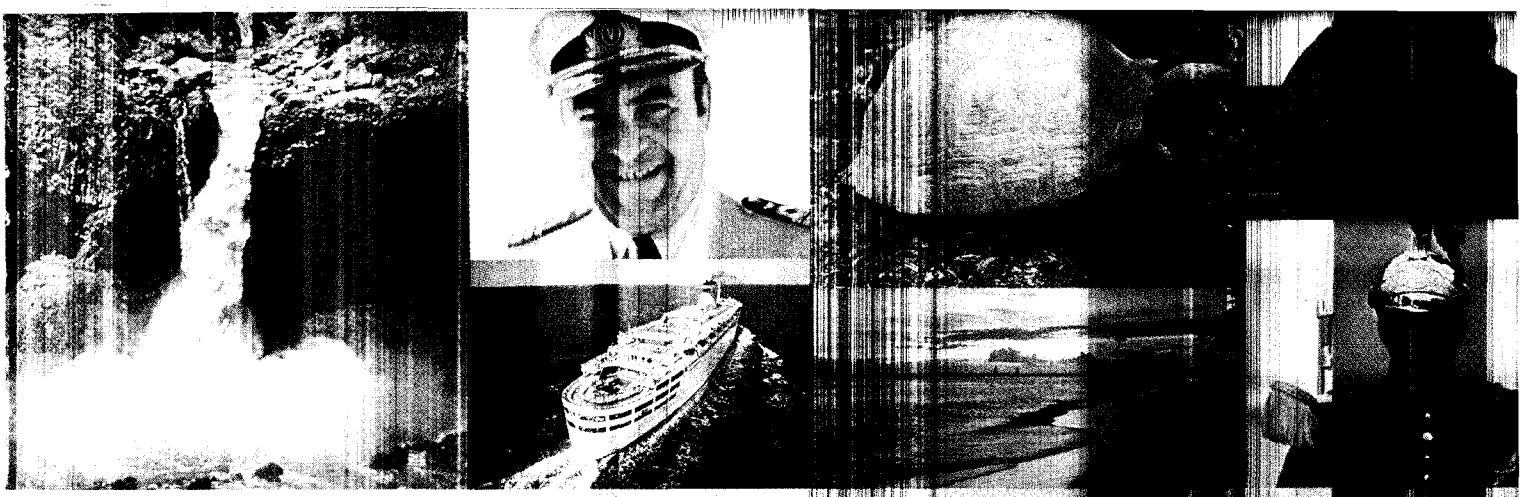

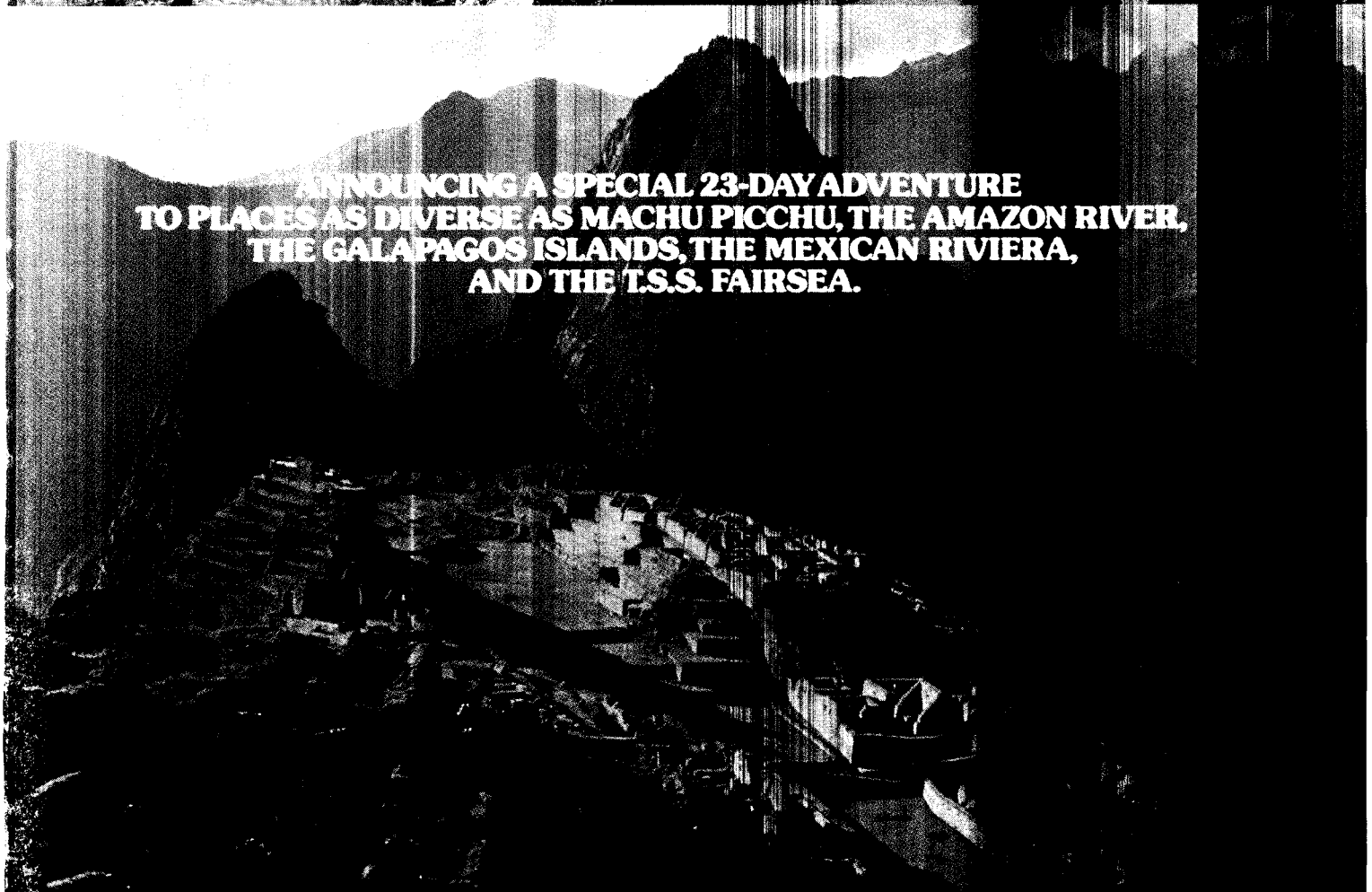

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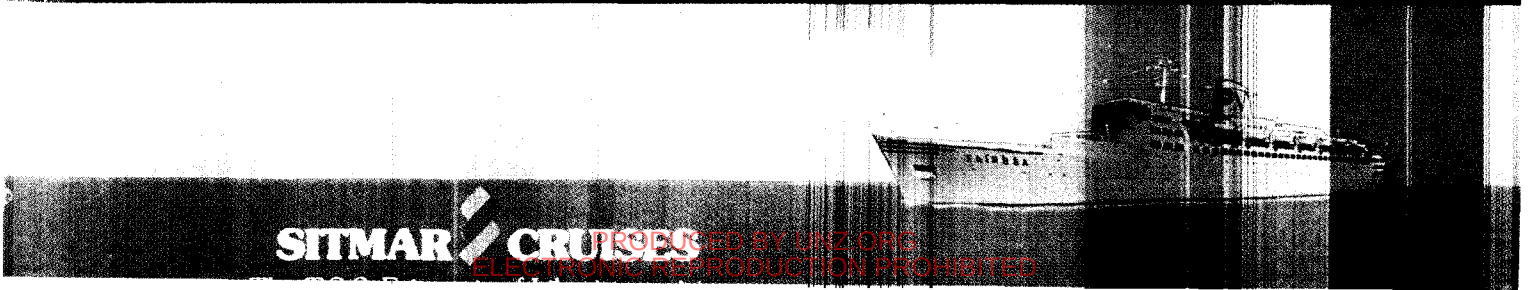

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of its membership by blaming their plight on "the system"?

By agreeing this year on a peaceful mechanism for 1974 negotiations, the USW and the industry hope to prevent another boom-bust cycle. If steel production were to continue at its current record rate, there might have been no bust period next year even with a strike threat. However, no one can guarantee how the economy will turn. Still, the critics who uphold the right to strike, including some dissident steelworkers, say it should never be surrendered for any reason. To which Ben Fischer, a veteran USW negotiator and director of the Contract Administration Department, replies: "What right to strike? If a hundred thousand steelworkers are laid off after a peaceful settlement, who is striking whom?"

Over there

Another problem the steelworkers had to consider is the ominous rise of steel imports and the resulting effect on jobs in the American steel industry. The rising inflow of foreign steel has shown a direct correlation with the strike threat over the past thirteen years. In each hedge buying period, more and more steel users have turned to the lower-priced steels produced by Japan, Germany, France, and Italy, and long-term purchasing commitments demanded by the foreign producers have pushed imports to ever higher plateaus in the intervening years.

The United States became a net importer of steel for the first time in 1959 during the long steel strike, when 4.4 million tons of steel were imported. By 1971, imports had soared to 18.3 million tons, or 18 percent of all steel sold in this country. Since 6000 steelworkers are required to produce one million tons of steel, the American industry lost over 100,000 "full-time job opportunities," as Abel puts it, in 1971. Many economists and observers fault the industry, and perhaps rightly so, for not responding to the foreign competition by cutting prices. Then, too, while steelmakers abroad were rebuilding their war-ravaged industries (aided by U.S. dollars and technical assistance) with the newest in steel technology, the American industry was tying up its capital in older, less efficient processes.

In the sixties, the domestic mills engaged in a huge modernizing effort, but the increasing foreign penetration has frustrated the need to operate at high capacity and high productivity. Today, steel's return on investment and the sales dollar is still depressingly low, despite record profits. It is a sick industry, and the outlook is not bright. The Reverend William T. Hogan, S.J., of Fordham University, a leading steel economist, says the domestic industry must spend $1.7 billion a year to increase capacity if it is to retain only that percentage of the steel market that it now has, as demand for steel rises with population growth. But that amount cannot be generated out of profits if the profit margin remains at the 3.4 percent level of 1972.

In short, American steel is in trouble. Small firms are phasing out high-cost operations, along with jobs. From its position of dominance twenty-five years ago when it produced 57 percent of the world's total output of steel, the industry has slid to 20 percent and is barely holding. Although some hard-nosed economists say this really doesn't matter, that the production-based American economy is changing to a service economy anyway, and that steelworkers can switch to service jobs, it seems unlikely that all 450,000 union members could do so.

To combat what may be an irrevocable trend, the USW under Abel has radically altered its thinking about international trade. It long ago abandoned labor's traditional free-trade philosophy, not without criticism from the rest of labor, and now leads the AFL-CIO fight for increased tariff protection for American industries. It has instituted a "Buy American" campaign among steelworkers and is now engaged in a joint effort with steel management to raise productivity in the mills. This course has an illiberal taint and has caused some disillusionment among older USW members who were brought up to believe in the idea of workers everywhere struggling shoulder to shoul-

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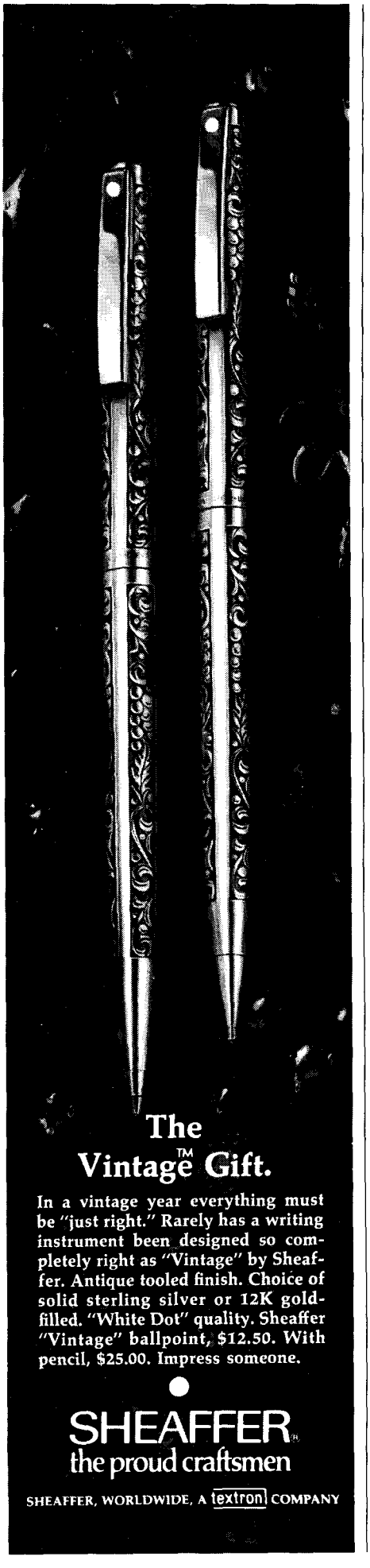

der against the bosses of the world. But it is a pragmatic approach to a very serious problem, and it receives the support of the majority of rank-and-file steelworkers. "We've helped the rest of the world," Abel says, "and now it's time for us to think of our own self-interest."

Abel has also displayed that willingness to defy what he regards as hollow tradition in his attempts to find a new way to bargain steel contracts. Although the USW's other top officers concurred in and helped negotiate the arbitration agreement, it was principally Abel's philosophy of cooperative labor relations that pushed the union in that direction. At the age of sixty-four, as chunky and solid as an anvil, Abel has long since discarded the militancy that led him, as a local president in the thirties, to conduct thirty-four strikes in one year.

Starting as an organizer under the USW's founding president, Philip Murray, Abel rose through the ranks and defeated Murray's successor, David J. McDonald, in 1965. Since then, he has made the union more responsive to the rank and file, built its membership through mergers to 1.5 million (only the Teamsters have a larger union), and opened up the negotiating process to the local unions' participation, pressures, and ideas. He runs an honest, effective union, though one that behaves, as Abel does, conservatively. It generally speaks only when it is spoken to and does not have the kind of reputation for social venturesomeness that the Auto Workers have long had under Walter Reuther and Leonard Woodcock. But the USW has one of the best lobbying operations in Washington, one that moves men and institutions.

Abel receives a curious handling by the press: either he is a remote figure, that white-haired guy over there next to George Meany, or he is considerably misread. Abel listens to rank-and-filers, encourages debate, and rarely makes an important decision without consulting his executive board, which has its independent spirits. He does not, as Wilfrid Sheed suggested in "What Ever Happened to the Labor Movement?" (*The Atlantic,* July, 1973), exercise absolute and sole control.

But Abel has his faults. His administration has displayed a certain venality toward political opponents. Abel himself can be stubborn, sarcastic, and oversensitive to criticism. He took deep offense at his own membership when a little-known presidential challenger won 40 percent of the vote in 1969. The principal reason was that Abel agreed to some unpopular compromises in the 1968 steel contract. However, in 1971 he won one of the best union contracts, objectively considered, of the last decade, and his popularity in the union soared. He was reelected to his last term this year (a limit on age prohibits him from running in 1977) without opposition. He was at the peak of his political strength and could seriously explore arbitration with industry negotiators.

Strong arm

Abel had been toying with the idea of finding a way to eliminate the strike threat since 1965, when he served his first stint as chief USW negotiator. When the union-industry talks became stalemated that year, Lyndon Johnson summoned both sides to Washington and forced a settlement upon them. "We experienced the strong arm of government saying to us, 'You're just not going to be permitted to have a strike,'" Abel says. If the government would not allow a steel strike, why submit the industry and the workers to the damaging boom-bust cycles and the rising tide of imports occasioned by the threat of a strike?

Abel also wants to avoid long, costly strikes. He has been through all of steel's strikes since the union was organized in 1936 and has come to believe that the human and financial costs were rarely justified by the benefits won. "In our 1959 strike, when we had no money," he says, "I had to tell our people to go on welfare. I know what it is to be in the midst of a strike and have the ranks desert. So when you talk of a strike involving five hundred thousand people, you have to do some serious thinking, some avoidance perhaps."

In the fall of 1967, Abel asked his executive board to consider using arbitration instead of the strike

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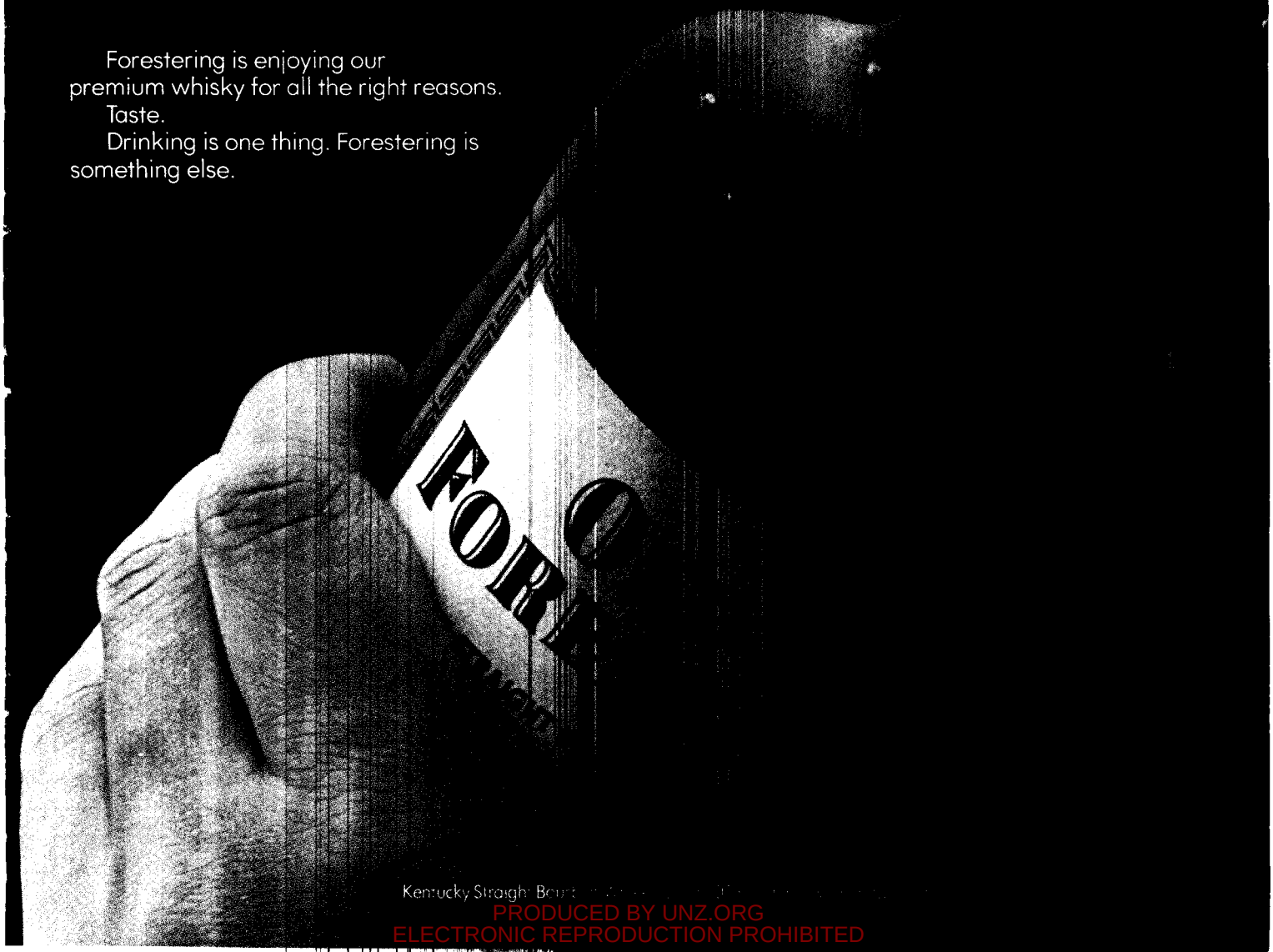

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threat in the following year's negotiations. The board roundly denounced the proposal, largely because it guaranteed workers nothing for giving up the right to strike. The idea was discarded, not to be revived until last year, when the harmful effects of the 1971 boom-bust cycle became painfully evident.

By the summer of 1972, the USW and the steel industry had significantly altered the nature of their relationship. The union had agreed to set up local productivity committees to help plant managements increase product quality and output per man-hour in order to compete better with foreign steel. The idea had met considerable resistance from local union leaders who feared that if the union cooperated in producing more with the same manpower, it would soon be irrevocably on the road to producing more with less manpower.

However, Abel insisted that the local productivity committees were not to be vehicles for management to negotiate crew reductions; instead, they were to serve as sounding boards for both sides to suggest ways of "working wiser and smarter." Nobody knows better how to increase the output of, say, a rolling mill than a worker who has been intimately involved with it, day in and day out, for twenty or twenty-five years. "Tapping labor's brains," as Phil Murray suggested years ago, would not only lower unit costs and increase profits; it also would, says Abel, "for the first time give our union a voice in the operations of this industry."

Management had always contended that running the business was its function, but now it began listening to workers, at least in some plants. Overall, the program has had both successes and flops, both in raising output and in changing attitudes.

In the summer of 1972, Abel and Heath Larry of U.S. Steel plunged into intensive negotiations on a no-strike arbitration plan. Over a period of seven months, the negotiators met secretly and revealed nothing about their progress so as not to jeopardize the agreement. They produced a tentative agreement last

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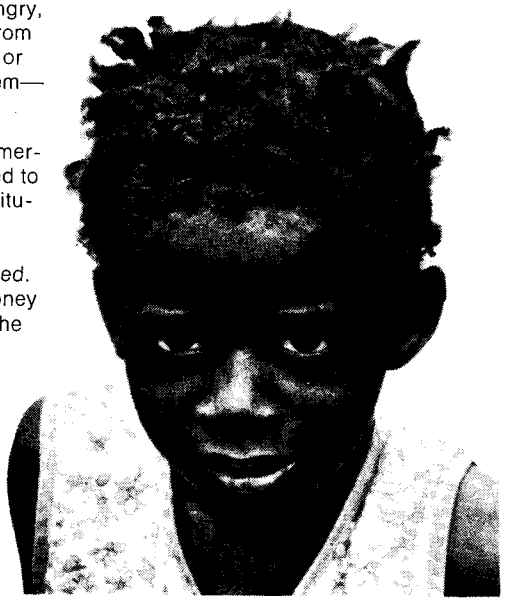

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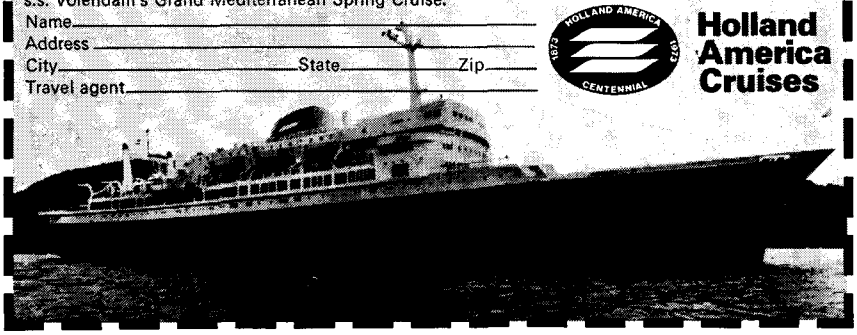

LABOR

March, and the chief executives of the ten companies quickly ratified it. Abel's executive board, sobered by the mass layoffs of 1971 and the worsening import situation, unanimously approved the pact. Abel then took it to the Steel Industry Conference, the union's official ratification body. The USW has never had a rank-and-file ratification procedure, a lack which some critics feel is undemocratic, but then USW members have never made an issue of it at their policy-making conventions.

Critics inside and outside the union now contend that the Experimental Negotiating Agreement is not legally binding on USW members because they did not vote on it in a referendum. However constructive rank-and-file ratification might be—and Abel is reported not to oppose ratification by mail—the USW does not provide for such a procedure. Abel might have volunteered to put ENA to a rank-and-file vote, but that would have called for an endless series of lectures on the intricacies of ENA. In the end, the union did what it was bound to do, and no more.

Where's Joe?

In order to sell ENA to the Steel Conference delegates, the USW and the industry had jointly commissioned a film maker to produce a short, slick movie entitled *Where's Joe?,* which was shown in February in every steel plant and on television in seventeen steel cities. The movie did not mention the imminent arbitration agreement, but it strongly implied the need for some method to reduce imports and smooth out the production peaks and valleys.

Joe, of course, was the American steelworker who had lost his job to a foreigner. "Their ambitions were bigger than we once knew," the narrator says ominously over shots of Japanese technicians taking notes on an American mill tour. "They are after the lion's share." We see a montage of Japanese mill scenes and close-ups of competitive Oriental faces. It is embarrassing to watch, even if the USW considers

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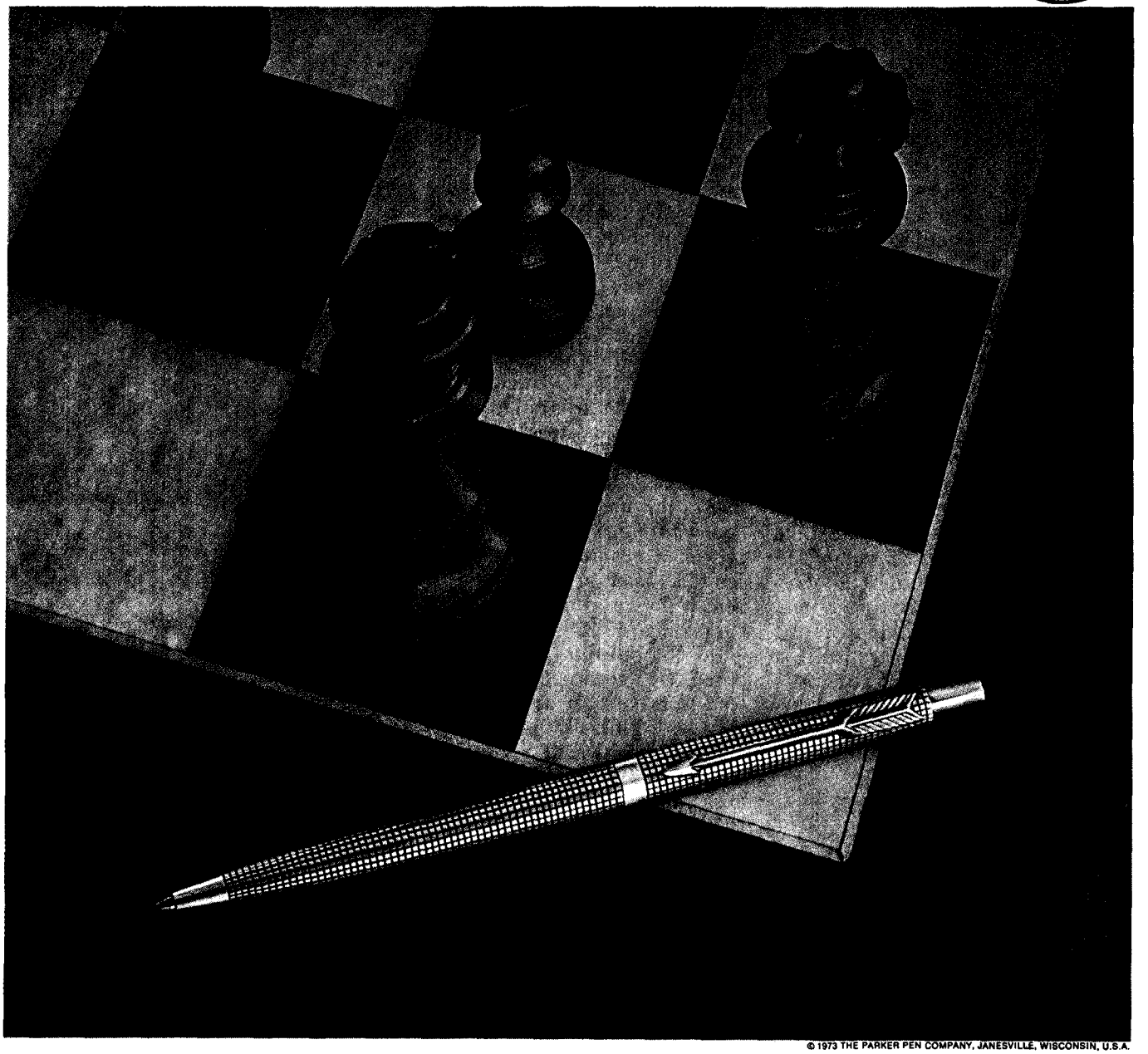
PARKER 75



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the very survival of the American industry to be at stake. Here are these little slanty-eyed guys, the film suggests, the same guys who came at you in World War II and are now trying to get your jobs. ("Well, aren't they?" a steel public relations man replied defiantly when I questioned the film's implicit chauvinism.)

At any rate, *Where's Joe?* apparently had helped to soften the delegates' attitudes toward giving up the strike threat, and after a day and a half of debate, the conference ratified the agreement by an overwhelming voice vote. "That local right to strike was the pot sweetener that we really loved," a local president said after the vote. Will there be a rash of local strikes as in the auto industry? Probably not, and for several reasons. "Local issues" are narrowly defined in ENA, leaving little of major consequence to strike over. A strike must be authorized by a secret ballot vote over the outstanding issues in each plant, and even then Abel may disapprove the strike. (Most unions place such a limit on local strikes in order to avoid anarchy.) Critics of ENA complain that these limitations will be difficult to circumvent.

"Mature relationship"

ENA provides that national steel negotiations begin on January 29, 1974, with no introduction of arbitration before April 15. By that date, the two sides must submit any unresolved issues to a five-man arbitration panel, but negotiators may continue talks and withdraw settled issues from the panel until the contract expires on August 1. The panel must render its decision by midnight, July 10, but if the two sides disagree on implementing the ruling, the panel will make a final and binding determination by midnight, July 31.

Both sides hope to reach an agreement before arbitration occurs, and there is a good chance that that will happen. Since the disastrous 1959 strike, the two sides have developed what arbitrators call a "mature relationship." In the early sixties, the USW and the industry began bargaining the complex industrywide issues year-round, developing cost data and conducting joint surveys of problem areas. This process enables top negotiators to deal with tough, involved issues in a sophisticated way.

Whether arbitration will be invoked depends on many variables, including the state of the economy next year. If the rate of inflation increases substantially, the gap between the union's wage demands and the industry's offer may be irreconcilable in negotiations. Since the arbitration process exists, one can speculate that it will be used, although the greater the use to which it is put, the more likely it is that one side or the other will be unhappy with the outcome, thus jeopardizing ENA's future. If issues are brought to arbitration, they will probably be in areas where negotiated compromises are politically impossible. One thing is certain already: the union will not be satisfied with wage increases of only 3 percent a year in a new three-year contract. Abel, in fact, regards the 3 percent figure as merely "a floor for bargaining."

In compulsory arbitration imposed by government, arbitrators tend to make poor decisions because they are generally presented with polarized positions. ENA tries to anticipate this in a variety of ways. By excluding the USW's and the industry's sacred cows from arbitration—cost-of-living, work rules, management rights—it ensures that the arbitrators will not have to decide issues of great principle. The five-member panel will be tripartite, having three members from the public at large and one each from the union and the industry. The latter two will have no vote, but their presence will tend to force the three public members to reach decisions consistent with the economics of the steel industry and with past contracts. In addition, two of the impartial members must be thoroughly familiar with collective bargaining in steel. The most likely candidates for these positions are Sylvester Garrett and Ralph Seward, the much-admired permanent umpires of grievance arbitration at, respectively, U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel.

Despite all these precautions, the two sides have embarked on a

Wrong number?

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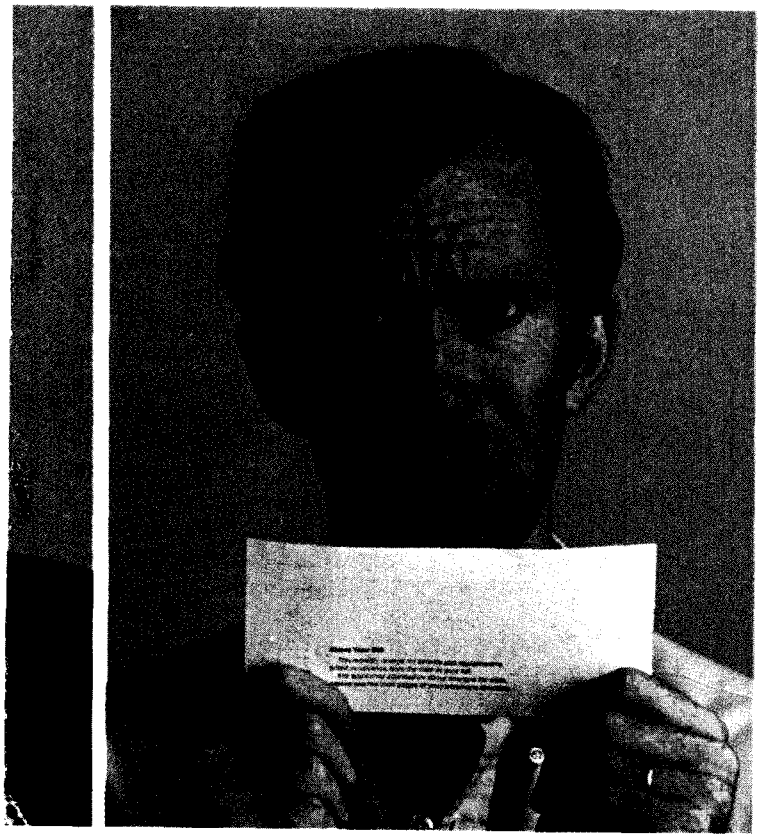

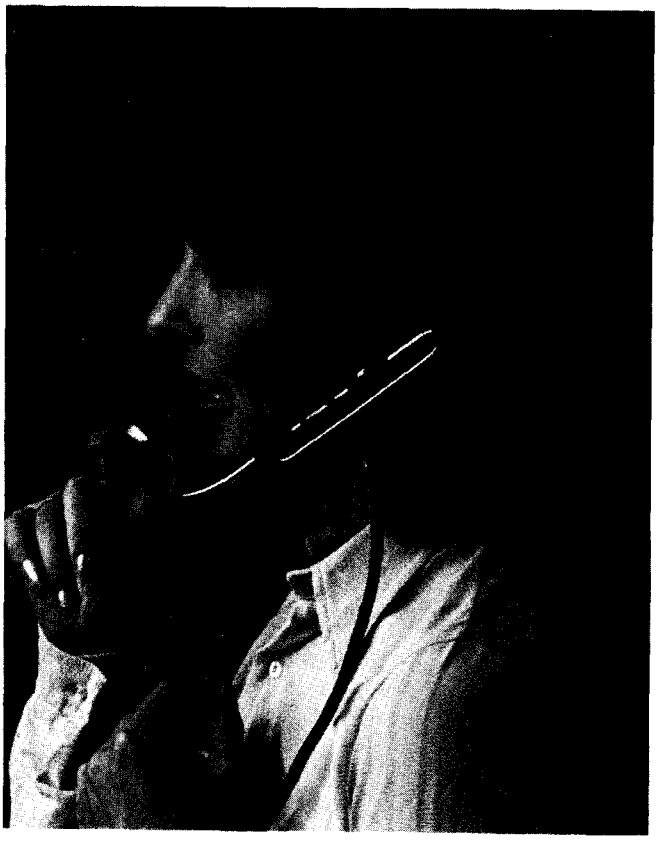

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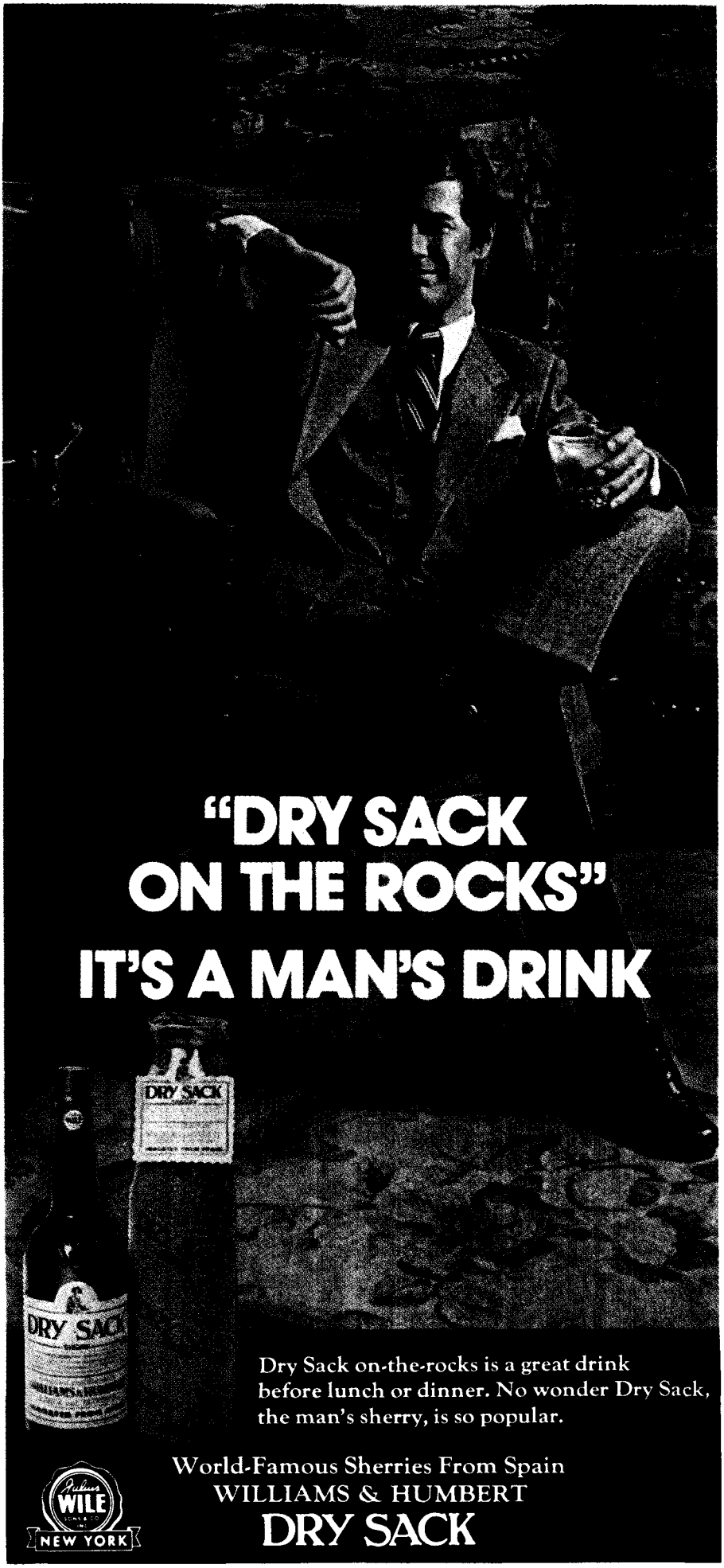

course that could hold great peril for either or both. The industry will go into negotiations already committed to a considerable expenditure (the $150 bonus to each steelworker will cost $52 million), and it may emerge with a cost package that far exceeds what it would have been willing to offer under the threat of a strike. On the union side, no one can predict how workers will fare under arbitration in comparison with workers in other industries, particularly if the arbitrators base their decisions only on the steel industry's financial circumstances.

Giving it a chance

Although some dissident steelworkers accuse Abel of selling them out with the arbitration pact, the great majority of USW members appear to be satisfied. "Let's give arbitration a chance," they seem to be saying, "and if it doesn't work out, then chuck it and go back to striking." That, of course, is Abel's position. Certainly, if there had been widespread opposition to ENA, it would have shown up in the wholesale defeat of pro-ENA local presidents who stood for reelection last June. No clear pattern of that kind emerged; some lost, and so did some of the most vociferous critics of ENA.

Some locals have adopted resolutions opposing ENA. But of three hundred locals, only about seven or eight have notified USW headquarters in Pittsburgh of official local opposition. In September, representatives of three small dissident groups presented a petition to the International bearing a reported two thousand signatures of steelworkers demanding that ENA be voided. Eighty-five percent of the signers appeared to belong to two locals in Youngstown, Ohio, the home base of rank-and-filer Frank Litch, who twice failed to qualify for a ballot position opposing Abel as USW president. Outside critics—such as historian Staughton Lynd, Arthur Kinoy, a law professor at Rutgers University, and David Scribner, an experienced New York labor lawyer and former general counsel of the United Electrical Workers—are sup-

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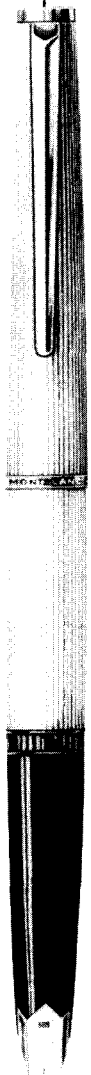

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LABOR

porting and aiding Frank Litch and the other petition bearers, claiming that the USW cannot give up the right to strike without a rank-and-file vote. But their position has little support.

ENA arrived in a world guided largely by tradition: the strike threat, the last-minute crisis bargaining, and the under-the-gun compromise. It cannot help but stimulate thinking about the collective bargaining process. The President's Commission for Industrial Peace, with Abel and Larry as members, may display ENA as a shining example of how new approaches can infuse life into collective bargaining. There may be some takers. The Seafarers' International Union, for one, recommends voluntary arbitration for the entire maritime industry.

On the whole, however, the idea of substituting arbitration for the strike threat is not likely to spread quickly. Theodore Kheel, a veteran arbitrator, contends that "the prospect of a strike in the vast majority of bargaining situations can never be outmoded, unaccepted, outlawed, or rendered obsolete without doing more damage than the relief the public will supposedly get."

As for the steel industry, the view from the top on both sides is of a union and companies that make up one identity, though each has diverse interests and different priorities. The steelworkers will keep pushing for "more," as ever, and the managers will continue to resist, but within a new framework. Both sides want to survive. "The union and the company are not enemies," says a top union man. "There's a helluva lot of difference between fighting with the company and the way we're dealing now. Our arbitration agreement is not for people who are at war."

—JOHN HOERR

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Trudy Rubin, a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor,* has lived and worked in Prague.

John Hoerr, a producer and writer for Pittsburgh's public television station, WQED, has reported on labor affairs for fifteen years.

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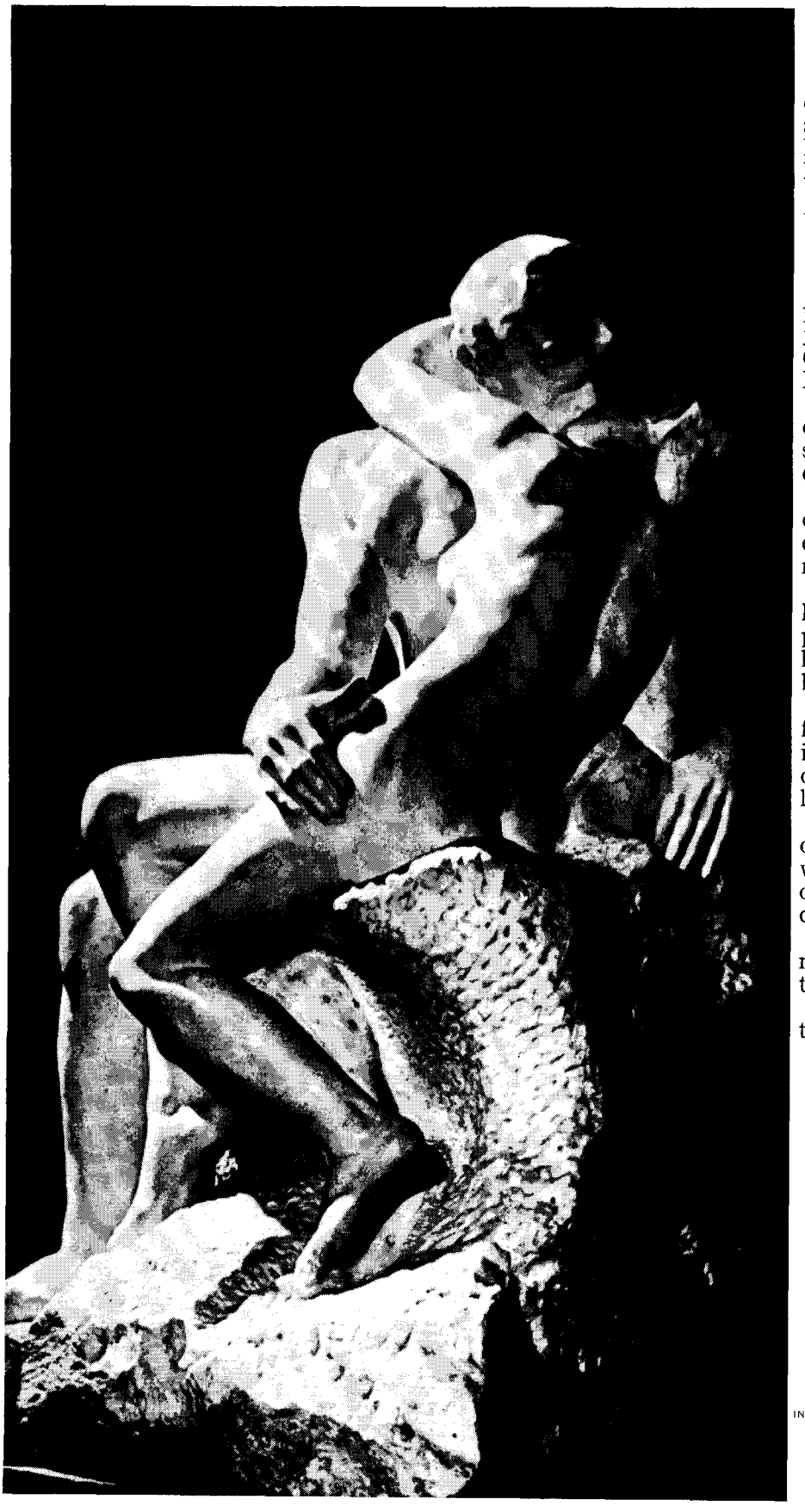
Remember what it felt like to see this for the first time? If you don't, pretend you're going to see it for the last time.



"The Kiss."

Auguste Rodin's honest expression of love between a man and a woman that makes you feel a kind of grandeur for being a human being.

At least that's what you felt the first time you saw it.

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And faced with so many problems that you get exhausted just thinking about them. The war. Crime. Drugs. City squalor. Riots. Pollution.

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If coping with the practical demands of your life drains you of energy and emotion, how can you replenish yourself?

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All these experiences can help overcome the emotional apathy which characterizes a large part of our reactions to the pressures of day-to-day living.

For Rodin's timeless statement of human love to somehow be taken from us would be tragic.

But for you to lose the ability to understand it would be far worse.

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Innocent Bystander

Christmas Story

by L. E. Sissman

It was the winter of 1952-1953, and a cold coming we had of it, Red Harris and I. Not that, as I remember, it was a particularly severe winter in statistical terms; it was only that we chose it to sell vacuum cleaners in the Godforgotten Northeast Kingdom of Vermont.

Washed out of political life forever by the Eisenhower landslide of November—I had been a minor functionary in the John F. Kennedy-for-Senator campaign, with hopes of a permanent berth somewhere in the Democratic organization—I turned up jobless as the cold closed in and made for the doubtful shelter of the Deshler Vacuum Cleaner Company, of Terre Haute, Indiana, with Offices in All Principal Cities. My application was accepted on the spot, and I found myself being trained to sell "The Cadillac of Cleaners," an improbable basketball-size aluminum sphere on wheels that, with the aid of a tool chest full of attachments, could sand, saw, mix, blend, wax, buff, and even spray paint as well as clean a rug. Or so the instructions claimed.

Actually, as any student of industrial design could readily have confirmed, the Deshler was a survival from the early days of vacuuming, sort of a contemporary antique. The archaism of its engineering was matched by the antiquity of the company's selling methods. We learned little in our two-day, unpaid training course, except to sing special Deshler pep songs, based on old Big Ten football chants, at the opening of each training session, and to brazen our way into the prospect's house with the most glittering of promises and the direst of innuendos. We were not salesmen, we were sanitation men, and we were there to sanitize the prospect's house—no charge, of course—before her wondering eyes.

When we hit the street, with a withering song in our hearts and a blast of November wind in our faces, each man was on his own. And how. Along with Red Harris, a pushing, torch-headed young particle as small and wiry as I was tall and weedy, I was assigned to the unpromising *banlieue* of Waltham, Massachusetts, whose celebrated watch factory was then departing the last of its nine lives, leaving the city as depressed—both mentally and fiscally—as any other New England mill town in those dreary days. Seeking safety in numbers, Red and I joined up together as a team, halving our individual calls and commissions, if any, in the greater interest of solidarity.

It was tough sledding, mitigated by an occasional sale to a cretinous couple who should have known better than to get on the never-never for a Deshler, and by interminable cups of nickel coffee in a handy Howard Johnson's.

If nothing else, it taught us technique, though. Glazed into boldness by necessity, we soon learned how to disarm the housewife's faint-hearted objections at the door, and how, once in, to make directly for the bedroom, where we demanded, if necessary, that the bedclothes be pulled back. Once we had the spavined bed stripped naked before us, we proceeded to a medical demonstration roughly as portentous as, say, the discovery of germs. Running the long, jointed arm of the Deshler over the mattress cover with a loud, menacing hum, as of swarming wasps, we covered the entire surface in a trice. Next we opened the dirt bag and shook out the contents—shook them back, in fact, on the mattress cover itself. A pale, pinkish-tan scurf appeared. We asked the housewife if she could identify this late occupant of her marriage bed. Needless to say, she never could. At which point I would cut in, with a menacing Gildersleeve boom, "That, madam, is dead skin!" Shock and mortification, occasionally followed by a sale, more frequently followed by other, tamer demonstrations of sanding, spraying, waxing, and, terminally, carpet-cleaning. If she wouldn't buy on the spot, we asked for a return engagement that evening in the presence of her husband; this request was often granted, and dead skin was produced on cue again in the evening.

What *was* dead skin? Damned if I know. It might have been lint, pajama tailings, house moss, mattress stuffing, or even, God knows, dead skin itself. Though its identity remained obscure to us, it was the high point of our demos—as we called these playlets in the trade—and most of our few sales were traceable to the housewife's horror at the implied suggestion of uncleanliness.

And so, call by call, day by day, week by week, we perfected our talents at the shell game. Alas, we failed to perfect our batting average. Three or four sales per week turned out to be our upper limit; even with the inflated commissions made possible by the Deshler's inflated price (around two hundred dollars, more than twice the price of a good name-brand vacuum cleaner in those days), we could hardly ever count on more than seventy-five dollars apiece each week, out of which came gas, car expenses, food, and all our other ineluctable overheads. Both of us were married, and both were going broke.

Sitting in the Howard Johnson's one icy day when a dusting of snow made skeins across the streets, we hit upon a plan. Red, aggressive in inverse proportion to his height, suggested we light out for virgin territory—northern Vermont, where he himself came from and where he knew every soul in a twenty-mile radius of St. Johnsbury. Those Vermonters, we knew, had plenty socked away in their dead-skin-filled mattresses; with Christmas coming, couldn't a local boy and his friend persuade them to part with some of it? A stroke of genius in necessity; we shook hands on the bargain and prepared to leave next day.

I packed a bag and left my car in Red's snowy side driveway next to his two-decker apartment house in an unfashionable part of Natick.

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

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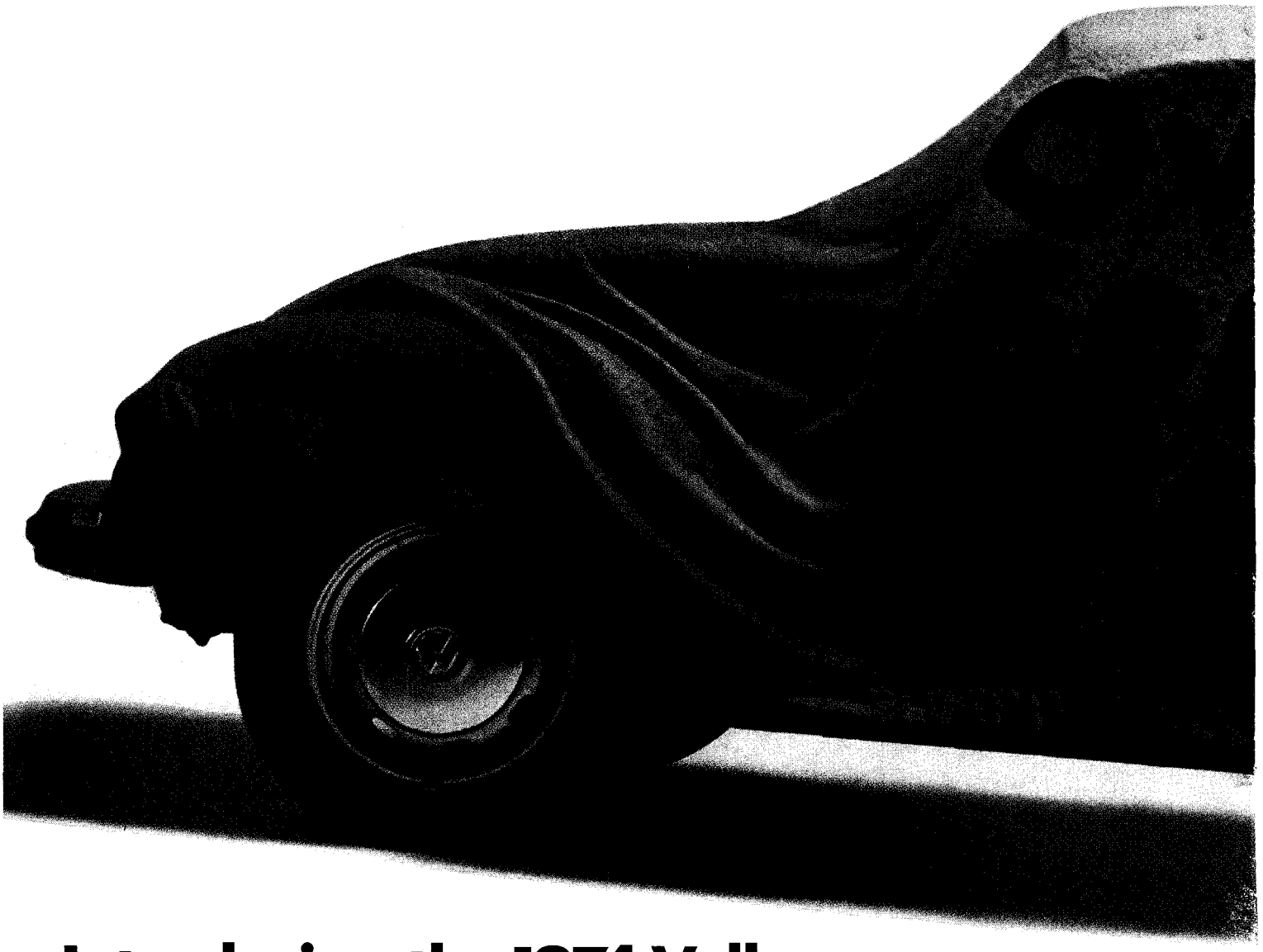

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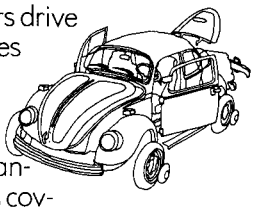

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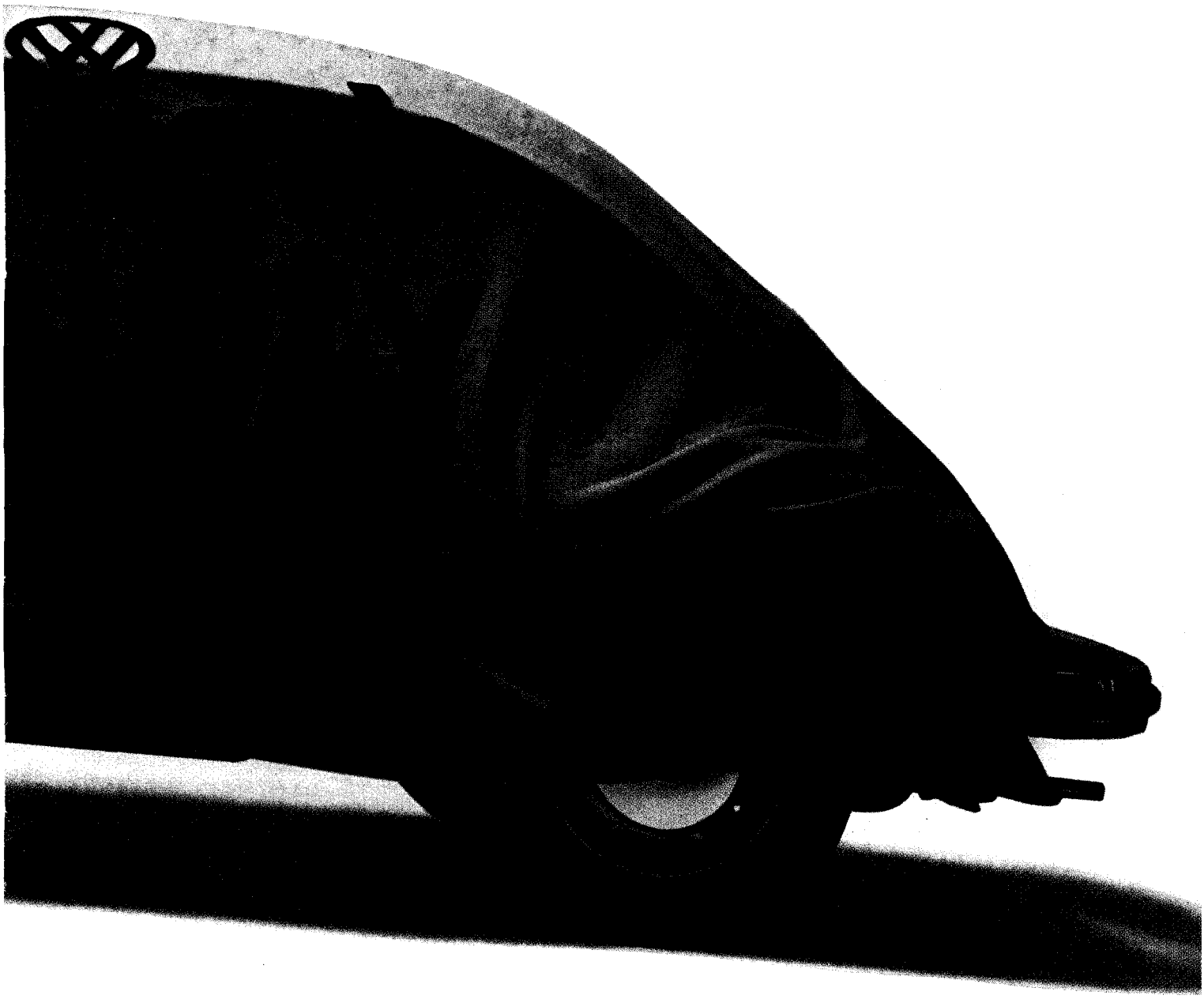

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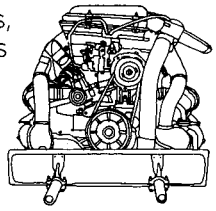

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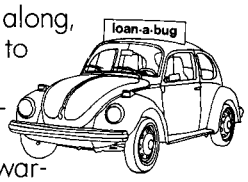

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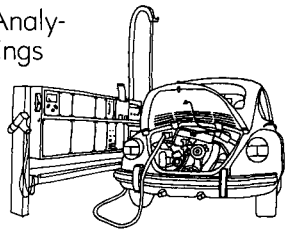

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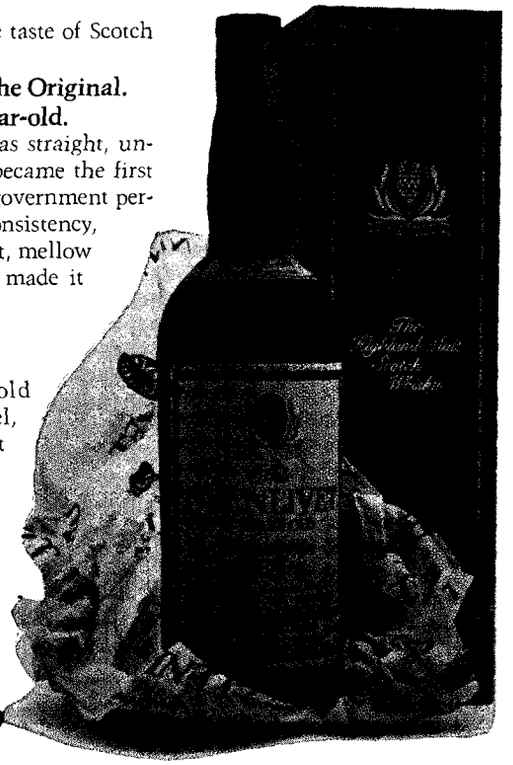

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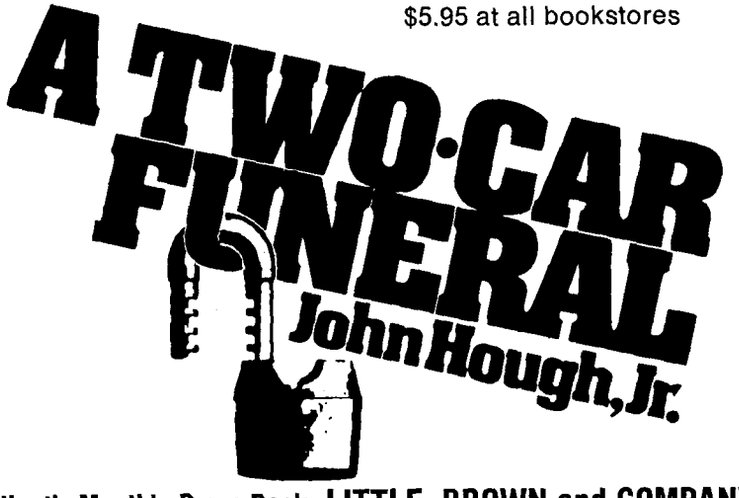

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BYSTANDER

We climbed into his spectacularly oxidized, dark blue '46 Torpedo Oldsmobile and were off. This was long before the day of Interstates; most of the roads were winding two-lane byways past miles of tumbledown shacks with dead cars and old Maytags in the yard. This was the postwar fag end of the Depression which still rode New England. It was before the recent era of recovery, and there was little paint or money showing on the houses or in the crabbed towns.

Aldridge, Vermont, was not what I'd expected. It was not a postcard village—all elms and spires and gingerbread houses—but a kind of rustic slum. It served as a dormitory town for the quarry workers in Barre, some twenty-five miles away down Route 302; its mean houses, many of them, were, like Natick's and Waltham's, double- and triple-deckers. Red took me up to a second deck to meet his family: his father, a cadaverous, toothless, gormless old man of forty-five, worn out and phthisic from inhaling rock dust in the quarries; his mother, a fat, pleasant woman who should have looked jolly but looked drained instead. I was to stay with them as a paying guest; they did their decent best to make me feel at home.

But to the hunt. Next day, Red and I unlimbered our Deshler demonstrator and began to call on the modest satraps of the locality. The first week went reasonably well. With Red's entrée and my scholarly exposition of the evils of dead skin, we made four solid sales—all cash, for, as we had supposed, the money was indeed concealed around the house. And these four, concluded with some real goodwill between ourselves and the customers, led to further referrals. We found ourselves calling on Hawkins cousins and Sawyer aunts in outlying towns. And therein lay our downfall. Bucking our way through a middling blizzard one white-on-white morning, Red spun his worn snow tires on a patch of ice and over-revved the weary engine, which promptly registered displeasure by sending No. 2 piston out through the side of the block. Apart from the stiff ex-

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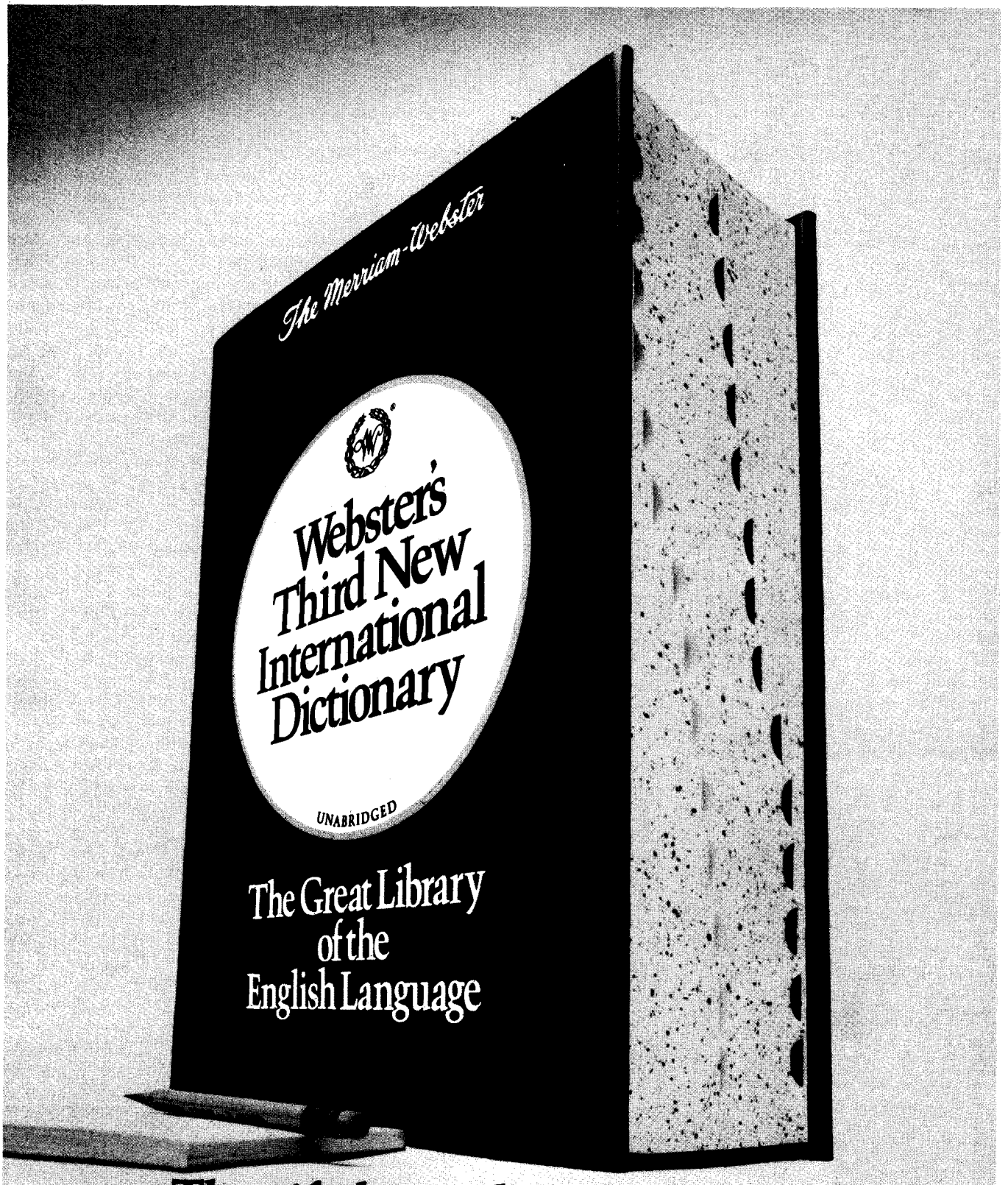

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pense of the repairs, we were without wheels at the apex of the selling season. And we had miles to go before we slept.

We made the best of this contretemps by listing the locals in Aldridge upon whom we could call on foot—not the meanest of feats, considering that the snow was three feet deep and the thermometer had dropped, after the storm, to a seemingly permanent twenty-four below zero. Walking "over town" to the general store, the breath froze in our noses, and our lungs felt as if they were being pierced with icicles. Nevertheless, we soldiered on, dragging our Deshler and its case of gadgets and hoses behind us through the snow. A couple more sales slowly jelled with repeated callbacks; between bouts of frozen-fingered selling, we languished in the Harrises' kerosene-heated parlor, stoking our personal fires with large, plain meals of cottonwool bread and sticky pasta.

Finally, less than a week before Christmas, we struck at last at our best prospect: a recently widowed Mrs. Willard, the amiable mistress of a large, dust-collecting Victorian ark, who was, reputedly, rich as Croesus. Bracing her in her living room one night, we out-demonstrated our greatest demonstration, forcing the wheezing Deshler to new heights of sanitation. We sprayed moth gas in her closets, cleaned her drapes, waxed her linoleum, beat her old Orientals to within an eighth-inch of their warp and woof. And lo! she was persuaded. We walked out of her house that freezing night with a signed contract and a small deposit, the rest to be collected in a day or two. At last our trip seemed almost worthwhile: we could return to Boston after the holiday with a couple of hundred dollars each to keep the wolf away.

Then trouble struck. When we got back to the Harrises' one evening, we had an ominous message: a call from Mrs. Willard. A friend, it seems, had heard she was about to buy a Deshler and had advised her to consider an Electrolux instead. The Electrolux man, a sleek deity in a new Pontiac Chieftain, was on his way there now. Would we care to match our machine against his in a competitive demonstration? Of course we would; dragging our Deshler like a travois through the snow, we made our way to Mrs. Willard's white house on the hill. She was a bit embarrassed at the confrontation she had caused; but, she pointed out, it was only fair that she should be able to compare the two machines, and we of course agreed.

Then the slow murder began. The Electrolux man unlimbered his sleek blue-green machine with its shining wands and politely asked us to go first in cleaning the living-room rug (which we'd already cleaned a couple of days before). We cleaned mightily; we opened our dust bag and showed a pitiful wisp of dust. The Electrolux man set his shining monster sucking at the same square feet of carpet. A moment later he opened his own dust bag, which had previously been empty, to show a fat roll of fresh dirt. The secret was in the extra suction of his more powerful motor, he said (and we believed); to demonstrate this further, he selected a transparent Lucite wand, produced a large, heavy, chromed-steel ball, and proceeded to pick the ball up with the wand and hold it suspended eighteen inches up the wand. He then invited us to do the same. Manfully, Red and I clipped the transparent wand to the Deshler and applied it to the ball. A hiss and gulp; the ball rose leisurely into the tube and then flopped out onto the floor again. The process was repeated. It was no use. We were skunked, whipped like curs, beaten at our own game, vanquished far from home. We returned Mrs. Willard's contract and deposit and slunk, dragging the tonweight of the Deshler, back down the hill toward home.

The next day was Christmas Eve. Red's car was ready; we got in in utter dejection and drove back to Boston. Our first stop was at the Deshler sales office, where we collected our meager winnings and renounced our calling forevermore, giving the rattled sales manager our considered view of his product in front of a raw group of new trainees.

Then, at the fountain of a nearby drugstore, we drank a last cup of watery coffee and shook hands on our decision to go our separate ways in search of something better than Deshler salesmanship. We'd be in touch again when we got situated, both of us vowed. Shortly afterward, but not in time to make that Christmas or New Year's any happier, I finally got a job I'd been after in an advertising agency, and things started to look up. But, of course, I never laid eyes on Red again, though I've often wondered what happened to him.

Merry Christmas, then, Red, wherever you are; you were a good companion and one feisty guy.

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Winemaker

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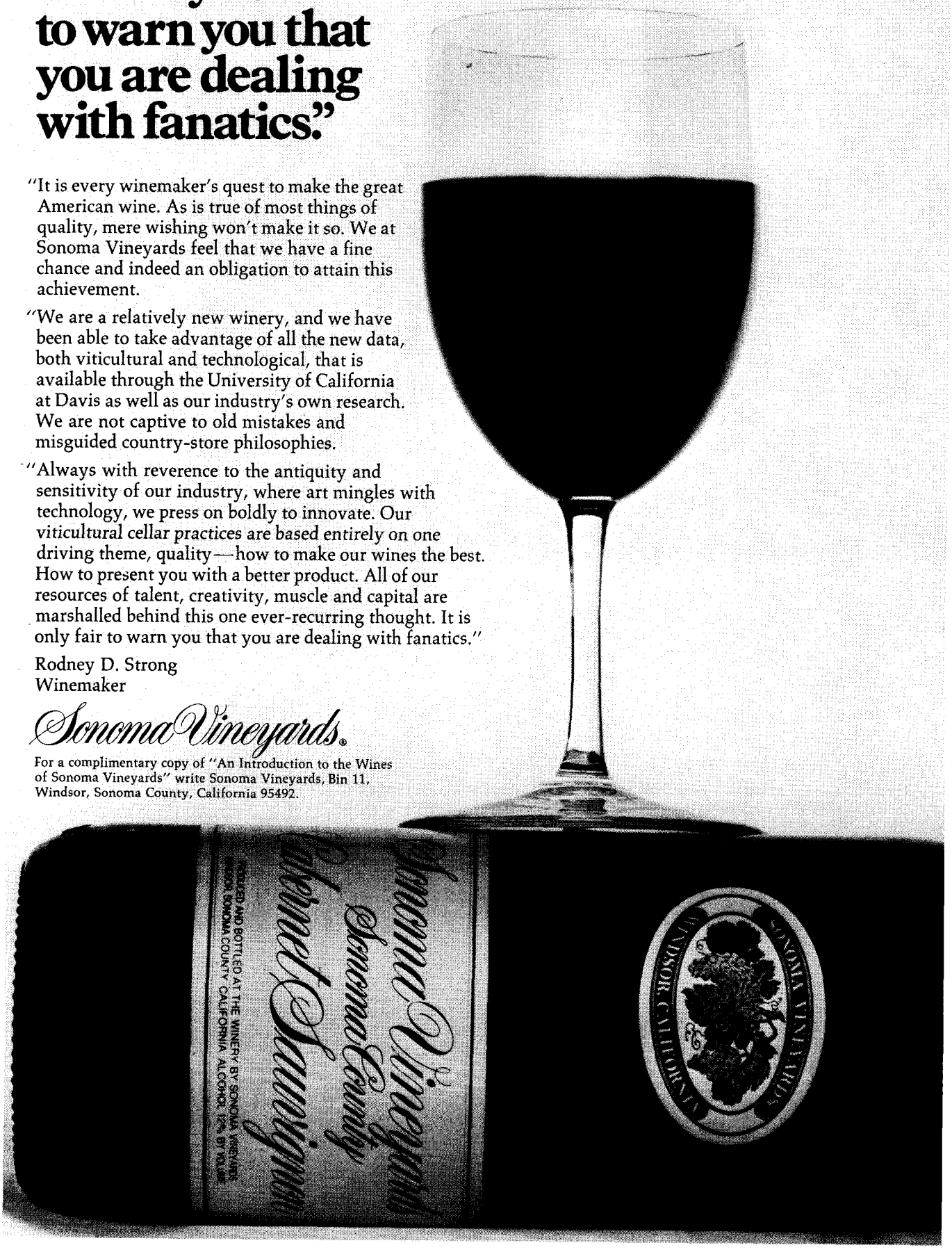

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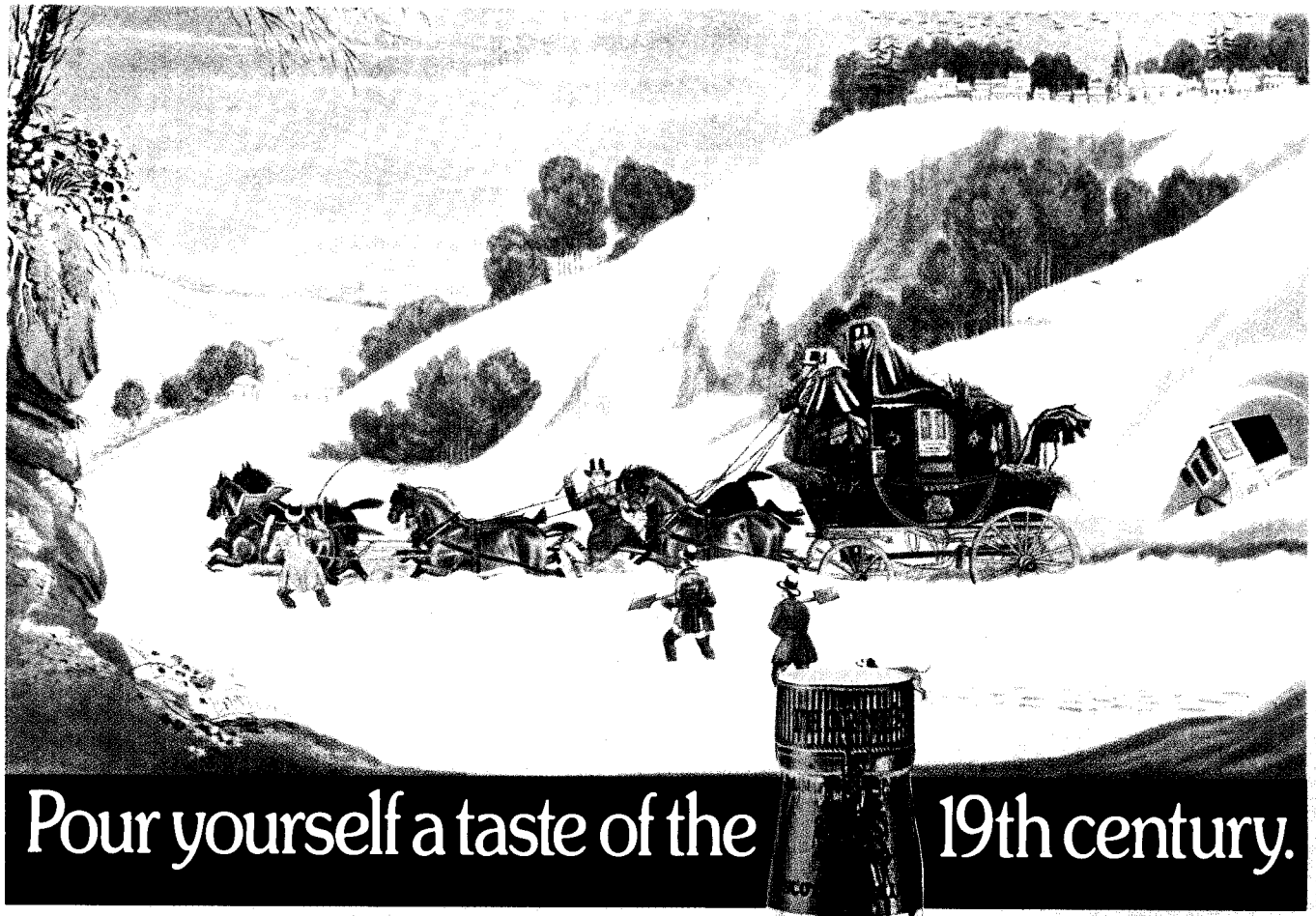
"A Mail Coach in Deep Snow." Hand-colored aquatint engraving by George Hunt, from a painting by James Pollard.



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Daddy, what did you do in the war against pollution?

Of course you can always try to change the subject.

But one answer you can't give is that you weren't in it. Because in this war, there are no 4F's and no conscientious objectors. No deferments for married men or teen-agers. And no exemptions for women.

So like it or not, we're all in this one. But as the war heats up, millions of us stay coolly uninvolved. We have lots of alibis:

What can one person do?

It's up to "them" to do something about pollution – not me.

Besides, average people don't pollute. It's the corporations, institutions and municipalities.

The fact is that companies and governments are made up of people. It's people who make decisions and do things that foul up our water, land and air. And that goes for businessmen, government officials, housewives or homeowners.

What can one person do for the cause? Lots of things – maybe more than you think. Like cleaning your spark plugs every 1000 miles, using detergents in the recommended amounts, by upgrading incinerators to reduce smoke emissions, by proposing and supporting better waste treatment plants in your town. Yes, and throwing litter in a basket instead of in the street.

Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.

Keep America Beautiful

People start pollution. People can stop it.

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THE MAIL

STRIP-MINING

SIR: I was amazed at the many misstatements and errors of fact in James Conaway's "The Last of the West" (September *Atlantic).*

Mr. Conaway's statement that "a strip mine that produces millions of tons of coal a year can be operated by two dozen men" obviously was written without benefit of research. Western Energy Company's Colstrip mine employed 147 workers last year in producing 5.5 million tons of coal, and that mine will employ 500 or more men by 1976.

Western Energy's reclamation program is devoted to much more than the "ten special acres" to which Conaway refers. Land reclamation research activity began in 1968, before Western Energy mined a ton of coal, and during the last five years, all but 57 of the 347 acres that have been disturbed by mining have been reclaimed.

In 1968, Western Energy Company retained the Montana State University Agricultural Experiment Station to research land reclamation practices at Colstrip and make recommendations as to the best methods of reclaiming mined land. Richard Hodder headed the team of researchers assigned to that program and he has been active—and highly successful—since that time. We are proud to be associated with Dick Hodder and his achievements but, despite Mr. Conaway's implications, we sought him out for the contribution he could make to our land reclamation efforts, rather than him trying to convince us of the value of reclamation.

JOSEPH A. MCELWAIN
The Montana Power Company
Butte, Mont.

SIR: James Conaway several times refers to the nonexistent "Burlington & Northern" railroad. And what on earth is "monium nitrate"?

GERARD CHAPMAN
Mill River, Mass.

James Conaway replies:

Mr. McElwain's statement that Western Energy's Colstrip mine employed 147 workers to mine 5.5 million tons of coal is beside the point. Western Energy's operation is much larger, and has a much higher projected growth rate, than the operation planned for Charter's area of the Bull Mountains which was discussed. The fact is that a profitable mine does not require a great number of men to be involved in the actual mining process. Peabody's Big Sky mine is an example.

I have seen Western Energy's 290 "reclaimed" acres—from the ground, not from the air as have most visitors treated to a company tour. Many of these acres are spread with straw (which looks remarkably like growing grass from an airplane), or pockmarked and planted with sparse and spindly shrubs and exotic grasses. Most of the acres are barren by anyone's definition. The artificiality of the landscape aside, McElwain doesn't address himself to the real problems: that is, when, if ever, will the plant cover prosper and become self-perpetuating, and will the disrupted soil and overburden ever be able to hold groundwater.

I never said that Richard Hodder came to Western Energy and asked them to reclaim their land. I said that Hodder is the *only* man in a vast area working full-time on the problem of land reclamation, and that the mining companies refuse to hire anyone to work along with him to learn what is really required. Instead, they transfer agronomists and mining engineers into reclamation work, and they make dutiful statements as absurd as McElwain's about land being "reclaimed" when it is not.

As is often the case when dealing with spokesmen of mining and utility companies, it is difficult to tell if McElwain is being obtuse or is genuinely uninformed. My article in *The Atlantic* dealt also with the effects of mining upon people living in the area—something McElwain and other industry spokesmen never seem to address themselves to. I would like to ask McElwain why Montana Power fought so hard for permission to build generating plants at Colstrip without an environmental impact study, what he thinks about the outrageous methods used to get land away from reluctant ranchers, and if he thinks Americans have the right to live on land they have worked and owned for years, often generations.

I would also like to ask McElwain and others in Montana's mining industry why almost every issue of the September *Atlantic* containing my and Harry Caudill's articles was bought up in Montana before the magazine reached the newsstands.

Mr. Chapman is quite right: the proper name of the railroad is Burlington Northern. It is my understanding that monium nitrate was a basic composition of fertilizer. I am no chemist, but this seems to be the name miners use for their explosive ingredient.

SIR: Harry M. Caudill states in "Farming and Mining" (September *Atlantic):* "The world's mightiest

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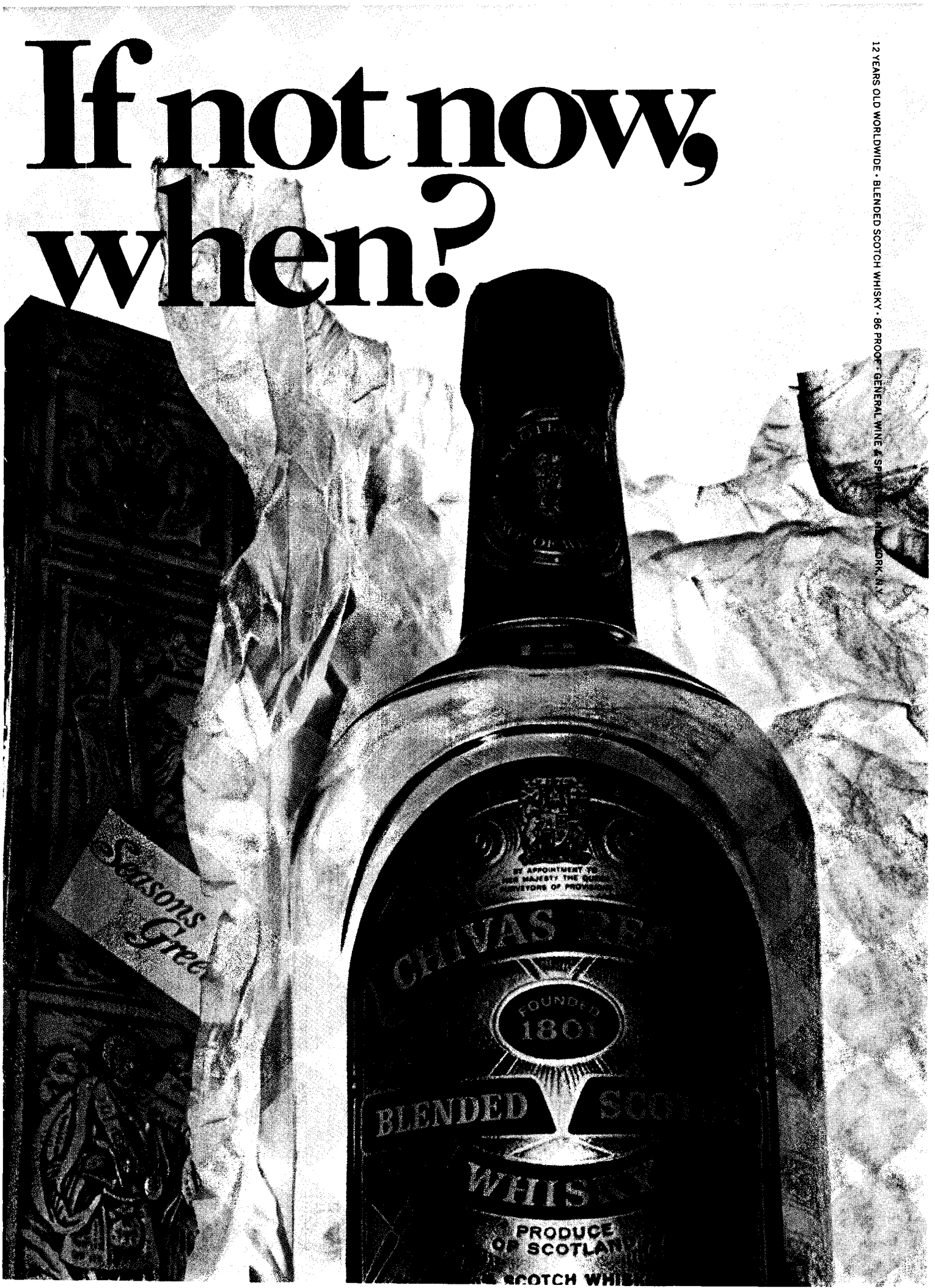
If not now, when?



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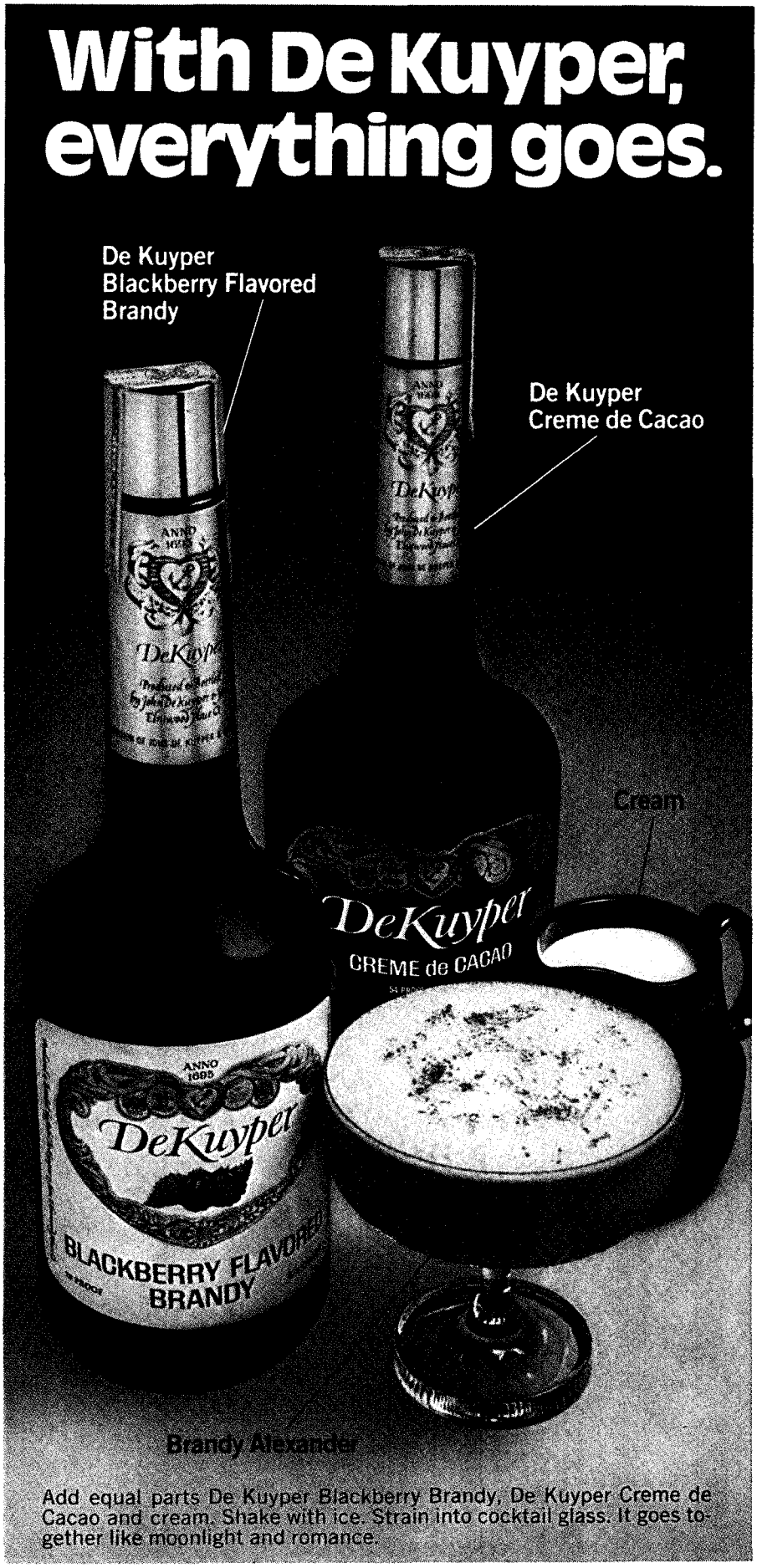

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electric power plant is already operating at Page, Arizona, blackening the continent's cleanest air with smoke plumes hundreds of miles long."

Anyone curious enough to check out this statement would be much surprised to find that the plant (the Navajo Generating Station) has not as yet begun burning coal! The first firing is not scheduled until late fall of 1973. Whether the plant spews smoke, as Mr. Caudill states, is another matter.

LYNN A. ROBBINS
Lake Powell Research Project
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Harry M. Caudill replies:

Lynn Robbins is quite right. The Navajo plant, at Page, Arizona, has not yet "gone on the line." I knew this to be so when the article was written and the first draft, as dictated, referred to the plant at Cholla. This older and much smaller plant is a great polluter and forewarns of the dire things to come. This error is deeply regretted.

SIR: The very interesting articles on strip-mining are a fine example of the necessary information and points of view which must be considered as we attempt to find solutions to the energy problem.

Coal is the obvious near or middle-term solution, but the people of the United States must know of the potential disadvantages of strip-mining in arriving at a decision. Too many times, there is no easy decision or one which can be carried out to no disadvantage.

JOHN A. LOVE
Assistant to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I am greatly concerned about the effects of strip-mining, and while I do foresee coal as one of the prime potential energy sources of the future, we must ensure that the environment is not destroyed in the process. Your title, "Shall We Strip-Mine Iowa and Illinois to Air-Condition New York?" is most apt and the points made therein are worth serious consideration. There is a need for rearranging our priorities and for the conservation of energy whenever and wherever possible. I hope that your circulation is wide,

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because this is an issue to which many people ought to be exposed.

CHARLES H. PERCY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

SIR: In an effort to assure an orderly development of coal surface-mining activities in New Mexico, our legislature created the New Mexico Coal Surface Mining Commission, which has been given the responsibility of evaluating reclamation plans of mining companies in New Mexico. The first permits to conduct coal surface-mining under the new act were awarded on August 8, 1973. We feel sure that the conditions of the plans as approved will assure that surface-mined areas will be returned to a useful state after mining activities are complete.

BRUCE KING
Governor, New Mexico
Santa Fe, N.M.

HEALTH CARE

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson's article ("The Politics of American Health Care," October *Atlantic*) is an example of subjective journalism at its most striking.

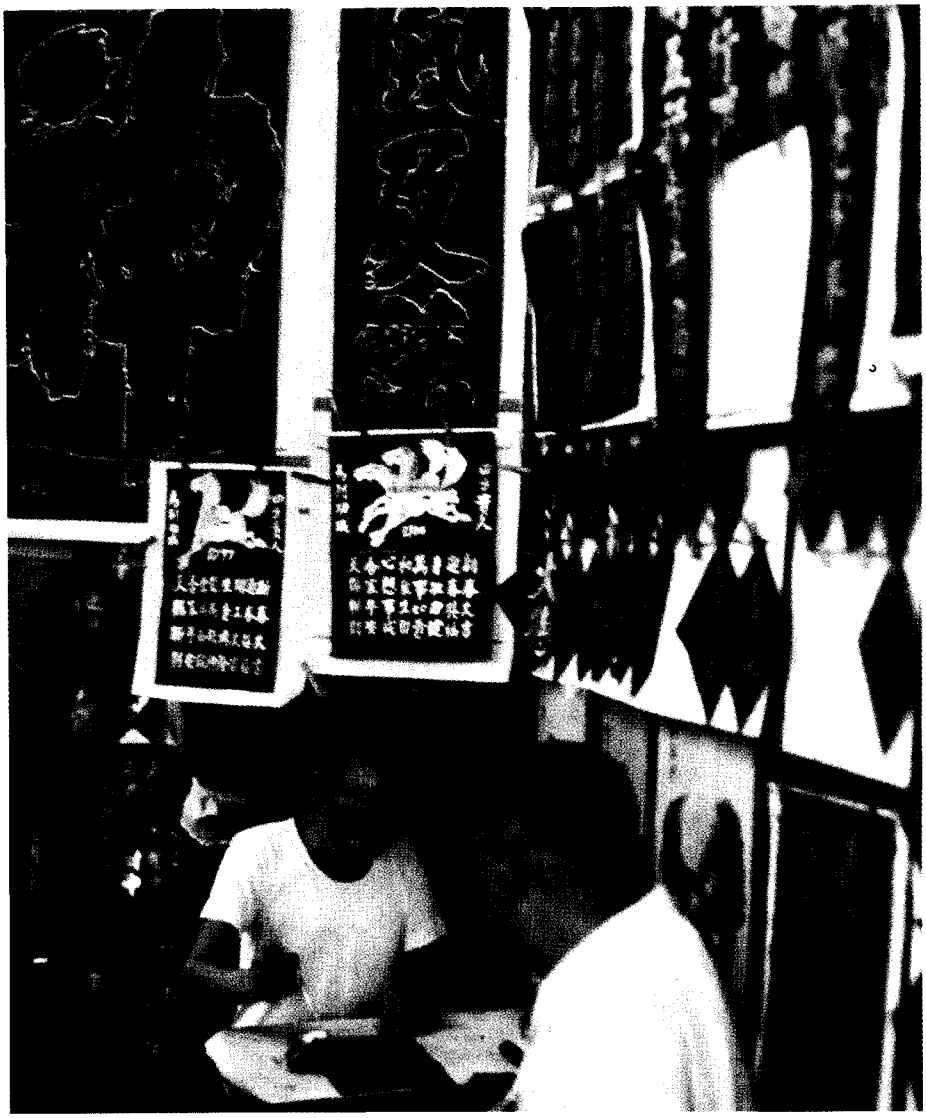
Item: The inflation under Medicare. Roughly 70 percent of hospital costs go for salaries. These were woefully inadequate in the past, and the catching up during the sixties was long overdue. New, lifesaving units, such as coronary care and renal dialysis, became generally available.

Item: Most authors tend to blame our heterogeneous population and the American way of life—with its overeating, inactivity, smoking, tension, ghettos—for our poor mortality statistics. The author blames failure of the medical establishment.

Item: It is well known that our infant mortality statistics include cases of stillbirths which are excluded in many other countries; also that our statistics have shown a marked improvement in recent years, among all races.

Item: The author repeatedly inveighs against the evils of the fee-for-service system, but the only evidence he mentions (which is open to challenge) consists of rates of surgery in various studies.

In actual fact, the bulk of patient care in this country is provided by



If you need it, he'll sell you good luck

"Lucky scrolls" are not something you'll find everywhere in the world. Especially when their lacquer-red and shimmering gold look good enough to frame and hang on your living room wall.

So it's almost a crime to admit that they are commonplace in Singapore's Chinatown.

Chinese letter writers are not only masters of the calligraphic art, they are also adept with the pithy phrase and the pertinent proverb. With these talents they offer an instant 'stenographic' service for business deals, hot notes to cooling lovers, and IOU's that will stand up in court.

There are more than 40,000 written characters in Chinese, a bit more than the 26 letters most of us use.

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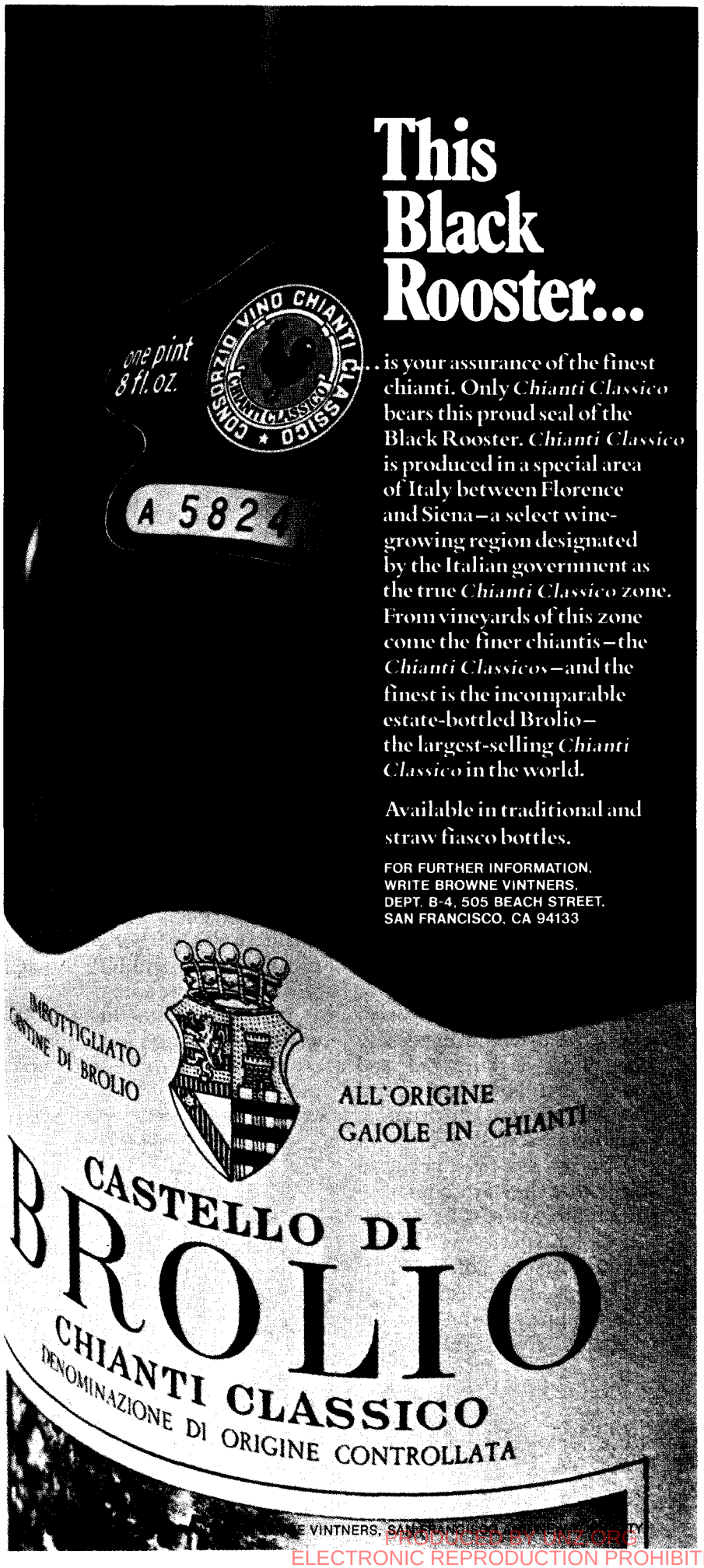

private care physicians—family practitioners, internists, pediatricians, obstetricians. They work a documented average fifty-five to sixty hours per week; according to a recent government study, they provide care considerably more cheaply than the prototype HMO-type centers; many of them have, for years, had their fee structure frozen by the government, and many are falling seriously behind the general rate of inflation.

GERALD L. GLASER, M.D.
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson's recent report on "The Politics of American Health Care" may represent the political aspects of this subject accurately, but I must disagree with his thesis that the failure of Congress to pass national health insurance legislation constitutes a "lost opportunity." If, as he points out, Medicare and Medicaid have led to runaway inflation because their eventual effects on the economy were not well thought out, why then should we now trust Congress for a remedy whose method is more controversial and whose implications are no more clearly understood, but far more far-reaching?

Hodgson argues that there is a need for national health insurance because the current health care system is failing, citing in support of this assertion the infant mortality rate and life expectancy for males, both notoriously poor indicators of "health." This argument is weak, inappropriate, and misleading.

The need for national health insurance, in whatever form, stems from the inability of modern, mobile, uprooted, health-conscious (if not always cooperative) citizens to gain convenient, appropriate access to the medical care system, which, like much else today, has become increasingly institutionalized, impersonal, technology-dependent, and expensive. We used to buy groceries from the local store and visit the local doctor; now we buy prepared convenience foods and visit the local multi-specialty clinic or medical center. Health insurance may be seen as an entrance key to as well as a credit card for the health care emporium of tomorrow.

Institutionalizing payment schemes thus seems the inevitable

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concomitant to institutionalized medical care delivery. But the delay of current legislation toward this end is not a lost opportunity but rather recognition that if such were passed at this time, it would suffer from the same defects as previous health legislation. And while some form of national health insurance may be inevitable, and even beneficial (because it may aid health care financing), let us not delude ourselves into believing it will necessarily improve "health" or "health care."

RICHARD E. BURNEY, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: I am irate at Godfrey Hodgson's reaction to the $1717.80 worth of medical care provided a ten-year-old boy during the nineteen hours of hospitalization preceding his death. I do not know if Hodgson thought it was wrong to try and save this child's life by bringing to bear all the techniques of modern medicine—drugs, X-rays, laboratory tests, inhalation therapy—on his problem. Were it my child, I would certainly want every resource to be used, even though it required the round-the-clock services of skilled professionals and the most exotic of hospital equipment. Such crisis measures cannot help but be expensive, and therefore they are used only in the most extreme of situations. But most of us feel that the cost is justified in these circumstances.

MARY LOU ZOGLIN
Los Altos, Calif.

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson is to be congratulated for writing such a comprehensive yet readable article on the problems of health care in this country. Hopefully, as public awareness of the many factors involved increases, some action on a meaningful program will be taken.

ELLIOT L. RICHARDSON
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Hodgson will reply in next month's issue.

ALKAN

SIR: It is pleasant to see that *The Atlantic,* after so many false starts, has returned to the publication of musicological papers among its other learned essays and articles.

I refer, of course, to "Alkan" by Henry Shultz (September issue), a work of scholarship and astute musical feeling. While Shultz has covered the ground thoroughly and has certainly cast new light into once darkened, indeed forgotten corners, I should appreciate the opportunity to further elucidate, and also perhaps question one or two premises.

To begin with, Shultz gives us no alternative when he states in his opening that ALKAN was perhaps the FALSE DMITRI. I wonder if we cannot turn his thinking around and flatly question whether the FALSE DMITRI was not perhaps ALKAN? By doing so we can also meet head on those critics who deny the very existence of ALKAN and claim that by a distorted biographical quirk ALKAN is simply the remainder of the ALKANE SERIES, which every high school boy knows as aliphatic hydrocarbons having the general formula C_nH_{2n+2}.

Be that as it may, and I shall state that I do not subscribe to such a theory, Shultz is debonair in his total disregard of the cause of ALKAN's death. It is not good enough simply to state as he does, "His bookcase suddenly topples over and snuffs out his life." Medwin, Stanhope, Prof. Marchand, and even Trelawny all give the facts which, simply stated, are that ALKAN reached for a Hebrew dictionary on the top shelf and in doing so pulled the bookcase down upon himself. A rather different circumstance, Shultz will agree, than his view of the affair.

And it is rather late in the day for us to read once again that Sans Souci had 365 harpsichords. Isn't Shultz aware that both Edgar Allan Poe, by ratiocination, and Adele Aus Der Ohe, by observation, proved that Sans Souci had only three harpsichords, but a well-trained body of movers who were always a room ahead of visitors and moved the same three harpsichords in such a way that there was always one to be found in the room about to be entered? In questioning some areas of Shultz's dubious scholarship and awkward history I by no means wish to cast a false light on his valued research. We are all certainly aware of ALKAN's magnificent *Grande Bagatelle Heroique on The Barber of Seville* as also of his *Variations sérieuses d'après le Bar-*

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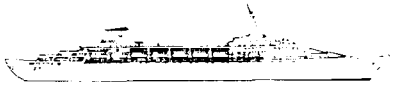

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bier de Seville. But what a peculiar lacuna to refrain from mentioning his far greater works, such as *Réconciliation, petit caprice en forme de Zorcico,* or the *Paraphrase on 'Super flumina Babylonis,'* which is actually Opus 54 and not the *Variations sérieuses* as Professor Shultz mistakenly asserts.

In closing I can give a more vivid picture of the elder ALKAN than Shultz vouchsafes us by quoting a contemporary account of Signor Pietro Gamba in his valuable *Twelve Lessons from the Chinese.* Gamba says that although ALKAN refused to perform in public, he was not averse sometimes to playing for "des dames très parfumées et frou-frounantes."

Can that leave any doubt in our minds that ALKAN really WAS the FALSE DMITRI? I think not.

RALPH BERKOWITZ
Albuquerque, N.M.

SIR: If the article on Alkan was designed to titillate the reader, it fell far short of its mark and did little in my opinion to enhance either Alkan's or the writer's stature. Unfortunately, the name of this remarkably gifted composer is still relatively unknown, even among the *cognoscenti,* and to picture him as a congenital rake tossing darts at can-can girls and handing out exploding cigars to his acquaintances is fabrication of the grossest sort. Alkan was by all accounts a highly sensitive, cultured artist who was greatly admired by his contemporaries and whose compositions contributed much to the literature of the piano.

"The *somewhat* imaginary life and times of the French composer?" Hallucinatory would have been a far more accurate subtitle for this distastefully sophomoric opus.

EDWARD J. FELESINA
Maywood, N.J.

SIR: Henry Alkan Shultz is a man after my own heart.

RAY REEDER
Music Librarian
California State University
Hayward, Calif.

Henry Shultz replies:

With respect to Mr. Berkowitz's emendations, I am only too happy to defer to the superior knowledge of so distinguished a musician.

With respect to Mr. Felesina's Complaint, I was hoping that the publication of "Alkan" would produce at least one such letter, and am therefore much gratified to receive his—the more so as he recognizes the piece as a "fabrication of the grossest sort."

Has nobody written to object that T. S. Eliot was not "President of Harvard from 1888 to 1965"?

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: I devoutly hope The Mail in your October issue relating to John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Economics of the American Housewife" article was not proportionately representative of the views expressed by *Atlantic* readers. If it was, the letter-writing women of America have a lot to learn about logic, to say nothing of day care and the psychology of exploitation.

The Mss. Bumgarner, Hunt, and Schwartzman assert that day care as it exists is a harmful but necessary substitute for deranged mothers. (Surely, this is a sweeping and inaccurate generalization.) They go on to assume no better form of child care is possible.

In particular, Ms. Schwartzman makes no mention of the crucial fact that many kibbutz mothers (according to Melford Spiro, her own source) are unhappy with the very concept of communal child-rearing, perhaps as a result of their heritage of *"Kinder, Küche, Kirche."* This and the desire of the kibbutz pioneers to share the highest form of communal work—agriculture—have undoubtedly contributed to the uncertain success of the child care centers.

Ms. Bowley shares with Ms. Hunt the one-sided view that since some marketplace workers cannot cope with stress, we are all better off at home; she goes on to suggest (in jest?) that her only alternatives to home work are a harem or the front lines in Cambodia.

Mrs. Engel refers to the lovely idea that no work is beneath human dignity. I agree, but Jesus also warned against wasting "talents."

I respect women who choose a career in the home, but I scorn half-baked attempts to limit my horizons.

Vive Jorgensen and Galbraith!!

LORAINE ANDERSON
Springfield, Ill.

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EVELYN WAUGH'S LOST RABBIT

by Claud Cockburn

The late writer's cousin and close friend offers a bittersweet recollection of a man whose powers of acid insight were at odds with his need to wall himself off from reality. Beneath the snobbery and satire lay "the sense of inexplicable doom."

When the London *Observer* recently started to publish extracts from the *Diaries* of Evelyn Waugh, a television producer had a flashy idea. The first installments, relating mainly to Evelyn's contemporaries at Oxford in the 1920s, had already achieved a *succès de scandale.* They conveyed to many readers the impression that the lives of those young men had been dominated by alcoholism and homosexual excesses. And who were those people? Some were titled. Many had become figures of national repute or notoriety. Others, identified only by initials and asterisks, were assumed, in some cases rightly, to be well-known public men, with respectable characters to defend and hair-trigger libel lawyers to do the defending.

So why not, the television man thought, approach as many as possible of the survivors of Evelyn Waugh's Oxford, bring them together, fifty years on, in a suitably Waugh-world setting such as a private dining room at the Savoy Hotel where, overlooking the Thames, they would lunch luxuriously and chat reminiscently for the enlightenment of viewers?

There were times when the producer must have recalled George Jean Nathan's warning to playwrights that a great idea for a play is not necessarily an idea for a great play. Two or three of those invited regretted they had to be in Ischia, Barbados, or the Hebrides on the suggested date. Others made cautiously elaborate stipulations about the guest list and the themes to be discussed. One, a former member of the government, repeatedly referred to by initial and asterisks, blatantly denied that he had ever had more than the most casual acquaintance with Evelyn, and would sue for slander anyone who said otherwise. Another, who at first had been willing, cried off when I chanced to mention that I understood the program was to be entitled *Vile Buddies.*

What with one thing and another, only five of us sat down to talk—"intimately and informally," we were urged—as the television lights probed our faces hopefully for whatever traces of dissolute living might still mark them and thus make more real to the viewers the Oxford of the *Diaries.* In his volume of autobiography, *A Little Learning,* published in 1964, Evelyn wrote, "It seems that now, after the second war, my contemporaries [at Oxford] are regarded with a mixture of envy and reprobation, as libertines and wastrels." All present at the Savoy lunch were conscious that publication of the *Diaries* had reinforced that opinion. Several postures of self-defense were visible. And some were clearly trying to recall whether life had really been so uninhibitedly libertine as that.

I have forgotten most of what we all said, but I recall that Tom Driberg, a Labour M.P. and prominent character in the *Diaries,* interrupted some statement I was making to remark, "Of course you know that Evelyn always spoke of you as 'my mad cousin Claud.'" This probably lowered my credibility with the viewers, but it was true, and agreeably illuminating of Evelyn's attitudes.

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Evelyn Waugh, 1903-1966.

He dubbed me "mad" because I lived, except during Oxford terms, in Budapest. This, as an awkward incident of life, seemed to him explicable, given that my father was in the foreign service. My madness consisted in taking the politics of Central Europe seriously. At our first meeting he said to me, puzzled: "You talk as though all that were quite real to you." His attitude toward what he unaffectedly referred to as "abroad" was only slightly caricatured by Mr. Pennyfeather in *Decline and Fall.* Mr. Pennyfeather thought that Love was like Abroad inasmuch as if people had not happened to read about them both they would have no interest in either. Since in Evelyn's view England, a partially imaginary England, was the center of the world, all un-Englishness, such as finding Abroad real, was, in the literal sense of the word, eccentric: slightly, in fact, mad.

But mad or not, a cousin was a cousin, and he took family relationships and obligations seriously. Just how seriously I realized for the first time one morning as we sat in his rooms in Hertford College, looking at the rain, drinking whiskey against the enervating climate of Oxford, and listening to intrusive sounds of patter and thump from the rooms above. The rooms, Evelyn explained, were those of his enemy, the dean of the college, whom Evelyn, as a blow in the feud, accused of having sexual relations with his dog. "Now he's raping the poor brute. And at this hour in the morning."

"No hope," I said, "of it being just a faulty vacuum cleaner?"

"No, no. You don't know that man as I do. It's him, no doubt of it. How I pity that unhappy dog."

The depression of the climate having momentarily counteracted the cheer of the whiskey, I fell to lamenting my financial condition. Evelyn, a year senior to myself, lectured me gently on my improvidence. I had, he pointed out, made the mistake of not buying enough, on account, from tailors, wine merchants, booksellers, and others. He suspected that when they sent in bills which were beyond my means to pay I had panicked, sought to economize, stopped buying. His own debts were greater than mine: but he kept the creditors quiet in the traditional Oxonian manner of the day by simply ordering more and more goods.

"Naturally," he said, "living abroad you couldn't know about that. And how much do you urgently need?"

I said I thought I could make do with two hundred pounds—a small sum today, but worth in those times at least four times its present value.

Evelyn suddenly brightened.

"If that's all it is," he said, "stop worrying. You

Claud Cockburn, journalist and political commentator, wrote the novel *Beat the Devil* under the pen name James Helvick. He lives in Ireland.

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must get it from my brother, your cousin Alec."

I said, "But." I reminded him that I scarcely knew Alec; had met him briefly when I was a schoolboy and he a young soldier on his way to the Western Front of World War I. How, five or six years later, could I suddenly write to him asking for a loan of two hundred pounds?

Evelyn stiffened with an air of surprise and shock such as might be provoked in a priest by a seminarian disclosing ignorance of an article of faith.

"But my dear Claud, he's your *cousin.* Of *course* he must lend you what you need."

"How, if it comes to that, do I know he has two hundred pounds ready to lend me?"

"Of *course* he has two hundred pounds. He writes for the papers—magazines. People publish his books. He *makes money* out of writing."

In the Oxford of the day, that last was a serious charge indeed. It implied vile philistinism, betrayal of all artistic principle. Evelyn, who had feelings of warm affection for his brother, regarded him in this respect the way a delicately nurtured girl might have regarded an elder sister who made good money as a whore. One still was as fond of her as ever. Probably she had done the best she could. But the least she could do was to use the money for the benefit of worthier, finer members of the family.

It has from time to time occurred to me that some assessors of the works and career of Evelyn Waugh are inadequately aware of how potent, how absolute that way of thinking was when he was nineteen or twenty and at Oxford.

Resuming his lecture, Evelyn soon convinced me that it was not only my right as a cousin but my literary duty to get these two hundred pounds from Alec. I would be doing him a good turn by giving him a chance to act in a cousinly way and simultaneously devote to a good cause money got by sordid means.

"You must write immediately."

I did so. And, under the influence of Evelyn's eloquence, my tone was peremptory.

Alec's reply was a brief, courteous, and complete refusal. Reading it calmly by myself I found it natural enough. Why should Alec lend such a sum to a person whose existence he had certainly forgotten in the years since he trained as a soldier at Berkhampstead?

But at the disappointing news Evelyn became first rigid in incredulity, then vehement in outrage. He had a need and a capacity—later vividly displayed in his novels—to see the details of life and human behavior exemplifying the clash of general beliefs and tendencies, virtues and vices, as in a morality play. He felt now, and so stated, that his own brother had monstrously identified himself with Evil. He had not only callously spurned the obligations of family relationship. He had not only

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for years betrayed the cause of literature by making money with his writings. He had even refused to mitigate this offense by handing over a small part of his gains to a more deserving and scrupulous person. For although neither I nor Evelyn had at that time published anything other than a couple of small contributions to school or university magazines, it was Evelyn's conviction that we were writers, artists, in the true sense of the word, which could by no means be said of Alec. We had offered that hardened hack a chance to pay out conscience money. He had neglected the opportunity.

"That bald-headed lecher," said Evelyn sternly, "needs a lesson in how a gentleman should comport himself."

Alec in his mid-twenties was, in fact, prematurely bald. Evelyn had picked up somewhere, and pretended to believe, the theory that excessive sexual activity caused a man's hair to fall out. Alec, living the normal life of a reasonably successful young writer in London, had, I suppose, the normal number of love affairs. Evelyn, whose attitude to women was at that time ambiguous, often veering between romantic passion and alarmed contempt, chose to regard his brother's way of life as vulgar, at the best crudely bourgeois. This estimate seemed confirmed by the fact that Alec had a cozy apartment in, I think, Kensington or some equally bourgeois district. In any case, no garret.

Following the refusal of the loan, the lesson in gentlemanly comportment was quickly organized. Evelyn and a couple of friends took to making trips to London for a purpose described as "mocking Alec." They spied on Alec and dogged him. Sometimes they would be lying in wait just as Alec and some young woman got out of their taxi. They would then rush forward shouting, "Boo to Alec the bald-headed lecher!" Once, according to Evelyn, they hid just outside the windows of the apartment, waited until the girl was reclining on a couch while Alec lowered the lights, and then burst in with their offensive slogan.

"Alec's women," Evelyn said, "are the kind apt to be rendered frigid by anything unconventional."

Much later, he wrote of Oxford in his day that "it was a male community. Except during Eights Week girls were very rarely to be seen in the men's colleges. The late train from Paddington was by tradition known as The Fornicator, but it was not much frequented for that purpose. Most men were well content to live in a society as confined as it had been before the coming of the railway, and to indulge in light flirtations during the vacations and deep friendships during the term."

This situation, particularly the deep friendships, naturally caused a lot of loose talk among outside observers. Learning that this kind of talk was harming the interests of a club we belonged to, Evelyn characteristically exerted himself to rebut it. The club was the New Reform. It had been financially founded by Lloyd George, who desired to mobilize the youth of Oxford in the interests of his own wing of the Liberal Party and wreck the old Liberal Club, which supported the Asquithian wing.

Lloyd George, so astute in all other matters, had a strange belief that young men, particularly upper-class young men, were ingenuous and naïve. On letting it be known that he was thinking of releasing substantial sums of money from his secret funds for the purpose of founding a club in Oxford, he was pleased to note the simpleminded, idealistic enthusiasm for his brand of Liberalism displayed by several of the undergraduates who at once hurried to see him. The young men said they felt that such a club was what was needed to regenerate the political life not only of Oxford but of England. They indicated their readiness to dedicate themselves unstintingly to such a cause.

They did not have to ask the indelicate question, "How much?" because, unknown to Lloyd George, they had already found out approximately how much he was ready to put up. It was a lot. Some of these ingenuous and naïve young men immediately started to spend it on obtaining and fitting out commodious club rooms in the center of Oxford, hiring a good chef, and buying the most expensive champagne, this being then sold to members at half price. "To encourage the old boy," as one of the founders put it, a part of Lloyd George's money was secretly used to bribe members of other political clubs to join the New Reform. "No political obligations, of course. Just a question of showing L.G. that the club's a worthwhile investment."

With all these inducements, the club soon became a lively social center, frequented mainly by people who, even if they chanced to be aware of the difference between Lloyd Georgian and Asquithian Liberals, were certainly not going to be of much political use to either.

There were, inevitably, nasty moments when some sneak would report to Lloyd George that he was wasting his money: membership of the club, such reports said, was largely composed of men who had no intention at all of furthering his interests and were a pretty raffish lot anyway. Coincidentally with one of these nasty moments, two elder statesmen of the Lloyd George faction happened to be in Oxford—I think in connection with some University business. One of them was a former Cabinet minister, the other a grim leader of Lloyd George's still large Welsh nonconformist following. Naturally enough they lunched at the New Reform. Someone suggested to Evelyn that their real business in Oxford was to spy upon the club

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and estimate the worthiness of its members to enjoy Lloyd George's subsidies.

On being introduced to them after lunch, during which his indignation at their supposed objective had been fueled by at least a bottle of that excellent champagne, Evelyn addressed them sternly.

"I hope," he said, "that you and your leader have not been listening to any slanders brought to you by prurient talebearers concerning the club at which you are at present being entertained." He went on to refute, at some length, any allegations that might have been made regarding frivolity, lack of serious purpose, or excessively high living among its members.

"I have even," he said, "been told that ill-wishers have sought to suggest that this club is a meeting place of homosexuals. Let me tell you gentlemen that there is hardly a man in this room who does not have a complete orgasm every time he passes a woman in the street."

The former Cabinet minister took offense because he supposed this was some oblique, satirical jibe at Lloyd George's own sex life. The nonconformist leader was shocked for more obvious reasons, and both walked out of the club, no doubt to report adversely on its tone.

In his unfinished autobiography, Evelyn describes and documents on several pages the political ignorance and indifference of himself and most of his contemporary friends. He was unaware, for instance, of the Greco-Turkish war, the advance of the Turks across Asia Minor, and the threat of a new world war. "So little did I follow the news that at the beginning of one term I blithely greeted a man in Balliol with what seemed a pleasantry: 'I suppose all your sisters were raped during the vacation,' to which the sad and candid answer was simply: 'Yes.' For he came from Smyrna."

To Evelyn, Smyrna and Budapest, the Middle East and Central Europe, were about equally far from the natural center of things, equally difficult to consider as realities. To read or hear about them was to him like reading a review, or listening to some film fan's account, of a picture one had no wish to see: not, certainly, a picture it could possibly be important to see or have seen. And this more or less contemptuous indifference to serious political events was almost equally evident when the events occurred not Abroad, but at Westminster or in the coalfields, cotton towns, and shipyards of Great Britain.

Older people, whether deploring or excusing such an attitude, agreed in attributing it simply and conveniently to what was called the "aftermath" of World War I. A lot of readers of the *Diaries* have offered the same explanation of the Oxford atmosphere of the period. Several guests at that Savoy lunch explained the frivolous goings-on of Evelyn and his contemporaries by depicting them as a natural reaction of young men brought up amid the horrors and austerities of the war years, a joyous acceptance of the blessings of peace together with a conviction that since it was the serious old politicians who had got the world into that mess, they and their policies were not worth bothering about.

It is an easy-to-serve piece of instant explanation, with some ingredients of truth. But it is a distortion, and one that could be bewildering to any person anxious to understand the lives and works not only of Evelyn Waugh but of a whole range of the young Oxford intelligentsia of his time. For it obscures the realities of that war's traumatic effect upon that generation.

Nobody is surprised by evidence of that trauma in the writings and attitudes of those young intellectuals who fought in the war and survived it. It is to be seen in innumerable novels, memoirs, and poems published in England in the middle and late 1920s. And, as many comments on the Waugh *Diaries* show, there is a wide assumption that the characteristic central fact about young men of Evelyn's age is that they escaped the war. Nobody born in England before 1912 escaped the war. Evelyn and his Oxford friends were not killed or maimed in it. And in that there was, naturally, cause of relief and even rejoicing. But you cannot grow up in a period during which nineteen thousand of your fellow countrymen are shot dead a few miles from your classroom on a single day and escape conscious or subconscious effects. That particular day was July 1, 1916, at the battle of the Somme. By the end of 1918 all the British dead numbered three-quarters of a million. Of his schooldays in 1917-1918 Evelyn recalls, "The boys in authority were too young, the masters too old. Everything was of necessity a makeshift—the clothes we wore, the food we ate, the books we worked with, the masters who should have taught us. We were cold, shabby and hungry in the ethos not of free Sparta but of some beleaguered, enervated and forgotten garrison." And those direct, material impacts of the war were less deeply traumatic than the intangible, pervasive smog of gloom, frustration, reiterated horror shot through with lunatic hopes, which seeps into the lungs of everyone living through a war like that.

The effects remain in the aftermath.

There were certainly loutish types who, unaware of their own conditioning in their childish war years, really did proclaim that the thing to do was to forget the bloody war and have fun. They too suffered, without knowing it, from the trauma of the war. And they were responsible for the coarseness, triviality, and insensitivity which were such marked features of the British upper and middle classes during the 1920s.

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But such was by no means the attitude of Evelyn and the majority of his friends, though, one must say, even among them there was a thick-skinned lout here and there. But for sensitive young men of Evelyn's generation—the generation that had, by the skin of its teeth, escaped the carnage of the Western Front—there was no sense of escape, of relief, or of painless return to the imaginary normalities of Edwardian and early Georgian days. Their emotional attitudes were better, and significantly, expressed by Father Rothschild in *Vile Bodies* when, in the midst of a hilarious party scene, he spoke to the ludicrous Prime Minister Outrage of the war to come and the shadow it cast upon the youth of the day. The whole comedy of *Vile Bodies* is played against a backcloth prophesying doom, and its climax pre-views the squalid catastrophe of a Second World War.

Vile Bodies was not written until several years after Evelyn's time at Oxford, and the pre-viewed catastrophe was another few years ahead. But nobody who knew Evelyn at Oxford and in the years immediately following could be unaware of the sense of inexplicable doom to come which so oppressed and strained that sensitive young man, driving him to many extravagances very shocking to his father and some of the elders among his acquaintance.

I never kept a diary, but I did write occasional notes recording sharp impressions made upon me by events or personalities. After my first encounter with Evelyn, I wrote that my cousin, whom I found immediately attractive and stimulating, suggested, with his eager, challenging, yet bewildered stare, a boy who has just been told simultaneously that his pet rabbit has been lost, but that on the other hand it is known for sure that there is a pirate's cave full of treasure somewhere in the garden if one can only find it.

I did not at the time understand the exact nature of the rabbit. Later, the shape and appeal of the creature emerged with increasing clarity from Evelyn's novels and, in its most clear definition, from *A Little Learning.* Like all such largely imaginary creatures, it changed shape from time to time according to the moods and needs of its owner. In its simplest form it was the England in which Evelyn believed himself to have existed as a child. That cleaner, greener land of his exclusive recollection and compulsive imagination bore little resemblance to the England of unprecedented and as yet unparalleled *Stürm und Drang,* in which, by 1914, syndicalist revolution and civil war were but narrowly averted by the outbreak of the international conflict.

Later, the rabbit grew in size and symmetry. During its struggle for preservation in the mind of its original owner, it grew finer fur, longer ears, and taught itself to roll and flash its eyes. That little patch of old England which Evelyn partly knew, and partly invented, became identified with religious and spiritual values: ultimately with civilization.

Any creative artist so vigorous, so dedicated to the techniques and purpose of his art, as Evelyn was, is impelled to seek to impose a pattern upon apparent chaos. It was a peculiarity of British education at that period, and of the general situation of Britain between the wars, that the patterns, the lines to be drawn against chaos, were, in the thinking of most young men, grotesquely limited. To my fellow students in Budapest, so unreal to Evelyn, it would have seemed incredible that there could exist a place such as Oxford where, for instance, Marxism had been barely heard of. That did indeed appear to them an unreal dream world. Whether Marxists or anti-Marxists, Catholics or Calvinists, they, after defeat and civil war, saw the world and the possible patterns of the world in quite other terms than those visible to the dominant intelligentsia of Oxford. They saw more possible locations for the pirates' treasure than Evelyn could possibly envisage.

This sense of England, simultaneously sharp and even ludicrously undeveloped, produced that flamboyant *snobisme* which so often startled, amused, or offended observers. He grew to identify England with the British upper class, and the upper class (more and more rigidly restricted to the Roman Catholic section of the upper class) with civilization.

These fantasies may have been in part the result of a peculiar social insecurity from which he seems to have suffered at an early age. At the age of fifteen he would walk all the way across Hampstead Heath in a snowstorm to mail a letter in order that it should bear the Hampstead postmark rather than that of Golders Green. There was a mailbox a couple of hundred yards from his home in Golders Green. But, at least at that time, Golders Green was deemed grossly, laughably inferior, as an address, to Hampstead.

News of such procedures by my then unknown cousin naturally amazed me, and I asked questions. I was given a strange explanation. I was told that Evelyn, from sources unknown, had somehow acquired the notion that his mother, a connection of the Cockburn family, had, as the saying went, "married beneath" her when she wed Arthur Waugh, who, if one faced facts, was nothing more or less than a publisher: a man in trade. Even then I found it difficult to see how the Cockburn family, half of whom had for a hundred years been coining money out of the port business, could be regarded as so aristocratically superior to people who tried to make some money out of publishing.

Preposterous as the whole notion may today appear, I am inclined to think that this absurd report

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of some kind of *mésalliance* really did affect Evelyn as a boy and thus fueled the snobbery which was evident at Oxford and became obsessive in his later life. Evelyn was not attracted by money or power. Indeed, as parts of *Brideshead Revisited* indicated, the merely rich and the merely powerful increasingly repelled him. He saw them as barbarically inimical to truly civilized standards and values. He was continuously attracted and stimulated by people who, however lacking in other qualities, could be seen by the light of his eager imagination as embodiments of an aristocratic civilization and elegant traditions.

This snobbery was feverish. Like a fever, it could have contrary effects. It could heighten his satiric awareness of the nuances and the absurdities of the peculiarly English type of class-ridden society under his observation. It could also (see *Brideshead,* passim) lower his vitality and enfeeble his powers of observation to the point where his vision was clouded by a ludicrous sentimentality: the naked emperor appeared very smartly dressed.

His ostentatious, self-dramatizing rejection of reality required, in middle life, an equally ostentatious symbol. He found it in the form of an enormous ear trumpet. He must, I suppose, have had it specially custom-built. For although in shape and general design it resembled the ear trumpets depicted in Victorian cartoons, it seemed larger than any ear trumpet anyone had ever used before. Whether he was in fact slightly deaf, or even deaf at all, I never knew. If he was, he could have fitted himself out with some unobtrusive modern aid to hearing. But an instrument of that kind would not have suited his book. For the function of the ear trumpet was not simply to assist hearing. On the contrary, it was to emphasize and portray, in an unmistakable physical manner, the laborious difficulty its owner had in understanding any communication the modern world might be seeking to make to him.

It was both an advertisement of his personal attitude, a form of rebuke, and a weapon. I once saw it thus used, inflicting terrible wounds. My recollection of the occasion is one of the last memories I have of Evelyn, for I saw nothing of him during the latter part of his existence as the ghost of an eighteenth-century squire in the west of England. He had come to London to attend some very high-toned literary lunch or dinner. The guest of honor and principal speaker was some pompous statesman, a member, I think, of the Cabinet, with unjustified pretensions as a scholar and writer. It was understood that he was going to use this feast as the vehicle or sounding board for a major pronouncement on the future of civilization or something of that kind. Evelyn, as we drank before lunch, had already spoken to me of "that fellow" with aversion and savage opprobrium.

The chairman's table was richly garnished with celebrities, literary, artistic, and political. But as the meal progressed, the attention of the couple of hundred guests was increasingly concentrated upon Evelyn and his gigantic ear trumpet, which was by some means clamped to his head, leaving his hands free for the business of eating and drinking. The movements of the instrument, as Evelyn turned its gaping mouth this way and that to catch the words of whoever might be addressing him from one side or another, or from across the table, were fascinating and nearly hypnotic.

The chairman spoke briefly, and the trumpet seemed to be devouring his words. Then the guest of honor rose to speak, with all the confidence of a man who had won much acclaim for wit, wisdom, and polished oratory. The receiving end of the trumpet was trained upon him. He had been speaking for perhaps a minute when Evelyn was seen to be unscrewing the thing from his head. He removed it from his ear, placed its great bulk on the tablecloth in front of him, and sat gazing intently at his plate. The guest of honor could have dealt easily with some rude heckler. But the gesture with the trumpet utterly dismayed and discomfited him. He stared at the contraption with incredulity. He paused and slightly stammered. Probably for the first time in decades of public speaking, he lost the thread of his discourse. His pronouncement to the nation rambled almost incoherently. The reporters present stopped taking notes. He sat down after speaking for less than half the time allotted to him. As he did so, Evelyn picked up the trumpet and began adjusting it once more to the listening position. □

Waugh in a BBC broadcast.

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THE PRINCIPLE OF TOLERANCE

by J. Bronowski

"There is no absolute knowledge. And those who claim it, whether they are scientists or dogmatists, open the door to tragedy."

One aim of the physical sciences has been to give an exact picture of the material world. One achievement of physics in the twentieth century has been to prove that that aim is unattainable. Take a good, concrete object: the human face. A blind woman runs her fingertips over the face of a man she senses for the first time, thinking aloud: "I would say that he is elderly. I think, obviously, he is not English. He has a rounder face than most English people. And I should say he is probably Continental, if not Eastern-Continental. The lines in his face would be lines of possible agony. I thought at first they were scars. It is not a happy face."

It is the face of Stephan Borgrajewicz, who like me was born in Poland. In the illustration it is seen by the Polish artist, Feliks Topolski. We are aware that the picture does not so much fix the face as explore it; that the artist is tracing the detail almost as if by touch; and that each line that is added strengthens the picture but never makes it final. We accept that as the method of the artist.

But what physics has now done is to show that that is the only method to knowledge. There is no absolute knowledge. And those who claim it, whether they are scientists or dogmatists, open the door to tragedy. All information is imperfect. We have to treat it with humility. That is the human condition, and that is what quantum physics says. I mean that literally.

Look at the face across the whole spectrum of electromagnetic information. How fine and how exact is the detail that we can see with the best instruments in the world—even with a perfect instrument, if we can conceive one? And seeing the detail need not be confined to seeing with visible

Portrait of Stephan Borgrajewicz by Polish artist Feliks Topolski.

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light. James Clerk Maxwell in 1867 proposed that light is an electromagnetic wave, and the equations that he constructed for it implied that there are others. The spectrum of visible light, from red to violet, is only an octave or so in the range of invisible radiations. There is a whole keyboard of information, all the way from the longest wavelengths of radio waves (the low notes) to the shortest wavelengths of X-rays and beyond (the highest notes). We shall shine it all, turn by turn, on the human face.

James Clerk Maxwell

The longest of the invisible waves are the radio waves, whose existence Heinrich Hertz proved in the 1880s, and so confirmed Maxwell's theory. Because they are the longest, they are also the crudest. A radar scanner working at a wavelength of a few meters will not see the face at all, unless we make the face also some meters across, like a Mexican stone head. Only when we shorten the wavelength does any detail appear on the giant head: at a fraction of a meter, the ears.

Next we look at the face, the man's face, with a camera which is sensitive to the next range of radiation, to wavelengths of less than a millimeter: infrared rays. The astronomer William Herschel discovered them in 1800 by noticing the warmth when he focused his telescope beyond red light: for the infrared rays are heat rays. The camera plate translates them into visible light in a rather arbitrary code, making the hottest look blue and the coolest look red or dark. We see the rough features of the face: the eyes, the mouth, the nose—we see the heat stream from the nostrils. We learn something new about the human face, but what we learn has no detail.

At its shortest wavelengths, some hundredths of a millimeter or less, infrared shades gently into visible red. The film that we use now is sensitive to both, and the face springs to life. It is no longer *a* man; it is the man we know: Stephan Borgrajewicz. White light reveals him to the eye visibly, in detail: the small hairs, the pores in the skin, a blemish here, a broken vessel there. White light is a mixture of wavelengths, from red to orange to yellow to green to blue and finally to violet, the shortest visible waves. We ought to see more exact details with the short violet waves than the long red waves. But in practice, a difference of an octave or so does not help much.

The painter analyzes the face, takes the features apart, separates the colors, enlarges the image. It is natural to ask: should not the scientist use a microscope to isolate and analyze the finer features? Yes, he should. But we ought to understand that the microscope enlarges the image but cannot improve it: the sharpness of detail is fixed by the wavelength of the light. The fact is that at any wavelength we can intercept a ray only by objects about as large as a wavelength itself: a smaller object simply will not cast a shadow.

An enlargement of over two hundred times can single out an individual cell in the skin with ordinary white light. But to get more detail, we need a still shorter wavelength. The next step, then, is ultraviolet light, which has a wavelength of ten-thousandth of a millimeter and less—shorter by a factor of ten and more than visible light. If our eyes were able to see into the ultraviolet, they would see a ghostly landscape of fluorescence. The ultraviolet microscope looks through the shimmer into the cell, enlarged 3500 times, to the level of single chromosomes. But that is the limit: no light will see the human genes within a chromosome.

Once again, to go deeper, we must shorten the wavelength: next, to the X-rays. However, they are so penetrating that they cannot be focused by any material: we cannot build an X-ray microscope. So we must be content to fire them at the face and get a sort of shadow. The detail depends now on their penetration. We see the skull beneath the skin: for example, that the man has lost his teeth. This probing of the body made X-rays exciting as soon as Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen discovered them in 1895, because here was a finding in physics that seemed designed by nature to serve medicine. It made him a kindly father figure, and he was the hero who won the first Nobel Prize in 1901.

J. Bronowski, mathematician and author of studies including *William Blake and the Age of Revolution* and *Nature and Knowledge*, is a fellow of the Salk Institute in California and director of its Council for Biology in Human Affairs. This essay is drawn from his forthcoming book *The Ascent of Man*.

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A lucky chance in nature will sometimes let us do more by a flanking movement: that is, by inferring an arrangement which cannot be seen directly. X-rays will not show us an individual atom, because it is too small to cast a shadow even at this short wavelength. Nevertheless, we can map the atoms in a crystal because their spacing is regular, so that the X-rays will form a regular pattern of ripples from which the positions of the obstructing atoms can be inferred. The method was invented in 1912 by Max von Laue, and was a double stroke of ingenuity, for it was the first proof that atoms are real, and also that X-rays are electromagnetic waves.

We have one more step to take: to the electron microscope, where the rays are so concentrated that we no longer know whether to call them waves or particles. Electrons are fired at an object, and they trace its outline like a knife thrower at a fair. The smallest object that has ever been seen is a single atom of thorium. It is spectacular. And yet the soft image confirms that, like the knives that graze the girl at the fair, even the hardest electrons do not give a hard outline. The perfect image is still as remote as the stars.

We are here face to face with the crucial paradox of knowledge. Year by year we devise more precise instruments with which to observe nature, but when we look at the observations, we are discomfited to see that they are still fuzzy, and as uncertain as ever. We seem to be running after a goal which lurches away to infinity every time we come within sight of it.

William Herschel

The paradox of knowledge is not confined to the small, atomic scale: on the contrary, it is as cogent on the scale of man, and even of the stars. Let me put it in the context of an astronomical observatory. Karl Friedrich Gauss's observatory at Göttingen was built about 1807. Throughout his lifetime and ever since, astronomical instruments have been improved. We look at the position of a star as it was determined then and now, and we seem closer to finding it precisely. But when we actually compare our individual observations today, we are astonished to find them as scattered within themselves as ever. We had hoped that the human errors would disappear, and that we would ourselves have God's view. But it turns out that the errors cannot be taken out of the observations. And that is true of stars, or atoms, or just looking at somebody's picture, or hearing the report of somebody's speech.

Karl Friedrich Gauss

Gauss recognized this with that marvelous, boyish genius that he had right up to the age of nearly eighty at which he died. When he was only eighteen years old, when he came to Göttingen to enter the university in 1795, he had already solved the problem of the best estimate of a series of observations which have internal errors. He reasoned then as statistical reasoning still goes today. When an observer looks at a star, he knows that there is a multitude of causes for error. So he takes several readings, and he hopes, naturally, that the best estimate of the star's position is the average: the center of the scatter. So far, so obvious. But Gauss pushed on to ask what the scatter of the errors tells us. He devised the Gaussian curve in which the scatter is summarized by the deviation, or spread, of the curve. And from this came a far-reaching idea: the scatter marks an area of uncertainty. We are not sure that the true position is the center. All we can say is it lies in the area of un-

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certainty, and the area is calculable from the observed scatter of the individual observations.

Having this subtle view of human knowledge, Gauss was particularly bitter about philosophers who claimed that they had a road to knowledge more perfect than that of observation. Of many examples I will choose one. It happens that there was a philosopher called Friedrich Hegel, whom I must confess I specifically detest. And I am happy to share that profound feeling with a far greater man, Gauss. In 1800 Hegel presented a thesis proving that although the definition of planets had changed since the Ancients, there still could only be, philosophically, seven planets. Well, not only Gauss knew how to answer that: Shakespeare had answered it long before. There is a marvelous passage in *King Lear,* in which the Fool says to the King: "The reason why the seven stars are no moe than seven is a pretty reason." And the King wags sagely and says: "Because they are not eight?" And the Fool says: "Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool." And so did Hegel. On January 1, 1801, punctually, before the ink was dry on Hegel's dissertation, an eighth planet was discovered: the minor planet Ceres.

History has many ironies. The time bomb in Gauss's curve is that after his death we discover that there is no God's-eye view. The errors are inextricably bound up with the nature of human knowledge. And the irony is that the discovery was made in Göttingen. Ancient university towns are wonderfully alike. Göttingen is like Cambridge in England or New Haven in America: very provincial, not on the way to anywhere—no one comes to these backwaters except for the company of professors. And the professors are sure that this is the center of the world. There is an inscription in the Ratskeller in Göttingen which reads: *Extra Gottingam non est vita* (Outside Göttingen there is no life). This epigram, or should I call it epitaph, is not taken as seriously by the undergraduates as by the professors.

The symbol of the university is the iron statue outside the Ratskeller of a barefoot goosegirl that every student kisses at graduation. The university is a Mecca to which students come with something less than perfect faith. It is important that students bring a certain ragamuffin, barefoot irreverence to their studies: they are not there to worship what is known but to question it.

Like every other university town, the Göttingen landscape is crisscrossed with long walks that professors take after lunch, and the research students are ecstatic if they are asked along. Perhaps Göttingen in the past had been rather sleepy. The small German university towns go back to a time before the country was united (Göttingen was founded by George II as ruler of Hanover), and this gives them a flavor of local bureaucracy. Even after the military might ended and the Kaiser abdicated in 1918, they were more conformist than universities outside Germany.

The link between Göttingen and the outside world was the railway. That was the way the visitors came from Berlin and abroad, eager to exchange the new ideas that were racing ahead in physics. It was a byword in Göttingen that science came to life on the train to Berlin, because that is where people argued and contradicted and had new ideas and had them challenged. In the years of the First World War, science was dominated at Göttingen, as elsewhere, by relativity. But in 1921 there was appointed to the chair of physics Max Born, who began a series of seminars that brought there everyone interested in atomic physics. It is rather surprising to reflect that Max Born was almost forty when he was appointed. By and large, physicists have done their best work before they are thirty (mathematicians even earlier, biologists perhaps a little later). But Born had a remarkable personal, Socratic gift. He drew young men to him, he got the best out of them, and the ideas that he and they exchanged and challenged produced his

Werner Heisenberg

best work. Out of that wealth of names, whom am I to choose? Obviously Werner Heisenberg, who did his finest work with Born. Then, when Erwin Schrödinger published a different form of basic atomic physics, the arguments took place. And people from all over the world came to Göttingen to join in.

It is strange to talk in these terms about a subject which, after all, is done by midnight oil. Did physics in the twenties really consist of argument, seminar, discussion, dispute? Yes, it did. It still

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does. The people who met in Göttingen, the people who meet in laboratories still, only end their work with a mathematical formulation. They begin it by trying to solve conceptual riddles. The riddles of the subatomic particles—of the electrons and the rest—are mental riddles.

Think of the puzzles that the electron was setting just at that time. The quip among professors

Max Planck

was (because of the way university timetables are laid out) that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the electron would behave like a particle; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays it would behave like a wave. How could you match those two aspects, brought from the large-scale world and pushed into a single entity, into this Lilliput of the inside of the atom? That is what the speculation and argument were about. And that requires not calculation, but insight, imagination: if you like, metaphysics. I remember a phrase that Max Born used when he came to England many years after, and that still stands in his autobiography. He said: "I am now convinced that theoretical physics is actual philosophy."

Max Born meant that the new ideas in physics amount to a different view of reality. The world is not a fixed, solid array of objects, for it cannot be fully separated from our perception of it. It shifts under our gaze, it interacts with us, and the knowledge that it yields has to be interpreted by us. There is no way of exchanging information that does not demand an act of judgment. Is the electron a particle? It behaves like one in the Bohr atom. But Louis de Broglie in 1924 produced a beautiful wave model, in which the orbits are the places where an exact, whole number of waves closes round the nucleus. Max Born thought of a train of electrons as if each were riding on a crankshaft, so that collectively they constitute a series of Gaussian curves, a wave of probability. A new conception was being made, on the train to Berlin and the professorial walks in the woods of Göttingen: that whatever fundamental units constitute the world, they are more delicate, more fugitive, more startling than we catch in the butterfly net of our senses.

All those woodland walks and conversations came to a brilliant climax in 1927. Early that year Werner Heisenberg gave a new characterization of the electron. Yes, it is a particle, he said, but a particle which yields only limited information: that is, you can specify where it is at this instant, but you cannot impose on it a specific speed and direction at the setting-off. Or conversely, if you insist that you are going to fire it at a certain speed in a certain direction, then you cannot specify exactly what its starting point is, or its end point.

That sounds like a very crude characterization. It is not. Heisenberg gave it depth by making it precise. The information that the electron carries is limited in its totality: that is, for instance, its speed and its position fit together in such a way that they are confined by the tolerance of the quantum. This is the profound idea: one of the great scientific ideas, not only of the twentieth century, but in the history of science.

Heisenberg called this the Principle of Uncertainty. In one sense, it is a robust principle of the

Max Born

everyday. We know that we cannot ask the world to be exact. If an object (a familiar face, for example) had to be exactly the same before we recognized it, we would never recognize it from one day to the next. We recognize the object to be the

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same because it is much the same: it is never exactly like it was, it is tolerably like. In the act of recognition, a judgment is built in: an area of tolerance or uncertainty. So Heisenberg's principle says that no events, not even atomic events, can be described with certainty: that is, with zero tolerance. What makes the principle profound is that Heisenberg specifies the tolerance that can be reached. The measuring rod is Max Planck's quantum. In the world of the atom, the area of uncertainty is always mapped out by the quantum.

Leo Szilard

Yet the Principle of Uncertainty is a bad name. In science or outside it, we are not uncertain: our knowledge is merely confined within a certain tolerance. We should call it the Principle of Tolerance. And I propose that name in two senses. First, in the engineering sense. Science has progressed step by step, the most successful enterprise in the ascent of man, because it has understood that the exchange of information between man and nature, and man and man, can take place only with a certain tolerance. But second, I also use the word passionately about the real world. All knowledge, all information between human beings, can be exchanged only within a play of tolerance. And that is true whether the exchange is in science, or in literature, or in religion, or in politics, or even in any form of thought that aspires to dogma. It is a major tragedy that, in Göttingen, scientists were refining to the most exquisite precision the Principle of Tolerance and turning their backs on the fact that all around them tolerance was crashing to the ground beyond repair.

The sky was darkening all over Europe. But there was one particular cloud which had been hanging over Göttingen for a hundred years. Early in the 1800s Johann Friedrich Blumenbach had put together a collection of skulls that he got from distinguished gentlemen with whom he corresponded throughout Europe. There was no suggestion in Blumenbach's work that the skulls were to support a racist division of humanity, although he did use anatomical measurements to classify the families of man. All the same, from the time of Blumenbach's death in 1840 the collection was added to and added to, and became a core of racist, pan-Germanic theory which was officially sanctioned by the National Socialist Party.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the tradition of scholarship in Germany was destroyed almost overnight. Now the train to Berlin was a symbol of flight. Europe was no longer hospitable to the imagination—and not just the scientific imagination. A whole conception of culture was in retreat: the conception that human knowledge is personal and responsible, an unending adventure at the edge of uncertainty. Silence fell, as after the trial of Galileo. The great men went out into a threatened world: Max Born, Erwin Schrödinger, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Marc Chagall, Enrico Fermi, and Leo Szilard, who arrived finally, after many years, at the Salk Institute in California.

The Principle of Uncertainty or, in my phrase, the Principle of Tolerance, fixed once and for all the realization that all knowledge is limited. It is an irony of history that at the very time when this was being worked out there should rise, under Hitler in Germany and other tyrants elsewhere, a counterconception: a principle of monstrous certainty. When the future looks back on the thirties it will think of them as a crucial confrontation of culture, the ascent of man, against the throwback to the despots' belief that they had absolute certainty.

Leo Szilard was greatly engaged in all these abstractions, and I spent many afternoons in the last year or so of his life talking with him about them at the Salk Institute. Leo Szilard was a Hungarian whose university life was spent in Germany. In 1929 he had published an important and pioneer paper on what would now be called Information Theory: the relation between knowledge, nature, and man. But by then Szilard was certain that Hitler would come to power and that war was inevitable. He kept two bags packed in his room, and by 1933 he had locked them and taken them to England.

It happened that in September of 1933 Lord Rutherford, at the British Association meeting, made some remark about atomic energy never becoming real. Leo Szilard was the kind of scientist,

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perhaps just the kind of good-humored, cranky man, who disliked any statement that contained the word "never," particularly when made by a distinguished colleague. So he set his mind to think about the problem. He was living at the Strand Palace Hotel—he loved living in hotels. He was walking to work at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and as he came to Southampton Row he was stopped by a red light. (That is the only part of the story I find improbable: I never knew Szilard to stop for a red light.) However, before the light turned green, he had realized that if you hit an atom with one neutron, and it happens to break up and release two, then you would have a chain reaction. He wrote a specification for a patent which contains the words "chain reaction," which was filed in 1934.

And now we come to a part of Szilard's personality which was characteristic of scientists at that time, but which he expressed most clearly and loudly. He wanted to keep the patent secret. He wanted to prevent science from being misused. In fact, he assigned the patent to the British Admiralty, so that it was not published until after the war. But meanwhile war was becoming more and more threatening. The march of progress in nuclear physics and the march of Hitler went step by step, pace by pace, in a way that we forget now. Early in 1939 Szilard wrote to Joliot Curie asking him if one could make a prohibition on publication. He tried to get Fermi not to publish. But finally, in August of 1939, he wrote a letter which Einstein signed and sent to President Roosevelt, saying (roughly): "Nuclear energy is here. War is inevitable. It is for the President to decide what scientists should do about it."

But Szilard did not stop. When in 1945 the European war had been won, and he realized that the bomb was now about to be used on the Japanese, Szilard marshaled protest everywhere he could. He wrote memorandum after memorandum. One memorandum to President Roosevelt failed only because Roosevelt died at the very time that Szilard was transmitting it to him. Always Szilard wanted the bomb to be tested openly before the Japanese and an international audience, so that the Japanese should surrender before people died.

Szilard failed, and with him the community of scientists failed. He did what a man of integrity could do. He gave up physics and turned to biology—that is how he came to the Salk Institute—and persuaded others too. Physics had been the passion of the last fifty years, and their masterpiece. But now we knew that it was high time to bring to the understanding of life, particularly human life, the same singleness of mind that we had given to understanding the physical world. The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in Japan on August 6, 1945, at 8:15 in the morning. I had not been long back from Hiroshima when I heard someone say, in Szilard's presence, that it was the tragedy of scientists that their discoveries were used for destruction. Szilard replied, as he more than anyone else had the right to reply, that it was not the tragedy of scientists: "It is the tragedy of mankind."

There are two parts to the human dilemma. One is the belief that the end justifies the means. That push-button philosophy, the deliberate deafness to suffering, has become the monster in the war machine. The other is the betrayal of the human spirit: the assertion of dogma that closes the mind and turns a nation, a civilization, into a regiment of ghosts—obedient ghosts or tortured ghosts. It is said that science will dehumanize people and turn them into numbers. That is false, tragically false. Consider the concentration camp and crematorium at Auschwitz, where people were turned into numbers. Into its pond were flushed the ashes of some four million people. And that was not done by gas. It was done by arrogance. It was done by dogma. It was done by ignorance. When people believe that they have absolute knowledge, with no test in reality, that is how they behave. That is what men do when they aspire to the knowledge of gods.

Science is a very human form of knowledge. We are always at the brink of the known, we always feel forward for what is to be hoped. Every judgment in science stands on the edge of error, and is personal. Science is a tribute to what we can know although we are fallible. In the end, the words were said by Oliver Cromwell: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

I owe it as a scientist to my friend Leo Szilard, I owe it as a human being to the many members of my family who died at Auschwitz, to stand by the pond as a survivor and a witness. We have to cure ourselves of the itch for absolute knowledge and power. We have to close the distance between the push-button order and the human act. We have to touch people. □

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FEAST DAYS: CHRISTMAS

by Annie Dillard

Let me mention
one or two things about Christmas.
Of course you've all heard
that the animals talk
at midnight:
a particular elk, for instance,
kneeling at night to drink,
leaning tall to pull leaves
with his soft lips,
says, alleluia.

That the soil and freshwater lakes
also rejoice,
as do products
such as sweaters
(nor are plastics excluded
from grace),
is less well known.
Further:
the reason
for some silly-looking fishes,
for the bizarre mating
of certain adult insects,
or the sprouting, say,
in a snow tire
of a Rocky Mountain grass,
is that the universal
loves the particular,
that freedom loves to live
and live fleshed full,
intricate, and in detail.

God empties himself
into the earth like a cloud.
God takes the substance, contours
of a man, and keeps them,
dying, rising, walking
and still walking
wherever there is motion.

At night in the ocean
the sponges are secretly building.
Once, on the Musselshell,
I regenerated an arm!
Shake hands. When I stand
the blood runs up.
On what bright wind
did God walk down?
Swaying under the snow,
reeling minutely,
revels the star-moss,
pleased.

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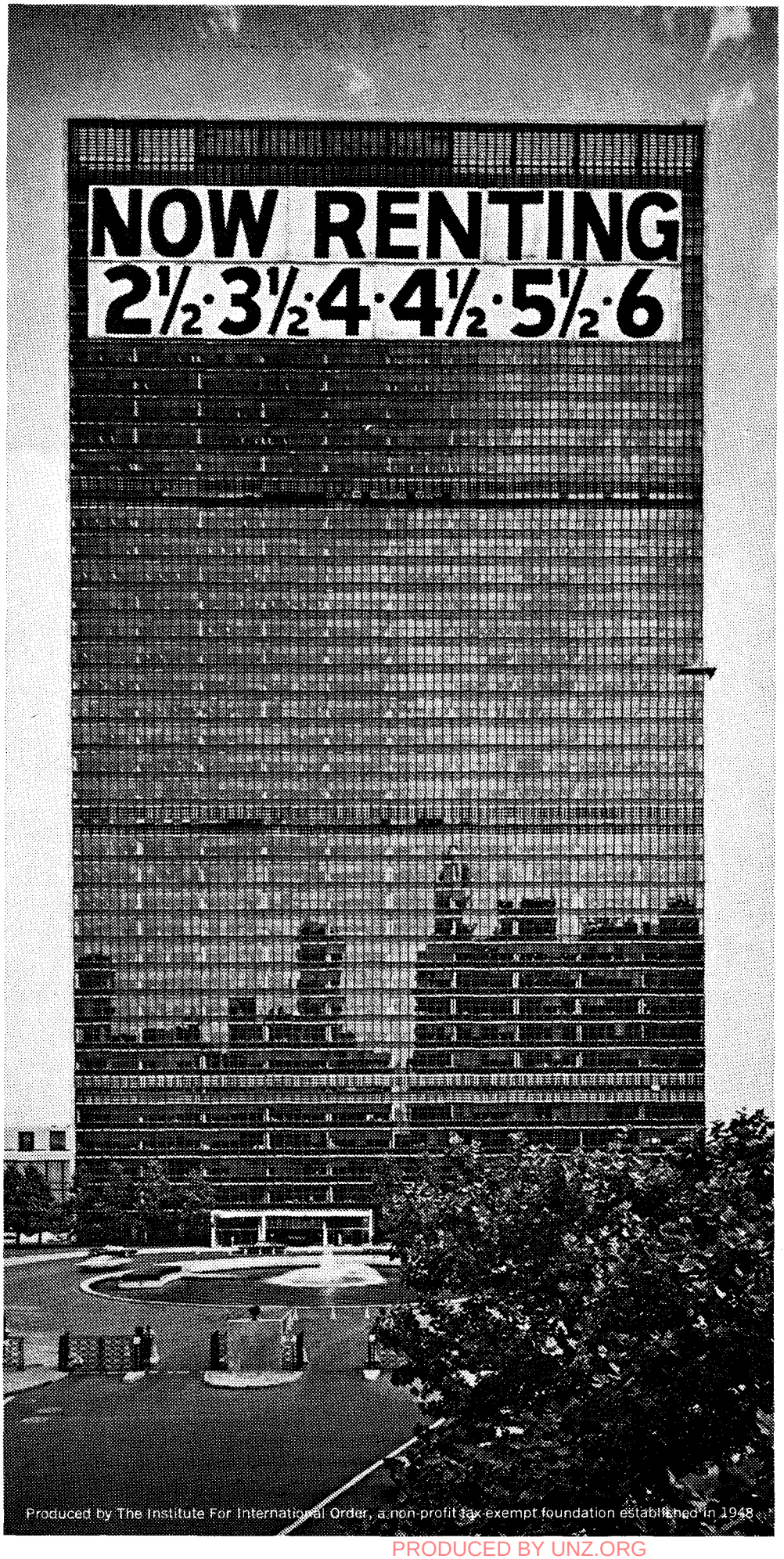

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE U.N?

It is still there. And it has not been turned into a tall apartment building. Yet.

But in case you have wondered about the U.N., we can't blame you. The news from there certainly doesn't make the front page every day. But don't let that fool you. The U.N. is still the most viable means for maintaining international peace. And it works.

Experts estimate that 1.5 conflicts will occur every year somewhere in the world. These conflicts can either be controlled by the U.N., as in the Congo, Iran, Greece, Kashmir, Korea, Lebanon, the Middle East and Cyprus—or they can be met as in Czechoslovakia, the Dominican Republic, Hungary and Vietnam—by individual nations.

One way to help make United Nations peacekeeping work is to improve its machinery. And this means providing such help as standby peace task forces and a modern communications system. A tall order, but not impossible.

Is there something you can do about United Nations peacekeeping? Yes. You can be informed. Find out what the U.N. is doing. Get involved. Be critical. Make your voice heard. The U.N. is not out of business. Yet.

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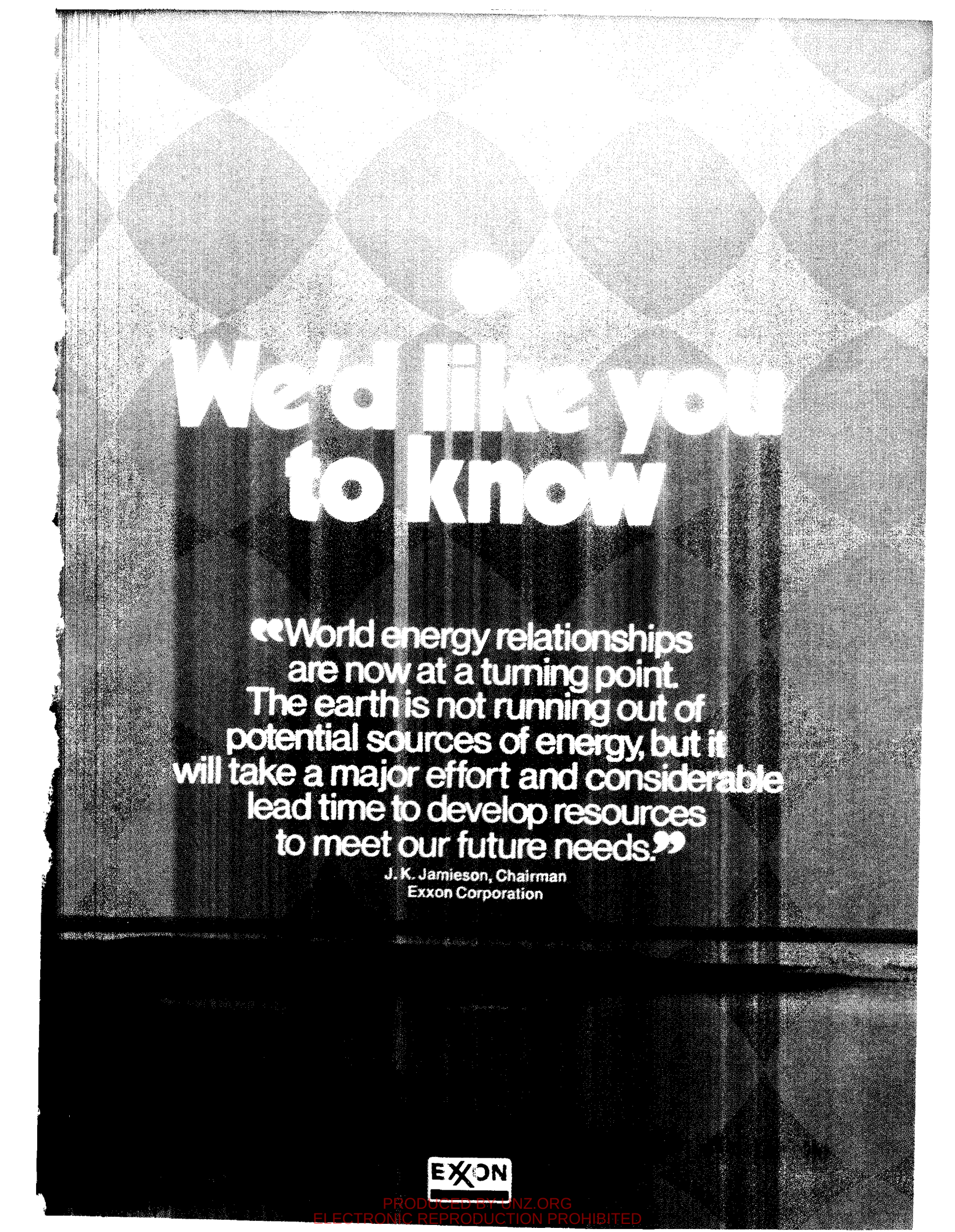

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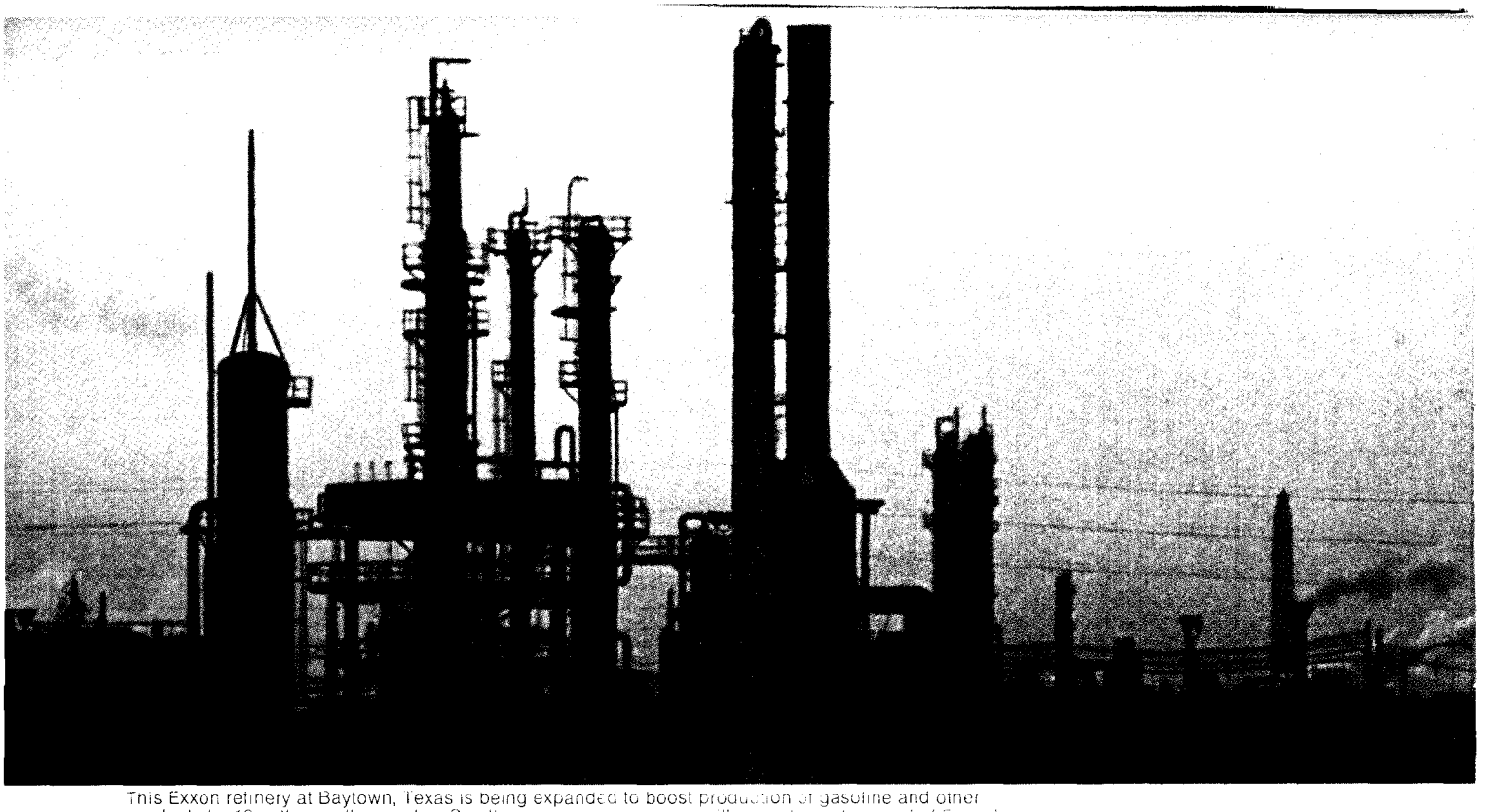


This Exxon refinery at Baytown, Texas is being expanded to boost production of gasoline and other products by 13 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's other refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

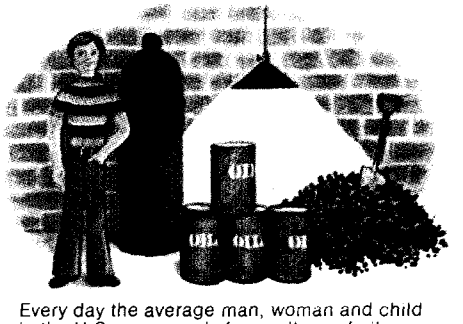
On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.



Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result, world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.

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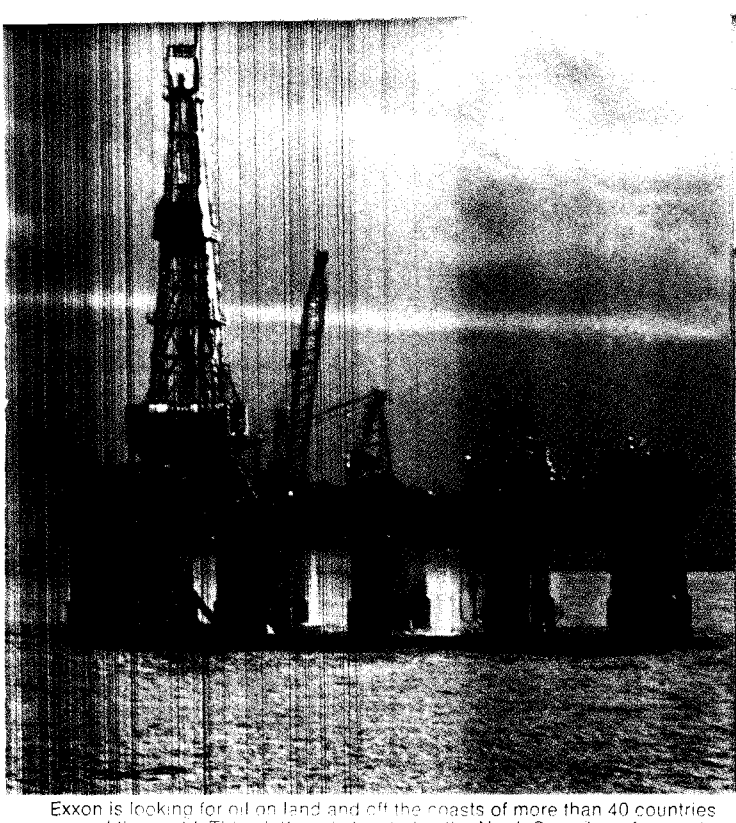
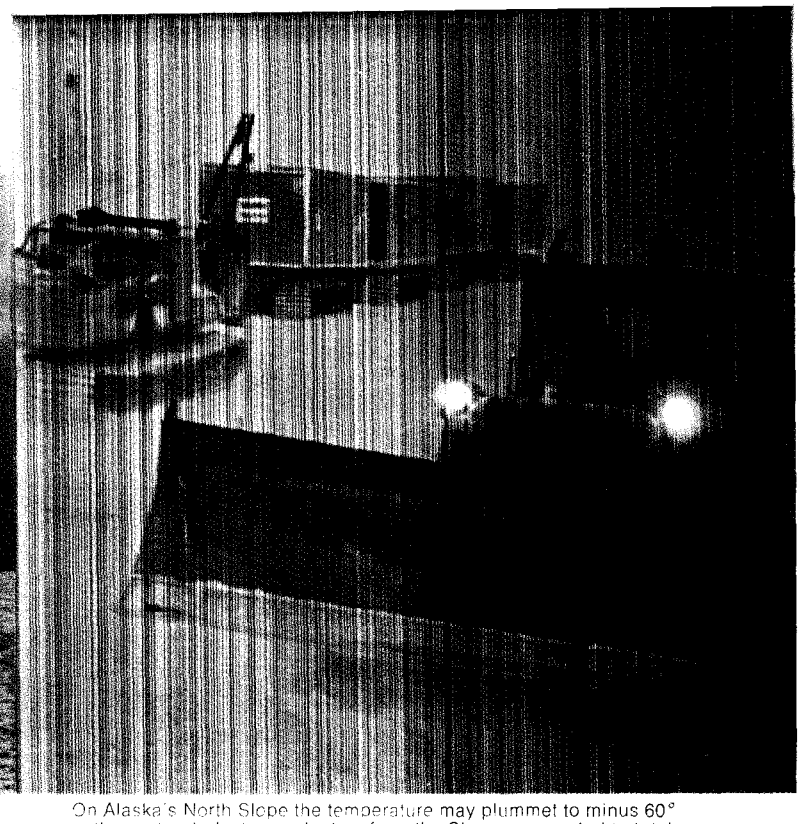


Exxon is looking for oil on land and off the coasts of more than 40 countries around the world. This platform is located in the North Sea where frequent storms bring 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves.



On Alaska's North Slope the temperature may plummet to minus 60° in the winter. Industry production from the Slope is expected to total about 2 million barrels (84 million gallons) of oil a day.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period, and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 million barrels a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 20 billion barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

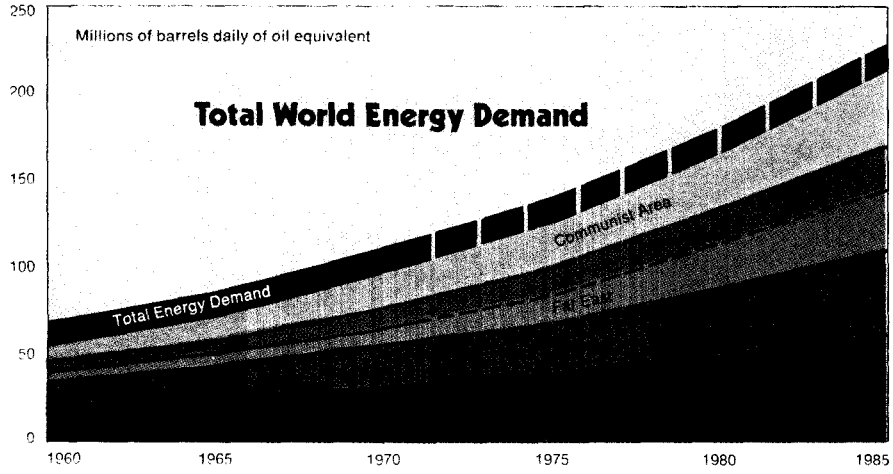
The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries bordering the Persian--or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

Even Middle East supplies are not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985.

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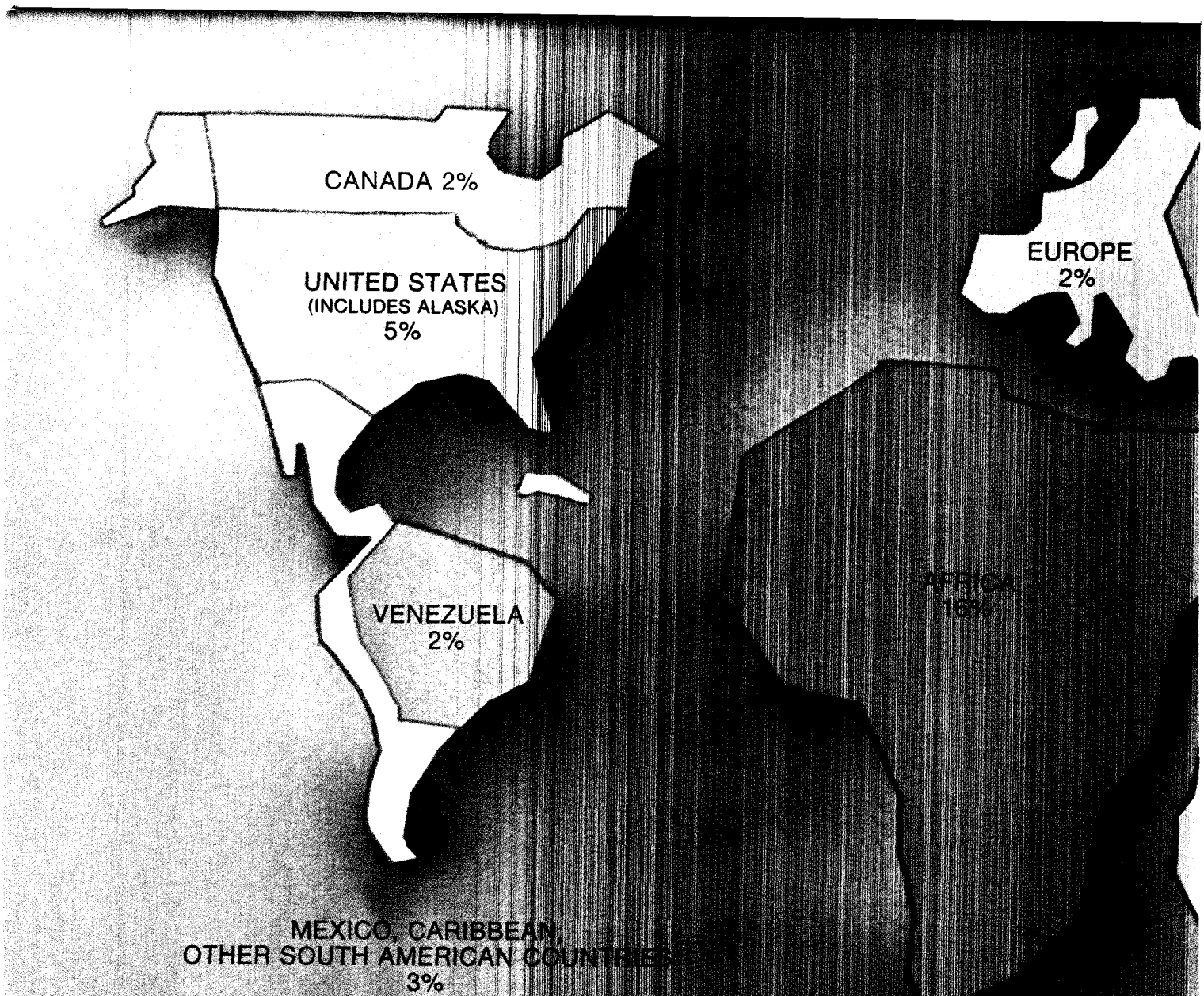

The world of known oil reserves

Percentages are shares of the world's known oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: Oil & Gas Journal – [illegible] 1982

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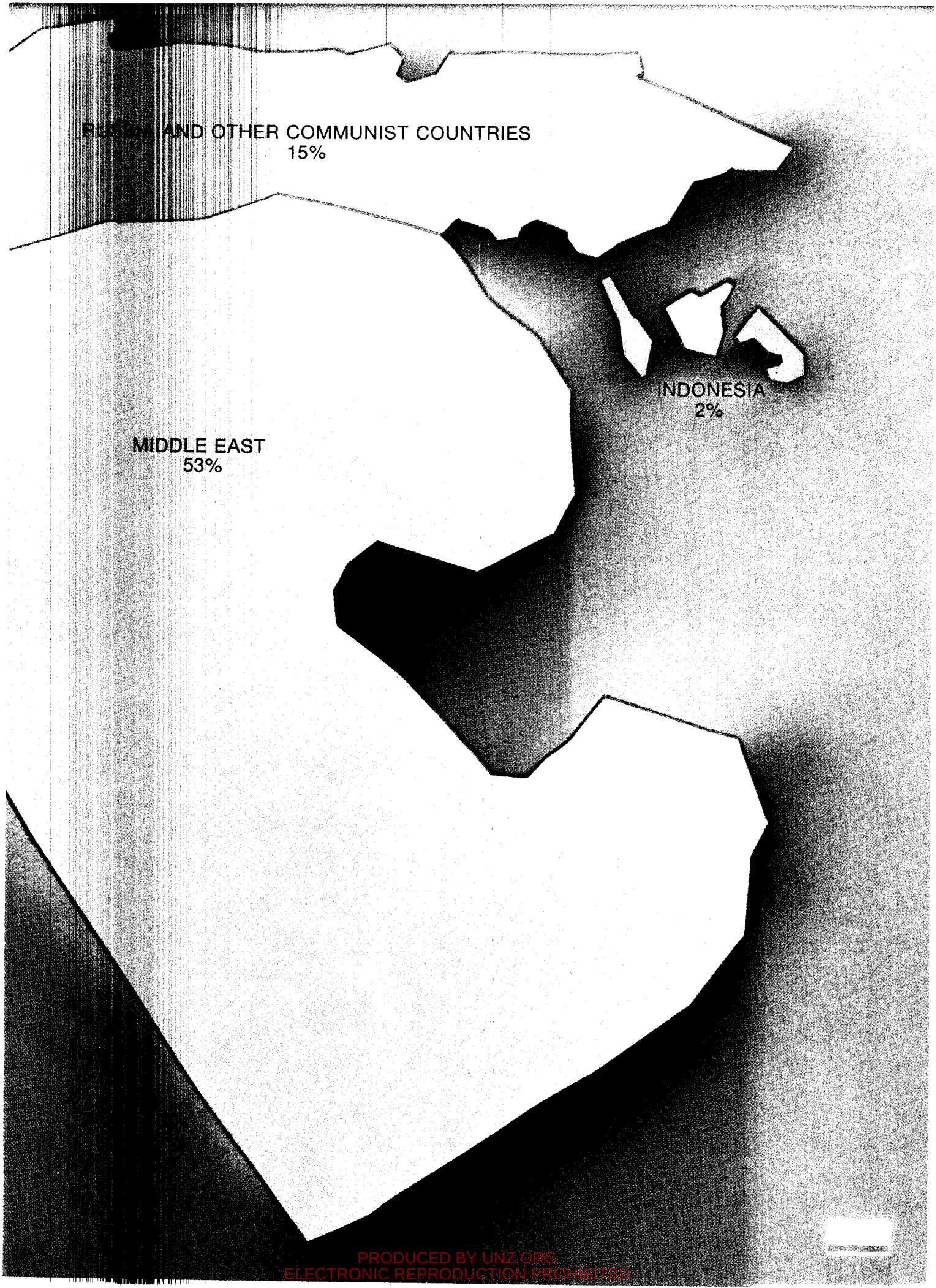

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Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

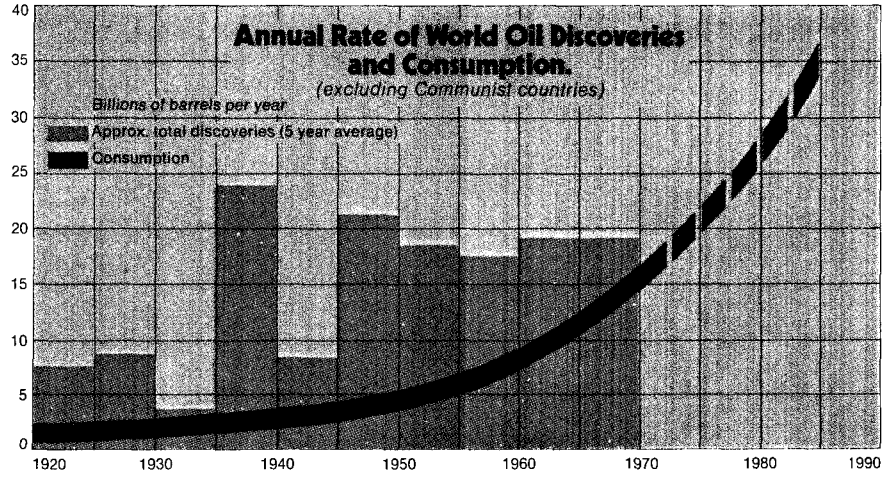
may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.



Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

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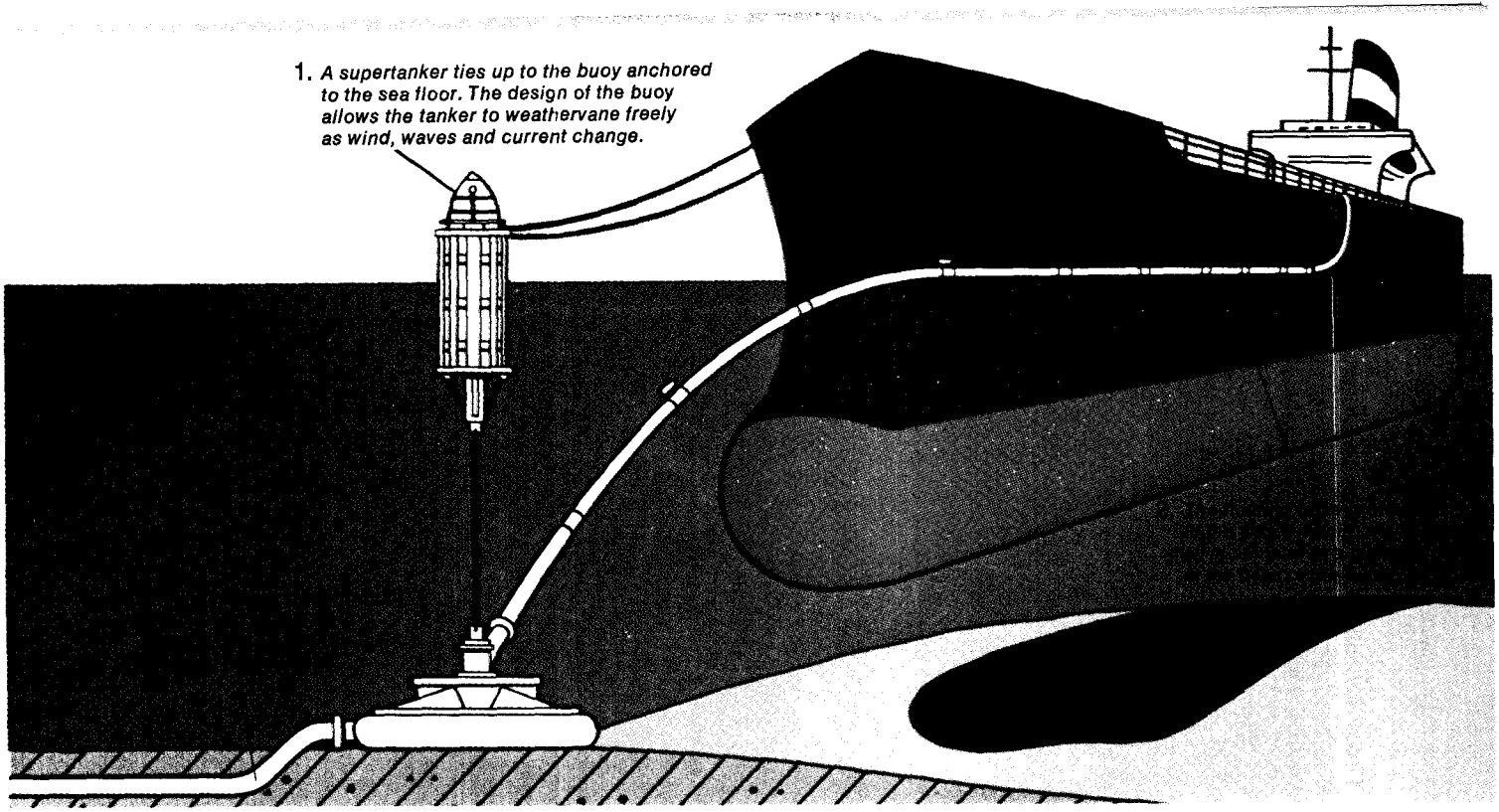


A deepwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals around the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers. Because the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts.

■ Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.

■ Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools; better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.

■ Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation, to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.

■ Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

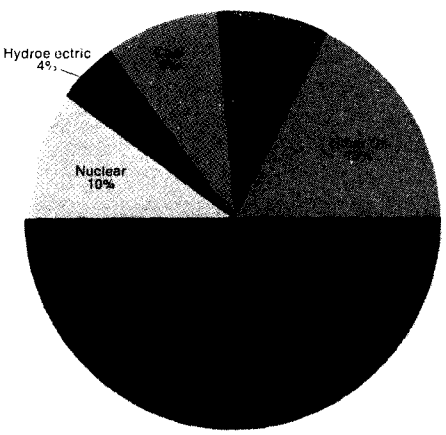
There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal; reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas; and continued delays in nuclear power development.

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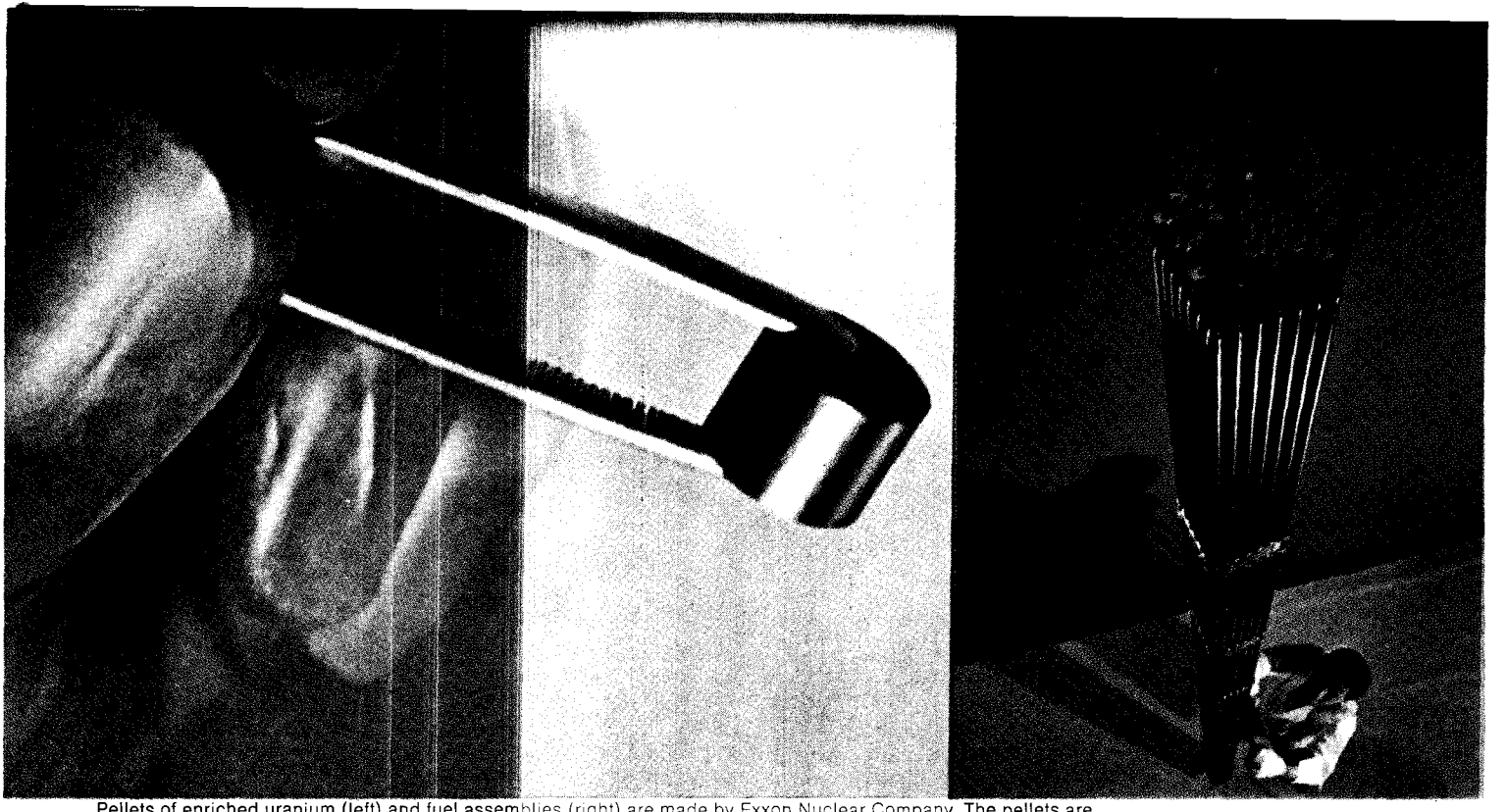

Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies which make up the core or "furnace" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly, like the one shown, can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over $20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over $150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas —after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.

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We'd like you to know.

If you would like more information, write: Energy, Exxon Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020

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THE STORY OF A SCAR

A story by James Alan McPherson

Since Dr. Wayland was late and there were no recent newsmagazines in the waiting room, I turned to the other patient and said: "As a concerned person and as your brother, I ask you, without meaning to offend, how did you get that scar on the side of your face?"

The woman seemed insulted. Her brown eyes, which before had been wandering vacuously about the room, narrowed suddenly and sparked humbling reprimands at me. She took a draw on her cigarette, puckered her lips, and blew a healthy beam of smoke toward my face. It was a mean action, deliberately irreverent and cold. The long curving scar on the left side of her face darkened. "I ask *you,*" she said, "as a nosy person with no connections in your family, how come your nose is all bandaged up?"

It was a fair question, considering the possible returns on its answer. Dr. Wayland would remove the bandages as soon as he came in. I would not be asked again. A man lacking permanence must advertise. "An accident of passion," I told her. "I smashed it against the headboard of my bed while engaged in the act of love."

Here she laughed, but not without intimating, through heavy, broken chuckles, some respect for my candor and the delicate cause of my affliction. This I could tell from the way the hardness mellowed in her voice. Her appetites were whetted. She looked me up and down, almost approvingly, and laughed some more. This was a robust woman, with firm round legs and considerable chest. I am small. She laughed her appreciation. Finally, she lifted a brown palm to her face, wiping away tears. "You *cain't* be no married man," she observed. "A wife ain't worth *that* much."

I nodded.

"I *knowed* it," she said. "The best mens don't git married. They do they fishin' in goldfish bowls."

"I am no adulterer," I cautioned her. "I find companionship wherever I can."

She quieted me by throwing out her arm in a suggestion of offended modesty. She scraped the cigarette on the white tile beneath her foot. "You don't have to tell me a thing," she said. "I know mens goin' and comin'. There ain't a-one of you I'd trust to take my grandmama to Sunday school." Here she paused, seemingly lost in some morbid reflection, her eyes wandering across the room to Dr. Wayland's frosted glass door. The solemnity of the waiting room reclaimed us. We inhaled the antiseptic fumes which wafted from the inner office. We breathed deeply together, watching the door, waiting. "Not a-one," my companion said softly, her dark eyes wet.

The scar still fascinated me. It was a wicked black mark which ran from her brow down over her left eyelid, skirting her nose but curving over and through both lips before ending almost exactly in the center of her chin. The scar was thick and

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black and crisscrossed with a network of old stitch patterns, as if some meticulous madman had first attempted to carve a perfect half-circle in her flesh and then decided to embellish his handiwork. It was so grotesque a mark that one had the feeling it was the art of no human hand and could be peeled off like so much soiled putty. But this was a surgeon's office and the scar was real. It was as real as the honey-blond wig she wore, as real as her purple pantsuit. I studied her approvingly. Such women have a natural leaning toward the abstract expression of themselves. Their styles have private meanings, advertise secret distillations of their souls. Subjectively, this woman was the true sister of the man who knows how to look while driving a purple Cadillac. Their figures, and their disfigurations, make meaningful statements. Such craftsmen must be approached with subtlety if they are to be deciphered. "I've never seen a scar quite like that one," I began, glancing at my watch. Any minute Dr. Wayland would arrive and take off my bandages, removing me permanently from access to her sympathies. "Do you mind talking about what happened?"

"I *knowed* you'd git back around to that," she answered, her brown eyes cruel and level with mine. "Black guys like you with them funny eyeglasses are a real trip. You got to know everything. You sit in corners and watch people." She brushed her face, then wiped her palm on the leg of her pantsuit. "I read you the minute you walk in here."

"As your brother . . ." I began.

"How can you be my brother when your mama's a man?" she said.

We both laughed.

"I was pretty once," she began, sniffing heavily. "When I was sixteen my mama's preacher was set to leave his wife and his pulpit and run off with me to *Dee*troit City. Even with this scar and all the weight I done put on you can still see what I had." She paused. "*Cain't* you?" she asked significantly.

I nodded quickly, looking into her big body for the miniature of what she was.

From this gesture she took assurance. "I was twenty when it happen," she went on. "I had me a good job in the Post Office, down to the Tenth Street branch. I was a sharp dresser too, and I had me my choice of mens: big ones, puny ones, old mens, married mens, even D. B. Ferris, my shift supervisor, was after me on the sly—don't let these white mens fool you. He offered to take me off the primaries and turn me on to a desk job in hand-stampin' or damaged mail. But I had my pride. I told him I rather work the facin' table, *every shift,* than put myself in his debt. I shook my finger in his face and said, 'You ain't foolin' me, with your *sly self!* I know where the *wild goose went;* and if you don't start havin' some *respect* for black women he go'n come *back!'* So then he turn red in the face and put me on the facin' table. Every shift. What could I do? You ain't got no rights in the Post Office, no matter what lies the government tries to tell you. But I was makin' good money, dressin' bad, and I didn't want to start no trouble for myself. Besides, in them days there was a bunch of good people workin' my shift: Leroy Boggs, Red Bone "Big Boy" Tyson, Freddy May."

"What about that scar?" I interrupted her tiresome ramblings. "Which one of them cut you?"

Her face flashed a wall of brown fire. "This here's *my* story!" she muttered, eyeing me up and down with suspicion. "You dudes cain't stand to hear the whole of anything. You want everything broke down in little pieces." And she waved a knowing brown finger. "That's how come you got your nose all busted up. There's some things you have to take your time about."

Again I glanced at my watch, but was careful to nod silent agreement with her wisdom.

"It was my boyfriend that caused it," she continued in a slower, more cautious tone. "And the more I look at you the more I can see you just like him. He had that same way of sittin' with his legs crossed, squeezin' his sex juices up to his brains. His name was Billy Crawford, and he worked the parcel-post window down to the Tenth Street branch. He was nine years older than me and was goin' to school nights on the G.I. Bill. I was twenty when I met him durin' lunch break down in the swing-room. He was sittin' at a table against the wall, by hisself, eatin' a cheese sandwich with his nose in a goddamn book. I didn't know any better then. I sat down by him. He look up at me and say, 'Water seeks its own level, and people do too. You are not one of the riff-raff or else you would of sit with them good-timers and bullshitters 'cross the room. Welcome to my table.' By riff-raff he meant all them other dudes and girls from the back room who believed in havin' a little fun playin' cards and such durin' lunch hour. I thought what he said was kind of funny and so I laughed. But I should of knowed better. He give me a cheese sandwich and started right off preachin' at me about the 'low-life in the back room.' Billy couldn't stand none of 'em. He hated the way they dressed, the way they talked, and the way they carried on durin' work hours. He said if all them tried to be like him and advanced themselfs the Negro wouldn't have no problems. He'd point out Eugene Wells or Red Bone or Crazy Sammy Michaels and tell me, 'People like them think they can homestead in the Post Office. They

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James Alan McPherson is the author of a collection of short stories, *Hue and Cry.* One of his stories, "Gold Coast," was selected for the Martha Foley volume, *The Best American Short Stories, 1973.*

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think these primaries will need human hands for another twenty years. But you just watch the Jews and Puerto Ricans that pass through here. *They* know what's goin' on. I bet you don't see none of them settin' up their beds under these tables. They tryin' to improve themselves and get out of here, just like me.' Then he smile and held out his hand. 'And since I see you're a smart girl that keeps a cold eye and some distance on these bums, welcome to the club. My name's Billy Crawford.'

"To tell you the truth, I liked him. He was different from all the jive-talkers and finger-poppers I knew. I liked him because he wasn't ashamed to wear a white shirt and a black tie. I liked the way he always knew just what he was gonna do next. I liked him because none of the other dudes could stand him and he didn't seem to care. On our first date he took me out to a place where the white waiters didn't git mad when they saw us comin'. That's the kind of style he had. He knew how to order wine with funny names, the kind you don't never see on billboards. He held open doors for me, told me not to order rice with gravy over it or soda water with my meal. I didn't mind him helpin' me. He was a funny dude in a lot of ways: his left leg was shot up in the war and he limped sometimes, but it looked like he was struttin'. He would stare down anybody that watched him walkin'. He told me he had cut his wife loose after he got out of the Army, and he told me about some of the games she had run on him. Billy didn't trust women. He said they all was after a workin' man's money, but he said that I was different. He said he could tell I was a God-fearin' woman and my mama had raised me right and he was gonna improve my mind. In those days I didn't have no objections. Billy was fond of sayin', 'You met me at the right time in your life.'

"But Red Bone, my co-worker, saw what was goin' down and began to take a strong interest in the affair. Red was the kind of strong-minded sister that mens just like to give in to. She was one of them big yellow gals with red hair and a loud rap that could put a man in his place by just soundin' on him. She liked to wade through the mail room elbowin' dudes aside and sayin', 'You don't wanna mess with *me,* fool! I'll *destroy* you! Anyway, you ain't nothin' but a dirty thought I had when I was three years old!' But if she liked you she could be warm and soft, like a mama. 'Listen,' she kept tellin' me, 'that Billy Crawford is a potential punk. The more I watch him the less man I see. Every time we downstairs havin' fun I catch his eyeballs rollin' over us from behind them *goddamn books!* There ain't a rhythm in his body, and the only muscles he exercises is in his eyes.'

"That kind of talk hurt me some, especially comin' from her. But I know it's the way of some women to badmouth a man they want for theyselves. And what woman don't want a steady man and a good provider? . . . which is what Billy was. Usually, when they start downgradin' a steady man, you can be sure they up to somethin' else besides lookin' out after you. So I told her, 'Billy don't have no bad habits.' I told her, 'He's a hard worker, he don't drink, smoke, nor run around, and he's gonna git a *college* degree.' But that didn't impress Red. I was never able to figure it out, but she had something in for Billy. Maybe it was his attitude; maybe it was the little ways he let everybody know that he was just passin' through; maybe it was because Red had broke every man she ever had and had never seen a man with no hand-holes on him. Because that Billy Crawford was a strong man. He worked the day shift, and could of been a supervisor in three or four years if he wanted to crawl a little and grease a few palms; but he did his work, quiet-like, pulled what overtime he could, and went to class three nights a week. On his day off he'd study and maybe take me out for a drink after I got off. Once or twice a week he might let me stay over at his place, but most of the time he'd take me home to my aunt Alvene's, where I was roomin' in those days, before twelve o'clock.

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"To tell the truth, I didn't really miss the partyin' and the dancin' and the good-timin' until Red and some of the others started avoidin' me. Down in the swing-room durin' lunch hour, for example, they wouldn't wave for me to come over and join a card game. Or when Leroy Boggs went around to the folks on the floor of the mail room collectin' money for a party, he wouldn't even ask me to put a few dollars in the pot. He'd just smile at me in a cold way and say to somebody loud enough for me to hear, 'No, sir; ain't no way you can git quality folk to come out to a Saturday night fish fry.'

"Red squared with me when I asked her what was goin' down. She told me, 'People sayin' you been wearin' a high-hat since you started goin' with the professor. The talk is you been throwin' around big words and developin' a strut just like his. Now I don't believe these reports, being your friend and sister, but I do think you oughta watch your step. I remember what my grandmama used to tell me: "It don't make no difference how well you fox-trot if everybody else is dancin' the two-step." Besides, that Billy Crawford is a potential punk, and you gonna be one lonely girl when somebody finally turns him out. Use your mind, girl, and stop bein' silly. Everybody is watchin' you!'

"I didn't say nothin', but what Red said started me to thinkin' harder than I had ever thought before. Billy had been droppin' strong hints that we might git married after he got his degree, in two or three years. He was plannin' on being a high school teacher. But outside of being married to a teacher, what was I go'n git out of it? Even if we did git married, I was likely to be stuck right there in the Post Office with no friends. And if he didn't marry me, or if he was a punk like Red believed, then I was a real dummy for givin' up my good times and my best days for a dude that wasn't go'n do nothin' for me. I didn't make up my mind right then, but I begin to watch Billy Crawford with a different kind of eye. I'd just turn around at certain times and catch him in his routines: readin', workin', eatin', runnin' his mouth about the same things all the time. Pretty soon I didn't have to watch him to know what he was doin'. He was more regular than Monday mornings. That's when a woman begins to tip. It ain't never a decision, but somethin' in you starts to lean over and practice what you gonna say whenever another man bumps into you at the right time. Some women, especially married ones, like to tell lies to their new boyfriends; if the husband is a hard worker and a good provider, they'll tell the boyfriend that he's mean to them and ain't no good when it comes to sex; and if he's good with sex, they'll say he's a cold dude that's not concerned with the problems of the world like she is, or that they got married too young. Me, I believe in tellin' the truth: that Billy Crawford was too good for most of the women in this world, me included. He deserved better, so I started lookin' round for somebody on my own level.

"About this time a sweet-talkin' young dude was transferred to our branch from the 39th Street substation. The grapevine said it was because he was havin' woman-trouble over there and caused too many fights. I could see why. He dressed like he was settin' fashions every day; wore special-made bell-bottoms with so much flair they looked like they was starched. He wore two diamond rings on the little finger of his left hand that flashed while he was throwin' mail, and a gold tooth that sparkled all the time. His name was Teddy Johnson but they called him 'Eldorado' because that was the kind of hog he drove. He was involved in numbers and other hustles and used the Post Office job for a front. He was a strong talker, a easy walker, that dude was a *woman* stalker! I have to give him credit. He was the last *true* son of the Great McDaddy. . . ."

"Sister," I said quickly, overwhelmed suddenly by the burden of insight. "I *know* the man of whom you speak. There is no time for this gutter-patter and indirection. Please, for my sake and for your own, avoid stuffing the shoes of the small with mythic homilies. This man was a bum, a hustler and a small-time punk. He broke up your romance with Billy, then he lived off you, cheated on you, and cut you when you confronted him." So pathetic and gross seemed her elevation of the fellow that I abandoned all sense of caution. "Is your mind so *dead,"* I continued in a high voice, "did his switchblade slice so *deep,* do you have so little *respect* for yourself or at least for the idea of *proportion* in this sad world that you'd sit here and *praise* this brute!?"

She lit a second cigarette. Then, dropping the match to the floor, she seemed to shudder, to struggle in contention with herself. I sat straight on the blue, plastic couch, waiting. Across the room the frosted glass door creaked, as if about to open; but when I looked, I saw no telling shadow behind it. My companion crossed her leg and held back her head, blowing two thoughtful beams of smoke from her broad nose. I watched her nervously, recognizing the evidence of past destructiveness yet fearing the imminent occurrence of more. But it was not her temper or the potential strength of her fleshy arms that I feared. Finally she sighed, her face relaxed, and she wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. "You know everything," she said in a soft tone much unlike her own. "A black mama birthed you, let you suck her titty, cleaned your dirty drawers, and you still look at us through paper and movie plots." She paused, then

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continued in an even softer and more controlled voice. "Would you believe me if I said that Teddy Johnson loved me, that this scar is to him what a weddin' ring is to another man? Would you believe that he was a better man than Billy?"

I nodded my firm disbelief.

She seemed to smile to herself, although the scar, when she grimaced, made the expression more like a painful frown. "Then would you believe that I was the cause of Billy Crawford goin' crazy and not gettin' his college degree?"

I nodded affirmation.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," I answered, "from all I know already that would seem to be the most likely consequence. I would expect the man to have been destroyed by the pressures placed on him. And, although you are my sister and a woman who has already suffered greatly, I must condemn you and your roughneck friends for this destruction of a man's ambitions."

Her hardened eyes measured my face. She breathed heavily, seeming to grow larger and rounder on the red chair. "My brother," she began in an icy tone, "is as far from what you are as I am from being patient." Now her voice became deep and full, as if aided suddenly by some intricately controlled wellspring of pain. Something aristocratic and old and frighteningly wise seemed to have awakened in her face. "Now this is the way it happened," she fired at me, her eyes wide and rolling. "I want you to *write* it on whatever part of your brain that ain't already covered with pageprint. I want you to *remember* it every time you stare at a scarred-up sister on the street, and *choke* on it before you can work up spit to condemn her. I was *faithful* to that Billy Crawford. As faithful as a woman could be to a man that don't ever let up or lean back and stop worryin' about where he's gonna be ten years from last week. Life is to be *lived,* not traded on like *dollars!* . . . All that time I was goin' with him my feets itched to dance, my ears hollered to hear somethin' besides that whine in his voice, my body wanted to press up against somethin' besides that facin'-table. I was young and pretty; and what woman don't want to enjoy what she got while she got it? Look around sometime: there ain't *no mens,* young nor old, chasin' no *older womens,* no matter how pretty they *used to be!* But Billy Crawford couldn't see nothin' besides them *goddamn books* in front of his face. And what the Jews and Puerto Ricans was doin'. Whatever else Teddy Johnson was, he was a dude that knowed how to *live.* He wasn't out to *destroy* life, you can believe *that!* Sure I listened to his rap. Sure I give him the come-on. With Billy workin' right up front and watchin' everything, Teddy was the only dude on the floor that would take to me. Teddy would say, 'A girl that's got what you got needs a man that have what I have.' And that ain't all he said, *either!*

"Red Bone tried to push me closer to him, but I am not a sneaky person and didn't pay her no mind. She'd say, 'Girl, I think you and Eldorado ought to git it on. There ain't a better lookin' dude *workin'* in the Post Office. Besides, you ain't goin' *nowheres* with that professor Billy Crawford. And if *you* scared to tell him to lean up off you I'll do it *myself,* bein' as I am your sister and the one with your interest in mind.' But I said to her, 'Don't do me no favors. No matter what you think of Billy, I am no sneaky woman. I'll handle my own affairs.' Red just grin and look me straight in the eye and grin some more. I already told you she was the kind of strong-minded sister that could look right down into you. Nobody but a woman would understand what she was lookin' at.

"Now Billy wasn't no dummy durin' all this time. Though he worked the parcel-post window up front, from time to time durin' the day he'd walk back in the mail-room and check out what was goin' down. Or else he'd sit back and listen to the gossip durin' lunch hour down in the swing-room. He must of seen Teddy Johnson hangin' round me, and I know he seen Teddy give me the glad-eye a few times. Billy didn't say nothin' for a

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long time, but one day he pointed to Teddy and told me, 'See that fellow over there? He's a blood-letter. There's some people with a talent for stoppin' bleedin' by just being around, and there's others that start it the same way. When you see that greasy smile of his you can bet it's soon gonna be a bad day for somebody, if they ain't careful. That kind of fellow's been walkin' free for too long.' He looked at me with that tight mouth and them cold brown eyes of his. He said, 'You know what I mean?' I said I didn't. He said, 'I hope you don't ever have to find out.'

"It was D. B. Ferris, my shift supervisor, that set up things. He's the same dude I told you about; the one that was gonna give me the happy-hand. We never saw much of him in the mail room, although he was kinda friendly with Red Bone. D. B. Ferris was always up on the ramps behind one of the wall-slits, checkin' out everything that went down on the floor and tryin' to catch somebody snitchin' a letter. There ain't no tellin' how much he knew about private things goin' on. About this time he up and transferred three or four of us, the ones with no seniority, to the night shift. There was me, Red, and Leroy Boggs. When Billy found out he tried to talk D. B. Ferris into keepin' me on the same shift as his, but Ferris come to me and I told him I didn't mind. And I didn't. I told him I was tired of bein' watched by him and everybody else. D. B. Ferris looked up toward the front where Billy was workin' and smiled that old smile of his. Later, when Billy asked me what I said I told him there wasn't no use tryin' to fight the government. 'That's true,' he told me—and I thought I saw some meanness in his eyes, 'but there are some other things you can fight,' he said. At that time my head was kinda light and I didn't catch what he meant.

"About my second day on the night shift Teddy Johnson began workin' overtime. He didn't need the money and didn't like to work no-how, but some nights around ten or eleven, when we clocked out for lunch and sat around in the swing-room, in would strut Teddy. Billy would be in school or at home. Usually, I'd be sittin' with Red and she'd tell me things while Teddy was walkin' over. 'Girl, it *must* be love to make a dude like Eldorado work overtime. *He* needs to work like *I* need to be a Catholic.' Then Teddy would sit down and she'd commence to play over us like her life depended on gittin' us together. She'd say, 'Let's go over to my place this mornin' when we clock out. I got some bacon and eggs and a bottle of Scotch.' Teddy would laugh and look in my eyes and say, 'Red, we don't wanna cause no trouble for this here fine young thing who I hear is engaged to a college man.' Then I'd laugh with them and look at Teddy and wouldn't say nothin' much to nobody.

"Word must of gotten back to Billy soon after that. He didn't say nothin' at first but I could see a change in his attitude. All this time I was tryin' to git up the guts to tell Billy I was thinkin' about breaking off, but I just couldn't. It wasn't that I thought he needed me; I just knew he was the kind of dude that doesn't let a girl decide when somethin' is over. Bein' as much like Billy as you are, you must understand what I'm tryin' to say. On one of my nights off, when we went out to a movie, he asked, 'What time did you get in this mornin'?' I said, 'Five-thirty, same as always.' But I was lyin'. Red and me had stopped for breakfast on the way home. Billy said, 'I called you at six-thirty this morning and your aunt Alvene said you was still out.' I told him, 'She must of been too sleepy to look in my room.' He didn't say more on the subject, but later that evenin', after the movie, he said, 'I was in the war for two years. It made me a disciplined man, and I hope I don't ever have to lose my temper.' I didn't say nothin', but the cold way he said it was like a window shade flappin' up from in front of his true nature, and I was scared.

"It was three years ago this September twenty-second that the thing happened. It was five-thirty in the mornin'. We had clocked out at four-forty-five but Red had brought a bottle of Scotch to work and we was down in the swing-room drinkin' a little with our coffee, just to relax. I'll tell you the truth: Teddy Johnson was there too. He had come down just to give us a ride home. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. Teddy was dressed in a pink, silk shirt with black ruffles on the sleeves, the kind that was so popular a few years ago. He was wearin' shiny black bell-bottoms that hugged his little hips like a second coat of skin, and looked like pure silk when he walked. He sat across from me, flashin' those diamond rings every time he poured more Scotch in our cups. Red was sittin' back with a smile on her face, watchin' us like a cat that had just ate.

"I was sittin' with my back to the door and didn't know anything until I saw something change in Red's face. I still see it in my sleep at night. Her face seemed to light up and git scared and happy at the same time. She was lookin' behind me, over my shoulder, with all the smartness in the world burnin' in her eyes. I turned around. Billy Crawford was standin' right behind me with his hands close to his sides. He wore a white shirt and a thin black tie and his mouth was tight like a little slit. He said, 'It's time for you to go home,' with that voice of his that was too cold to be called just mean. I sat there lookin' up at him. Red's voice was even colder. She said to me, 'You gonna let him order you around like that?' I didn't say nothin'. Red said to Teddy, 'Ain't *you* got something to say about this?' Teddy stood up slow and swelled out his chest. He said, 'Yeah. I got somethin' to say,' looking hard at Billy. But Billy

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just kept lookin' down at me. 'Let's go,' he said. 'What you got to say?' Red Bone said to Teddy. Teddy said to me, 'Why don't *you* tell the dude, baby?' But I didn't say nothin'. Billy shifted his eyes to Teddy and said, 'I got nothing against you. You ain't real, so you don't matter. You been strutting the streets too long, but that ain't my business. So keep out of this.' Then he looked down at me again. 'Let's go,' he said. I looked up at the way his lips curled and wanted to cry and hit him at the same time. I felt like a trigger bein' pulled. Then I heard Red sayin', 'Why don't you go back to bed with them *goddamn books, punk!* And leave decent folks *alone!*' For the first time Billy glanced over at her. His mouth twitched. But then he looked down at me again. 'This here's the *last time* I'm asking,' he said. That's when I exploded and started to jump up. 'I ain't goin' *nowhere!*' I screamed. The last plain thing I remember was tryin' to git to his face, but it seemed to turn all bright and silvery and hot and then I couldn't see nothin' no more.

"They told me later that he sliced me so fast there wasn't time for nobody to act. By the time Teddy jumped across the table I was down and he had stabbed me again in the side. Then him and Teddy tussled over the knife while me and Red screamed and screamed. Then Teddy went down holdin' his belly and Billy was comin' after me again when some of the dudes from the freight-dock ran in and grabbed him. They say it took three of them to drag him off me, and all the time they was pullin' him away he kept slashin' out at me with that knife. It seemed like all the walls was screamin' and I was floatin' in water and I thought I was dead and in hell, because I felt hot and prickly all over and I could hear some woman's voice that might of been mine screamin' over and over, 'You Devil! . . . You *Devil!*' "

She lit a third cigarette. She blew a relieving cloud of smoke downward. The thin white haze billowed about her purple legs, dissipated, and vanished. A terrifying fog of silence and sickness crept into the small room, and there was no longer the smell of medicine. I dared not steal a glance at my watch, although by this time Dr. Wayland was agonizingly late. I had heard it all, and now I waited. Finally her eyes fixed on the frosted glass door. She wet her lips again and, in a much slower and more pained voice, said, "This here's the third doctor I been to see. The first one stitched me up like a turkey and left this scar. The second one refuse to touch me." She paused and wet her lips again. "This man fixed your nose for you," she said softly. "Do you think he could do somethin' about this scar?"

I searched the end table next to my couch for a newsmagazine, carefully avoiding her face. "Dr. Wayland is a skilled man," I told her. "Whenever he's not late. I think he may be able to do something for you."

She sighed heavily and seemed to tremble. "I don't expect no miracle or nothin'," she said. "If he could just fix the part around my eye I wouldn't expect nothin' else. People say the rest don't look too bad."

I clutched a random magazine and did not answer. Nor did I look at her. The flesh around my nose began to itch and I looked toward the inner office door with the most extreme irritation building in me. At that moment it seemed a shadow began to form behind the frosted glass, signaling perhaps the approach of someone. I resolved to put aside all notions of civility and go into the office before her, as was my right. The shadow behind the door darkened, but vanished just as suddenly. And then I remembered the most important question without which the entire exchange would have been wasted. I turned to the woman, now drawn together in the red plastic chair as if struggling to sleep in a cold bed. "Sister," I said, careful to maintain a casual air. "Sister . . . what is your name?" □

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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A VISION

by Robert Penn Warren

(To Andrew V. Corry)

1

No, not that door—never! But,
Entering, saw. Through
Air brown as an old daguerreotype fading. Through
Air that, though dust to the tongue, yet,
Like the inward, brown-glimmering twilight of water,
Swayed. Through brown air, dust-dry, saw. Saw
It.

The bed.

Where it had
Been. Now was. Of all
Covering stripped, the mattress
Bare but for old newspapers spread.
Curled edges. Yellow. On yellow paper dust,
The dust yellow. No! Do not.

Do not lean to
Look at that date. Do not touch
That silken and yellow perfection of Time that
Dust is, for
There is no Time. I,
Entering, see. I,
Standing here, breathe the dry air.

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2

See
Yonder the old Morris chair bought soon
After marriage, for him to rest after work in, the leather,
Once black, now browning, brown at the dry cracks, streaked
With a fungoid green. Approaching,
See.

See it.

The big head. Propped,
Erect on the chair's leather pillow, bald skin
Tight on skull, not white now, brown
Like old leather lacquered, the big nose
Brown-lacquered, bold-jutting still but with
Nostril-flanges gone tattered in Time. I have not
Yet looked at the eyes. Not
Yet.

The eyes
Are not there. But,
Not there, they stare at what
Is not there.

3

Not there, but
In each of the appropriate twin apertures, which are
Deep and dark as a thumb-gouge,
Something that might be taken for
A mulberry, large and black-ripe when, long back, crushed,
But now, with years, dust-dried. The mulberries,
Crushed and dessicated, each out of
Its dark lurking-place, stare out at
Nothing.

His eyes
Had been blue.

4

Hers brown. But
Are not now. Now staring,
She sits in the accustomed rocker, but with
No motion. I cannot
Be sure what color the dress once was, but
Am sure that the fabric now falls decisively away

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From the Time-sharpened angle of knees. The fabric
Over one knee, the left, has given way. And
I see what protrudes.

See it.

Above,
The dry fabric droops over breastlessness.

Over the shrouded femurs that now are the lap, the hands,
Palm-down, lie. The nail of one forefinger
Is missing.

On the ring-finger of the left hand
There are two diamond rings. On that of the right,
One. On Sundays, and some evenings
When she sat with him, the diamonds would be on the fingers.

The rings. They shone.

Shine now.

In the brown air.

On the brown-lacquered face
There are now no
Lips to kiss with.

5

The eyes had been brown. But
Now are not where eyes had been. What things
Now are where eyes had been but
Now are not, stare. At the place where
Is not now what once they
Had stared at.

There is no fire on the cold hearth now,
To stare at.

6

On
The ashes, gray, a piece of torn orange peel.
Foil wrappings of chocolates, silver and crimson and gold,
Yet gleaming from grayness. Torn Christmas paper,
Stamped green and red, holly and berries, not
Yet entirely consumed, but warped,
And black-gnawed at edges. I feel
Nothing. A red

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Ribbon, ripped long ago from some package of joy,
Winds over the gray hearth like
A fuse that failed. I feel
Nothing.

Not even
When I see the tree.

Why had I not seen the tree before?
Why, on entering, had I not seen it?
It must have been there, and for
A long time, for
The boughs are, of all green, long since denuded.
That much is clear. For the floor
Is there carpeted thick with the brown detritus of cedar.

Christmas trees in our section always were cedar.

7

Beneath the un-greened and brown-spiked tree,
On the dead-fall of brown frond-needles, are,
I see, three packages. Identical in size and shape.
In bright Christmas paper. Each with red bow, and under
The ribbon, a sprig of holly.

But look!

The holly
Is, clearly, fresh.

I say to myself:

The holly is fresh.

And
My breath comes short. For I am wondering
Which package is mine.

Oh, which?

I have stepped across the hearth and my hand stretches out.

But the voice:

No presents, son, till the little ones come.

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8

What shadow of tongue, years back unfleshed, in what
Darkness locked in a rigid jaw, can lift and flex?

The man and the woman sit rigid. What had been
Eyes stare at the cold hearth, but I
Stare at the three chairs. Why—
Tell me why—had I not observed them before? For
They are here.

The little red chair,
For the baby. The next biggest chair
For my little sister, the little red rocker. Then,
The biggest, my own, me the eldest.

The chairs are all empty.

But
I am thinking a thought that is louder than words.
Thinking:

They're empty, they're empty, but me—oh, I'm here!

And that thought is not words, but a roar like wind, or
The roar of the night-freight beating the rails of the trestle,
And you under the trestle, and the roar
Is nothing but darkness alive. Suddenly,
Silence.

And no
Breath comes.

9

Where I was,
Am not. Am
Where the blunt crowd thrusts, nudges, jerks, jostles,
And the eye is inimical. Then,
Of a sudden, know:

Times Square, the season
Summer and the hour sunset, with fumes
In throat and smog-glitter at sky-height, where
A jet, silver and ectoplasmic, spooks through
The sustaining light, which
Is yellow as acid. Sweat,
Cold in armpit, slides down flesh.

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The flesh is mine.

What year it is, I can't, for the life of me,
Guess, but know that,
Far off, northeastward, in Bellevue,
In a bare room with windows barred, a woman,
Supine on an iron cot, legs spread, each ankle
Shackled to the cot frame,
Screams.

She keeps on screaming because it is sunset.

Her hair has been hacked short.

10

Clerks now go home, night watchmen wake up, and the heart
Of the taxi-driver, just coming on shift,
Leaps with hope.

All is not in vain.

Old men come out from the hard-core movies.
They wish they had waited till later.

They stand on the pavement and stare up at the sky.
Their drawers are drying stiff at the crotch, and
The sky dies wide. The sky
Is far above the first hysteria of neon.

Soon they will want to go and get something to eat.

Meanwhile, down the big sluice of Broadway,
The steel logs jerk and plunge
Until caught in the rip, snarl, and eddy here before my face.

A mounted policeman sits a bay gelding. The rump
Of the animal gleams expensively. The policeman
Is some sort of dago. His jowls are swart.
His eyes are bright with seeing.

He is as beautiful as a law of chemistry.

11

In any case,
I stand here and think of snow falling. Am
Not here, am

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Otherwhere, for already,
This early and summer not over, in West Montana–
Or is it Idaho?–in
The Nez Percé Pass, tonight
It will be snowing.

The Nez Percé is more than 7000 feet, and I
Have been there. The first flakes,
Large, soft, sparse, come straight down
And with enormous deliberation, white
Out of unbreathing blackness. Snow
Does not yet cling, but the tall stalk of bear-grass
Is pale in darkness. I have seen, long ago,
The paleness of bear-grass in darkness.

But tell me, tell me,
Will I never know
What present there was in that package for me,
Under the Christmas tree?

12

All items listed above belong in the world
In which all things are continuous,
And are parts of the original dream which
I am now trying to discover the logic of. This
Is the process whereby pain of the past in its pastness
May be converted into the future tense

Of joy.

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THE WEAK ARE THE SECOND SEX

by Elizabeth Janeway

The women's movement has been with us for a decade, but it is still surrounded by confusion, mixed emotions, and a large-scale refusal—on the part of many men—to listen to its central arguments.

The women's liberation movement—Am I boring you already? Do the words turn you off? Then hang on for a minute, because that's what I want to talk about: the current state of mind which doesn't quite oppose "women's lib" but would really rather not hear any more about it at this point in time. It is very like the Silent Majority's reaction to Watergate-and-all-that: something has obviously been going on that should not have been, we admit that. But now we've admitted it (Yes, women should be paid equal wages for equal work. Yes, the President ought to give up the tapes), why don't you go away and stop bothering us?

This is a human and understandable response. The trouble with it is that it doesn't seem to be working. The women's movement surfaced the better part of a decade ago (which is almost long enough, in our era, to make it a candidate for nostalgic revival), and it is still here, still large and lively. It is also still surrounded by confusion and mixed emotions, most signally a large-scale inability to see what all the fuss is about. Complaints about the movement are many: it hasn't defined its issues clearly, it differs within itself, its goals are either Utopian or minuscule and, above all, it traffics in emotion instead of logic. Yet it persists! In fact, its reach and its backing are steadily growing.

It appears to me that we have, in this illogical situation, a very fruitful field for studying social dynamics and social mythology. If the women's movement cannot be easily contained within any set definition nor held to any stated program, perhaps that is because it is both larger and more novel than it has been thought to be. I believe that to be true. The movement seems to me to be a response to profound and irreversible historical forces involving economic, technological, and scientific shifts in our society. No wonder it hasn't yet found itself a satisfactory name or a coherent ideology! And no wonder that the psychological reactions of those who do not feel themselves involved in it are ones of bafflement and exasperation. But the disturbed emotions on one side and the unconscious drive on the other offer a rare opportunity to look at the process of human response to change while it is going on; and this I would like now to do.

Let us begin with the response, which is good clinical practice. What symptoms did the body politic display when invaded by the liberation virus? Demands for equal rights for women have produced, first, a flurry of joking and, next, some irritation and anger, but mainly and fundamentally a determination to pay no attention: a simple, almost animal, retreat into not listening. Not argument, hardly even refusal to argue, but something closer to an instinctive reflex—a refusal to *hear.*

"Playing possum" like this is a defensive mechanism which has often proved a useful tool for surviving. Women have been doing it for millennia as a defense against wanting to act when they are sure they can't, in a situation where raised consciousnesses are liabilities and ignorance is bliss. But if the external situation changes, blissful ignorance grows more perilous as well as more difficult. The peril is certainly not apparent as yet, but the difficulty is here. Most men still don't want to hear about the women's movement, but the buzzing goes on. A little is getting through, willy-nilly.

I think it is only natural that what is heard is largely misunderstood and what is passed on (by the men in whose hands lies the distribution of news) is mostly misrepresented because it is misunderstood. And a good deal of the time, too, the women's movement is still talking to itself. No doubt that's a necessary step in the formation of any movement: intercommunication helps to bond the group together and give it a cohesive identity, and since women are a group who have not, in recent history, had much to hold them together as a

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group (except outside pressure) they stand in need of a chance to learn sisterhood. Besides, talking to men who have made up their minds not to listen is a great waste of energy; and I speak as one who has addressed both listening male audiences, and retreating male backs. If we look at men's reactions to the women's movement, we find it described on the one hand as absurd, and on the other as threatening. It will undermine and destroy normal relationships of all kinds, and it will also disappear tomorrow morning by ten o'clock. Its adherents are sex-mad orgiasts who (contrariwise) want to castrate men. It's a hilarious joke with no sense of humor. Women are plotting to turn the tables on men and subject them to hideous indignities; but the whole fuss is really over who washes the dishes. Anyhow, most women don't believe in the "movement" at all; it's the plaything of a handful of highly publicized exhibitionists. Black women and working-class women aren't interested, all feminists are rich, white, and bored, and my secretary likes to make me coffee just as my wife wants to stay home. And if she didn't, I'd (a) fire her and (b) divorce her.

These contradictory descriptions don't attempt serious opposition to the feminist positions. They are, rather, justifications for ignoring the whole thing. I don't set them down to argue with them, for one can't, any more than one can argue with upholders of the Flat Earth theory, if they still exist. Such descriptions are of interest because of their origin. If women are going to respond intelligently, they will need to understand the psychic sources of these disorderly reactions. Where do they come from? Why are they verbalized in these forms? What do they tell us about the distress and uneasiness which women's apparently understandable desire for equality raises in the male breast?

I believe they tell us a great deal about the effect of demands on existing power relationships to alter these relationships, and thus about the fundamental sociopolitical structure of our society. When women ask for equality, this should be seen as an example of what happens when the weak challenge the powerful. I do not believe that one can (leave "should" aside) make a Case for Women and *only* for women, and I believe that until women see this they will waste time and energy fighting all men as if every issue that arises between them were political. In my view, the case for women is a paradigm, a brief in a class action for subordinated groups as a whole against a clumsy, inefficient, and stupidly solipsistic power center. But making a case for women is particularly useful because it is novel, and thus it brings to the surface hitherto undisturbed layers of mythic mental entanglements for our investigation.

The most rational opposition to women's desire to leave their place and move into man's world lies in the pejorative definition of that world as a rat race. This is the premise to quite a good argument, a kind of Catch-23, which goes like this: If women are daft enough to want to get out of the house and into the rat race, that in itself is a very good reason for protecting them from their folly. If they can't tell when they're well off—at home, protected, guaranteed a status, a role, and an identity (while men struggle for all three in the chaotic world of action)—then obviously their tiny minds can't be trusted to handle the work of this world. Leave us men alone in our rat race where we are sacrificing ourselves to keep you women happy.

Quite a few men find this a satisfying formula and it does have a sort of specious plausibility. But *is* the world really a rat race, for the great as well as the weak? If it is, men must be credited with selfless magnanimity. If man's world offers nothing but strain and unpleasure, it seems remarkable that more men wouldn't welcome help in coping with it. When women *do* get out of their place, they are almost universally assigned to the rattiest part of the race, the drudge work. Male magnanimity seems to end at home, and the argument for keeping women there somehow comes to rest on womanly limitations per se, rather than on the unpleasantness of the world they wish to enter.

At once we are back in a contradictory muddle, for the limitations of woman's nature, as usually presented, oppose each other. Women are defined on the one hand as too gentle and fine to do man's work, and on the other as too indecisive, slow, and self-centered. If the two objections are lumped together to say simply that women aren't fitted for man's world, we are still faced with a contradiction from another familiar argument, that their competition will be tough enough to take jobs away from deserving men. This tangle of contradictions suggests that rationalization has usurped the place of reason. When men say, "You don't belong here," they mean, "We don't want you here." I am not surprised that women get angry at that (though it is the first time in history that they *have* got angry at it, which is one reason men are surprised and discountenanced), and their anger will help to reinforce their desire for change. But no one can work effectively for change simply by looking at her own side of the question. If the opposition to equality for women is contradictory, that means its roots run deep, and straightforward argument won't change anything, by itself. If men would be better off listening to women, women would be better off seeing their cause in context.

Elizabeth Janeway, novelist and critic, is the author of *Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology.*

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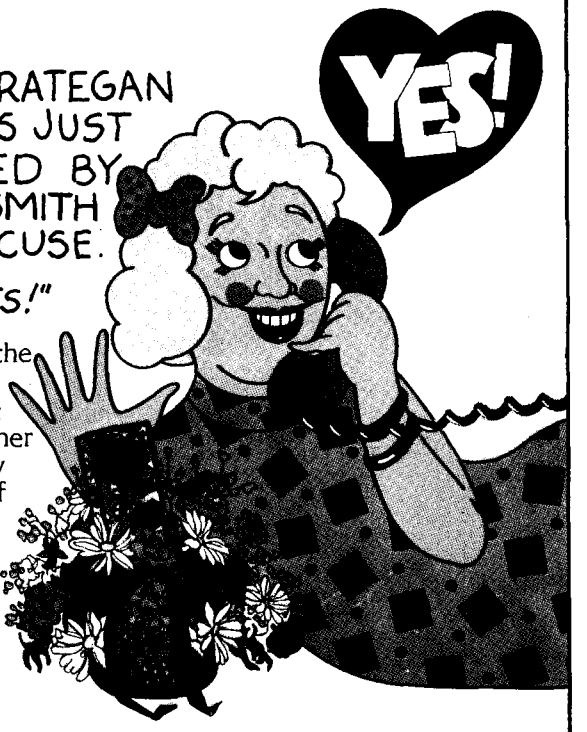

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And, of course, the concept of woman as mystery, woman as "other," is not the only justification in men's minds for their opposition to equality between the sexes. Certainly it's a primary obstacle, as Simone de Beauvoir saw and said long ago. But there's another catch which is less familiar and perhaps less obvious because it is contained within the very term "equality." What does reaching equality mean? For a woman, it is a *step up,* to a level where, like men, she will be in better control of her life and find her ambitions limited by fewer *a priori* barriers.

Unfortunately, and women don't often see this, a step up for women will be seen by many men as a step *down* for men to an inferior level, woman's level. To these men, and they are a vast majority, equality doesn't mean, "A woman is as good as I am"; it means, "I'm no better than she is." Equality *for* women brings more competition, but for those who think of themselves as fair competitors, that isn't shattering. Equality *with* women, however, is something else. If you have been brought up to know that women are inferior—deservedly inferior—how can you accept that? It's shocking, it's insulting, it's UNFAIR.

Worse still—and here we come back to the hidden terror haunting men—doesn't an acceptance of the equality of women cut men off (most men, nondominant men) from the alliance with the powerful which that handy old slogan, "It's a man's world," seems to validate? To divide the world by sex is to bind males—both weak and powerful—together by means of the destiny of anatomy. Take that alliance away, and equate the men who stand outside the elite with women, and you are telling them that they can expect to be treated *like* women, objects, and "others," not doers but done to; and done to, yes, right down to sexual doing. Closing the male/female split means a drastic rearrangement of the barriers between the weak and the powerful. Then not women, but the weak, become the second sex, subordinate, submissive, subject to rape.

Alliance with women removes from men the protection of maleness against rape by the powerful; and though, in our society, the fear of rape by men of men is not often acknowledged, it exists. James Dickey's novel *Deliverance* tapped that fear and gained great force by so doing. The premise underlying this fear is quite clear: if power has no bounds, it will extend to physical misuse. The paradigmatic act of the powerful, performed upon the weak, is rape.

Now, rape need not always be performed by force. In fact, one of the charms of pornography is that it records session after session of guiltless rape in which the powerful are licensed to have their will of the weak because the weak "really like it that way." *Last Tango in Paris* offers a contemporary example which makes brilliant use of currently resonant themes. It is a story of encounter between strangers, which is a fundamental and haunting situation for us today. It is also a situation that invites mythic interpretation because the individual personalities of the man and woman involved are erased, leaving only the central nub of their sexual presence. Only symbolic rape is present here, because the woman accepts subordination and asks for abuse; but we can regard it as psychologically equivalent to physical rape because the relationship involves dominance of female by male to the point which our society usually considers degrading. This is not a matter of moral judgment, but of aesthetics. There is no doubt that the audience is intended to be shocked, and is shocked, by the man's demands and the woman's acquiescence. The heroine—and she is not presented as an individual but rather as a mythic projection of "what they really like"—is depicted as wanting degradation and returning willingly to the male in order to receive it. Even in everyday life, her fiancé is making her the heroine of a documentary film, that is, he's forcing an individual identity on her, and she doesn't like it.

The element of myth is further underlined by the fact that the man has nothing to sustain his superiority except his maleness, which is depicted as his ability to dominate to degradation the girl he meets by chance, and the depersonalized universality of the situation is increased by his insistence on anonymity between them. We are down on bedrock, says this demanding and brilliant film, on physical confrontation outside social norms, a confrontation that can stand for any encounter between man and woman. The lesson of the film is that male superiority is based on dominance of the female, an idyll acted out in a vacuum in obedience to magical law. She is young, beautiful, better-class, indeed, privileged; and none of that matters. In the idyll, in the myth, her pleasure is his power, and his power is shown by her degradation. She wants it that way, just as she does not want the exaltation of her individuality that her filmmaking boyfriend is forcing on her. Incidentally, he is sufficiently male—dominant over her himself—to be doing this without her permission. Either way she is being manipulated.

In the end, as actuality begins to break in with his threat of telling his name and following her home, the truth of the myth is menaced. Life-as-it-is—or rather life-as-it-is according to the film—rises up against life-as-it-ought-to-be. In life-as-it-is, the woman must release herself from the submission she really desires; but she is not strong enough to do so merely by sending her lover away. He is dominant. He won't go. She can free herself only by violence. Even her privileged and protected position cannot make her his equal, and she can win back her autonomy and reassert her identity only by breaking the law which is not strong enough to

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protect her from him, by killing him—leaving us with the moral that it is a law of nature that men are dominant over women, and the only means by which women can, even temporarily and willfully, reverse this edict is by murder. Or, to say it the other way around, equality is nonsense, and women who ask for it are liars who will end by slaughtering men.

If we try to sort out this visceral response to the women's movement, I think we can discern three stages of opposition. The first results from the fact that the movement raises the question of power. It is not simply, or even fundamentally, the demand that women be given a share in power that upsets men; it is that this demand forces upon men a review of their own position. If women are announcing themselves ready to storm the bastions of the Establishment, where does that leave the men who have failed to do so? who have settled down to live out their lives in submission and resignation? And that includes, one way or another, the great majority of men. Suddenly, past the doors of their cells, bursting out of the slave quarters, come women-the-inferiors, invading the corridors of power as if, by merely being human, they had a right to be there. But most men have given up that right in return for a quiet life and some sense of security, for government by law as an acceptable bargain between the weak and the powerful. The idea that women are now refusing to accept this bargain acts as a terrifying, a paralyzing, challenge to men. Either they too must revolt or they must acknowledge themselves lacking in the courage and ambition being shown by their traditionally inferior sisters.

Role-changing, I wrote in *Man's World, Woman's Place,* is hard on everyone but hardest on those members of a relationship who have not themselves initiated the changes in the role relations which they share. It's true that role changers have troubles. Today women who are attempting new roles still find it a daunting challenge to value themselves and their experience and ambitions as seriously as they do those of men. Doubting themselves, they can make unnerving mistakes, fall into negation and the mere reversal of old attitudes instead of working out creative new approaches to the demands of changed reality, and sometimes they despair. But men are worse handicapped by the fact that, in today's shifts in sex-roles, they are not the initiators. Women are motivated and often very strongly so. To the extent that they can contain and control the drive and anger they feel, it helps them. Men, however, would rather have had things left as they were; which means that in the present situation they are actually experiencing the unpleasant sensation of being done to instead of doing, and the anger they perceive among women is frightening. They don't understand that it comes out of past frustration and assume, naturally enough, that it is an augury of future dominance. This observation seems still true, but when I wrote it I had not seen the further point I am making now: the changes women demand are compelling men to rethink their relationship not just to women but to the whole power structure of our society. It is a hard and unwelcome task.

Secondly, there is the very real problem that women's demands mean different things to men from what they mean to women. We have seen how that works with the apparently fair demand for equality. The same difficulty dogs another seemingly uncomplicated statement made by women, of their similarity as human beings. We are not "others," say women, we are human beings like you in whom there exists merely a happenstantial sex difference. We acknowledge that difference, but why should it apply to more than sex? Why should it signify across-the-board differences of nature and capability? Anatomy is not destiny; it is simply anatomy. Let us be whole human beings together, accepting differences between us as individual excellences or defects, not determinants of character.

But the ability of women to see themselves as human beings first and females only second is the product of a change in women's life-experience which has not yet, at any rate, been matched by a corresponding change in men's lives. The acceptance by women of a self-image totally different from the male's is diminishing as women's lifestyles become more like those of men. In the last few months I have gone over a mass of newspaper clippings culled from the New York *Times* in the years from the 1890s to the present, relating to women and their activities. The long-term trend reveals a marked shift in the image of women that emerges: women are more and more seen as approaching the capable, active, involved human norm and leaving "otherness" behind. Their interests grow wider. They are assumed to arrive at their own decisions more frequently. They stop being adjuncts of parents or husbands. The jobs open to them shift from the most menial (saleslgirls, domestics working for pittances, seamstresses, factory operatives, addressers of envelopes) toward the white-collar area, and then beyond it. Eighty years ago, marriage was not just the goal presented as proper to every young girl; marriage without parental consent might well involve elopement: which means that a marriageable girl was still something of an object of barter between father and husband. Fifty years ago, a dating middle-class girl could become a secretary without being immediately declassed. The advantage she gained, however, was not independence, but rather freedom from the absolute necessity of accepting the first man who asked her hand in marriage. Her job

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Of course, being a civilized car, the 164's interior provides other civilities. Such as 10-outlet air-conditioning for when you are hot, a heated driver's seat for when you are cold, power steering, and about the same legroom and trunk space of some of the largest luxury sedans made.

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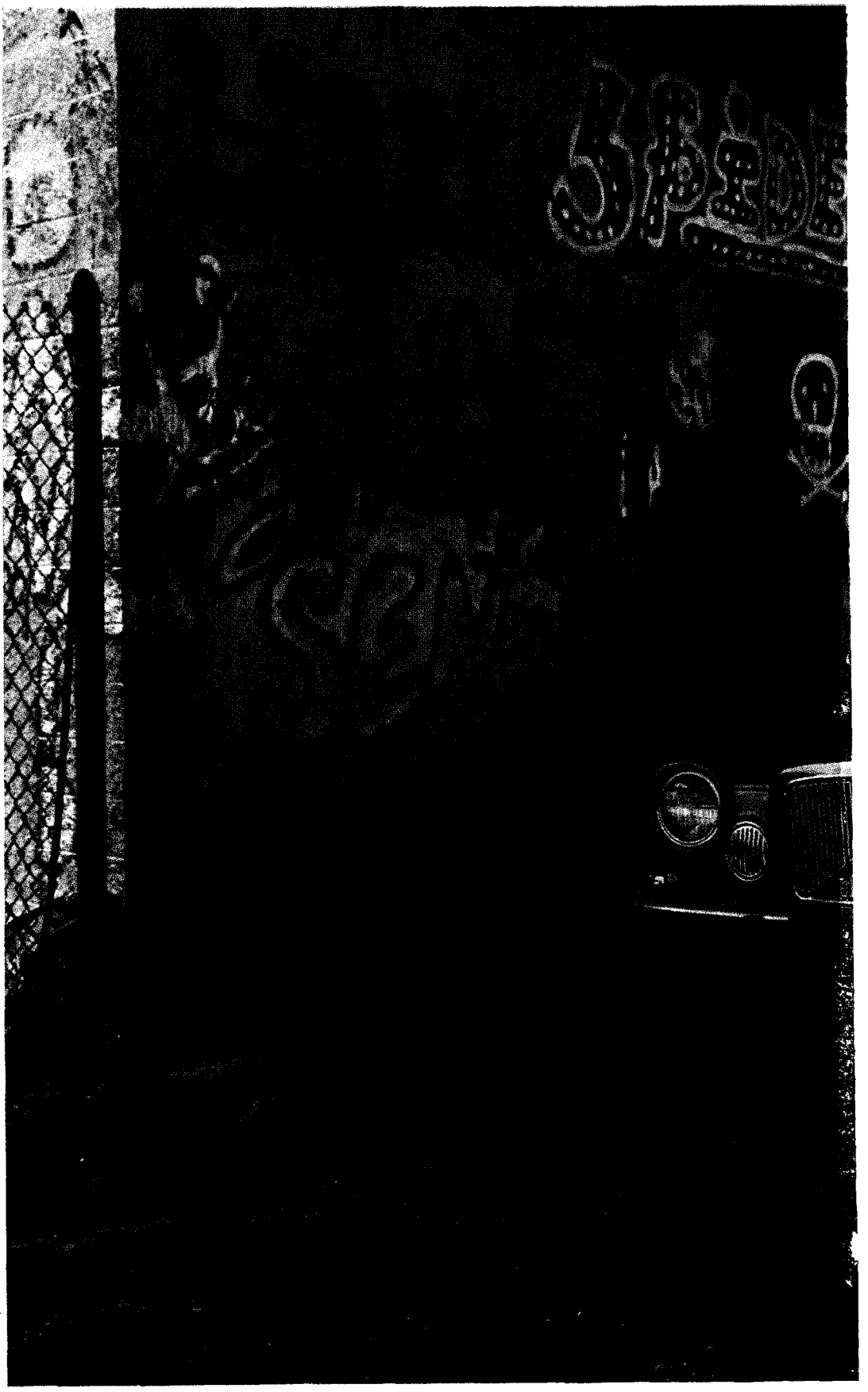

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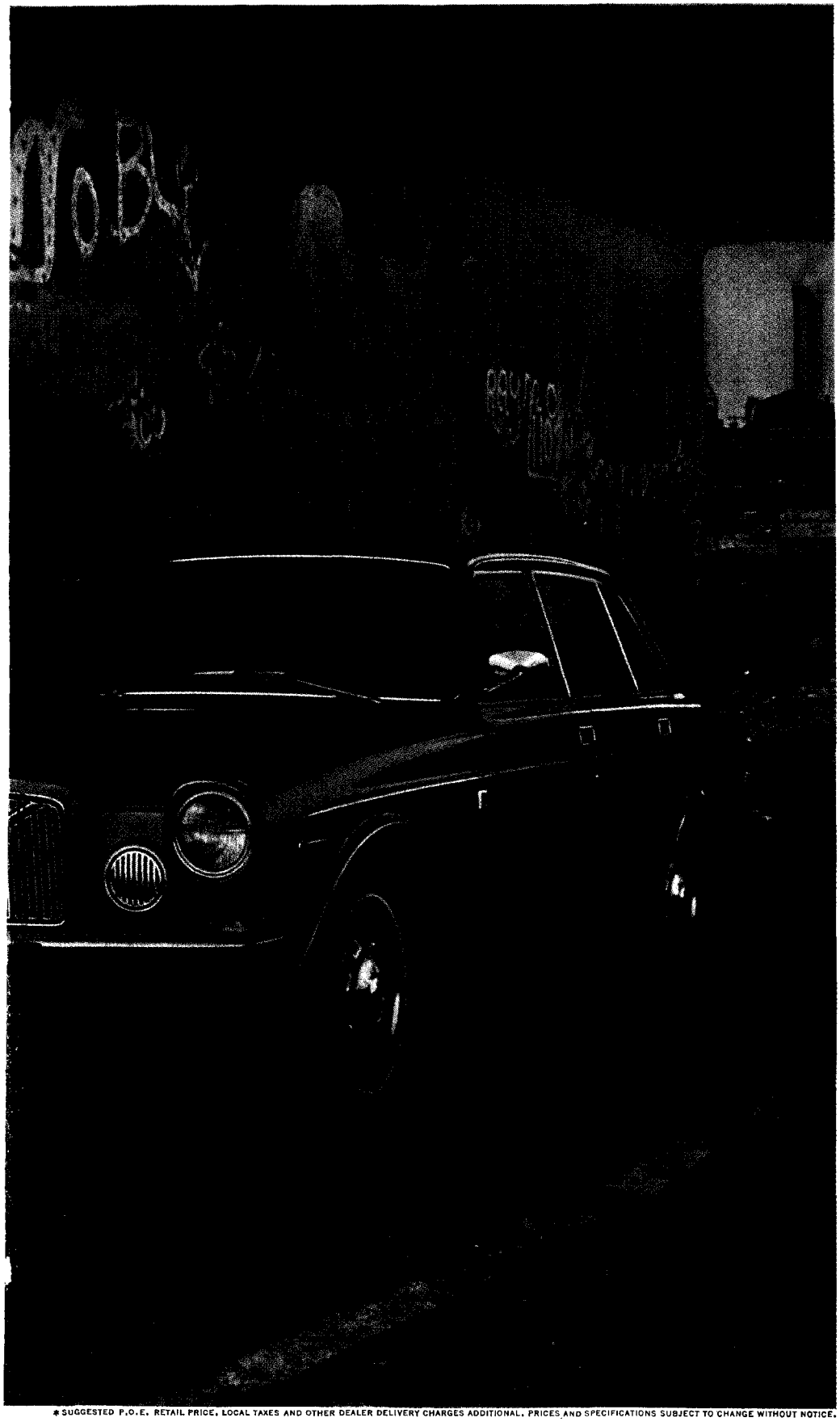

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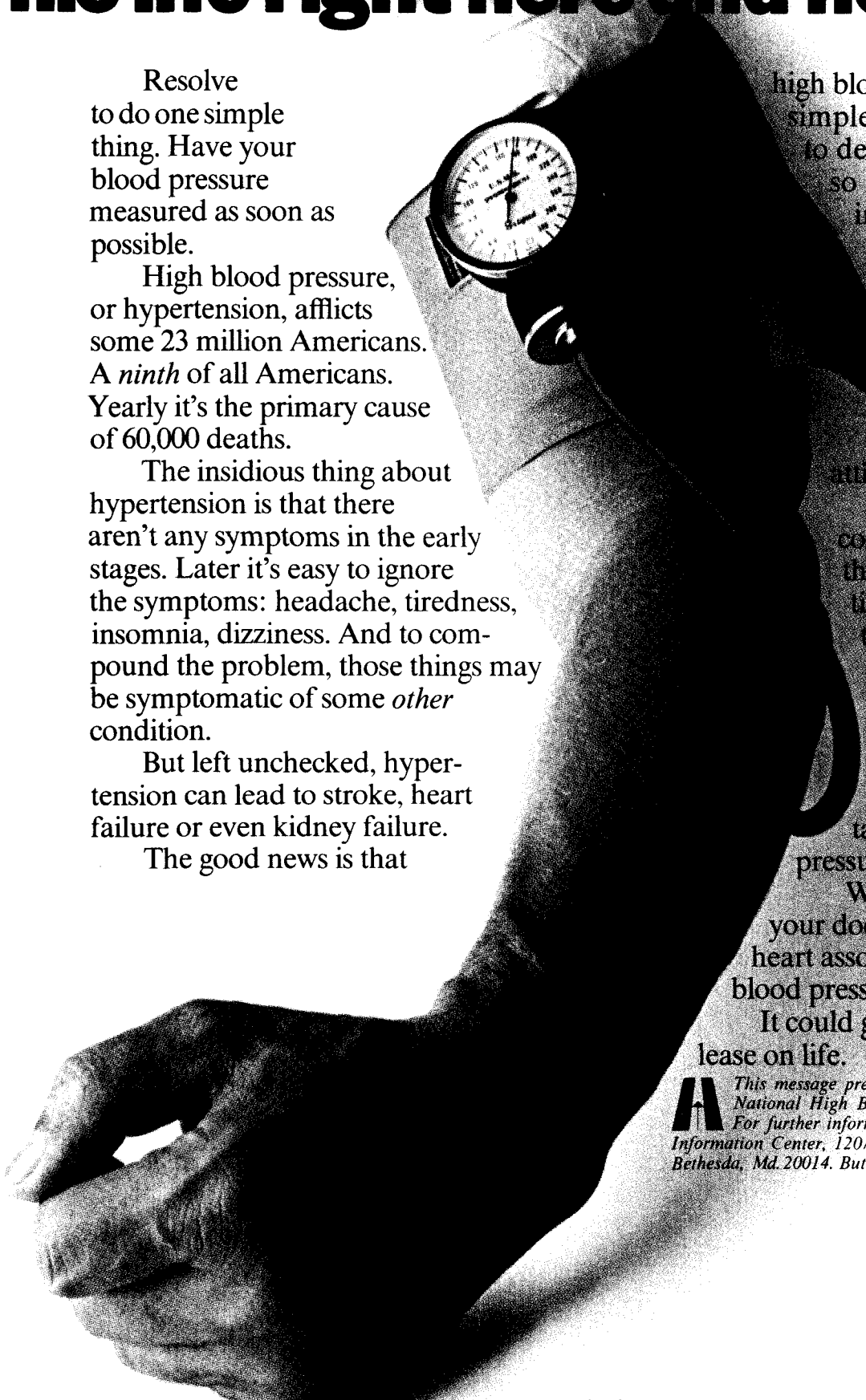

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was not thought of as a career, but as a chance to build up a dowry for herself and gain her a better choice of marriage partner. Career women were things apart, and not expected to marry at all.

Today, middle-class women are very much somewhere else. I have talked to enough of them in the last three years, in cities and small towns across the country, to bear witness to the transformation. If middle-class ideals are still influential, we must factor into American attitudes the idea that growing up and getting married to Mr. Right is now a very old-fashioned dream. It's a nice idea, but it isn't enough. The normal expectation now includes some kind of career-vocation-job which will continue to occupy and interest one throughout life, which is simply to say that women now, more than ever before, see their lives as being much more like the lives of men.

This shift of image is more than mere wishful thinking. The women's movement is a response to fundamental social and economic changes, changes that are long-term, continuing, and which affect women's lives both inside and outside the home. The number and proportion of women in the labor force grow every year. The proportion now stands at 40 percent and gives the push toward upper-level jobs a basis in logic and practice that didn't exist at the time of the first feminist wave. Young women are moving into the professions at a faster and faster clip. The increasing numbers of women law students who began their studies in 1970 are hitting the job market now and will become more obvious every year. Applications to medical school among women have also begun to rise. Young women in industry are less and less willing to be shunted off into lower management jobs, with top-level promotion going to a token few. In politics, women are increasingly active at neighborhood, county, and municipal levels, where they are able to command a power base that is not dependent on tactical appointment by male bosses. In time, they will move up.

This is the experience behind the questioning of happy-wife-and-motherdom as a total goal. Underlining the experience is the reason for it. Most of these women workers are not out in man's world primarily to find self-fulfillment. They are working because their families need the money. Very few men really grasp the fact that working women rarely have an option to work or not. Too many discussions of women at work assume they could all stay home if they wanted to. But six million women are heads of households, and at least sixteen million more bring in the wages that keep their families above the poverty line. With prices of food and fuel and housing and transport and education climbing steadily, more and more families are coming to depend on a second paycheck. Publicly rather than privately, the income of working wives has been a very important source of economic growth in America since the war, perhaps the most important. If a growth economy makes jobs, which is a fundamental tenet of our American creed, these working women are making jobs for men and other women, not cutting men out of the labor force.

It's true that most women at work are working in women's jobs, which are definable as routine, dead-end, and low-paid. But they are jobs in man's world, and that means that women's lives are coming closer and closer to approximate men's lives, particularly, of course, the lives of nondominant men who are also likely to hold the more routine and lower-paid jobs. The effect of this pattern on women is to reduce their sense of themselves as deserving that label of "other." In the workaday world, what distinguishes them from men is not their sex so much as their failure to hold and exercise power, a distinction that seems to bring them closer to the men who fall at the lower end of the power spectrum.

To many men, however, this identification of interests does not exist. Some of the toughest opposition to the equal rights amendment has been mounted by unions, an interesting measure of the depth of repugnance within nondominant men toward the idea of equality with women. Union leaders who *prefer* a divided labor movement to giving women equality (and a shot at overtime pay) are clearly motivated by forces beyond the reach of logic.

The third aspect of the opposition by nondominant men to women's demands is grounded in men's need to retain the image of woman as "other." That's connected, of course, with the idea of woman as inferior, most obviously (as de Beauvoir pointed out) because if you are the *first* sex, you will be the setter of norms, not the deviates who must be defined in "other" terms. But being "other" signifies a great many things besides being inferior, and these aspects of "otherness" quite often seem to men to have positive values. Women who want to be regarded as human beings first, and female only incidentally, upset the old, long-standing value system in what seems to men an ungracious and ungrateful way. This lapse is what provokes all those jokes about opening doors and pulling out chairs and rising when a woman enters the room, for these gestures have been the honorifics, so to speak, of the traditional male/female relationship, pointing up the sex difference. The to-do about minor manners seems nonsensical to rational women, but when we maintain that, we are being simpleminded, not rational. Minor manners could give rise to such a fuss only by symbolizing something else, something important.

Indeed, Professor Laurel Richardson Walum of Ohio State University enlivened the proceedings of last fall's meeting of the American Sociological As-

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sociation by delivering a paper on "The Changing Door Ceremony." Professor Walum's students were enlisted to invade public places and deliberately violate the regular ritual of door-opening, in which the female modestly steps aside, "demonstrating frailty, ineptitude and a need for protection," and waits till the male opens the door, thus displaying "the male virtues of physical strength, mechanical ability, worldliness, self-confidence and efficacy." Who would have thought so much could be read from door ritual? But its violation produced confusion and embarrassment, and allowed Professor Walum to conclude that "the hand that holds the door-knob rules the world."

But why do men need to have women accept the role of "other"? What positive value can there be to such a position? I believe that the value lies not just in pushing women out of competition in man's world, but in the fact that this apartness serves to keep alive a different system of values, another set of norms and goods. "Others" (women) serve as repositories for ideals and life-styles which men feel they cannot themselves take on, but which, they suspect, may have some potential usefulness. These values have been significant in the past and sometimes are still given lip service as virtues. And while they haven't much relevance to one's day-to-day activity, one doesn't quite like to kill them off.

Let us glance at one. In an earlier age, most normal human beings (that is, men) were unable to disguise from themselves the fact of their inequality with the power-elite, an unpleasant fact which is rather better hidden today by our relative affluence and our less oppressive political system. When such inequality was a constant aspect of daily life, Christian humility was a socially useful ideal, often preached and sometimes practiced. For the oppressed, it justified their oppression, and thus allowed those who might otherwise have foundered in shame to support lives they could not change.

If it is argued that they could have changed their lives by successful determined revolt, and that Christian humility functioned to keep them from revolting, I can counter only by saying that, in fact, it didn't. Other, millennial Christian ideals nurtured a long series of peasant rebellions, all of which were ultimately unsuccessful. As long as rebellions were doomed to failure, the ideal of humility had the positive value of shielding those who had failed from seeing themselves as failures. At the point when modern times and technology made it possible for rebellions to succeed—sometime in the eighteenth century—humility became a virtue not so much of the weak per se as of women. And since it may become useful once again, at some future date, it remains a part of the female hoard of virtues, stored for safe keeping till needed.

One function of "otherness," then, is social, to preserve archaic attitudes and once useful character traits against a day when they may once more meet a need. Concomitantly, the personal use to men of woman-as-other (and honor again to De Beauvoir for her exposition of the point) is as a locus for projection by the First Sex of its desires, needs, and fears, so that emotions which can't be allowed full play in "real life" can be somehow absorbed or transformed. All wives and most secretaries expect to be dumped on now and then, not just as confidantes to whom frustrations can be reported but as surrogates on whom they can be vented. Not that all the emotions projected onto women by men are angry, any more than they are all lustful urges toward sex objects. Woman-as-other provides a focus for many needs and yearnings: for tenderness, given and asked for, for maternal protection, for divine assurance, for support against forces of depersonalization, for evidence of the existence of self-sacrifice and loving-kindness. Women are thought of by men (and thus they are instructed to be) as upholders and transmitters of high virtues and values. They are validators of emotions and interpreters of experience. To men, this seems a role of great dignity and nobility, an elevation. Why do women refuse the pedestal?

How very hard it is for women to make clear that by becoming a terribly necessary aspect of someone else's life, one ceases to be a person in oneself. To accept that one is "other" rather than human is to deny one's identity *as* a human and feel one's own personality as obtrusive, clouding the mirror one is supposed to be.

And how very hard it is for men to accept women's need to take on the unworthy (it seems to them) everydayness of mere human personality! For if women are simply people, no better and no worse than men, where are men's dreams to roost? Who will forgive them for their trespasses? Who will accept the sins they cannot accept themselves, minister to the needs that shame them, reflect their view of the world back to them unchanged and so make it real, echo their curses and confirm their creeds? Isn't that power? men ask. What more do they want?

To come back for a moment to *Last Tango in Paris,* we should regard it not just as a counter-assertion against women's demands, but as an expression of need. It declares that the acquiescence of women in men's sexual acts—that is, in their desperate reach for transcendence and a connection to the sacred—is the way men validate their sense of themselves, of their very right to exist and enforce demands and be assuaged for pain and anger and frustration, and that this right is paramount, essential to life. The existence of power depends on the right to dominate. Take it away, and men will cease to be men, which means that by "becoming men" women are threatening men with "becoming women"—that is, with having to acknowledge no identity except that shared one of weakness.

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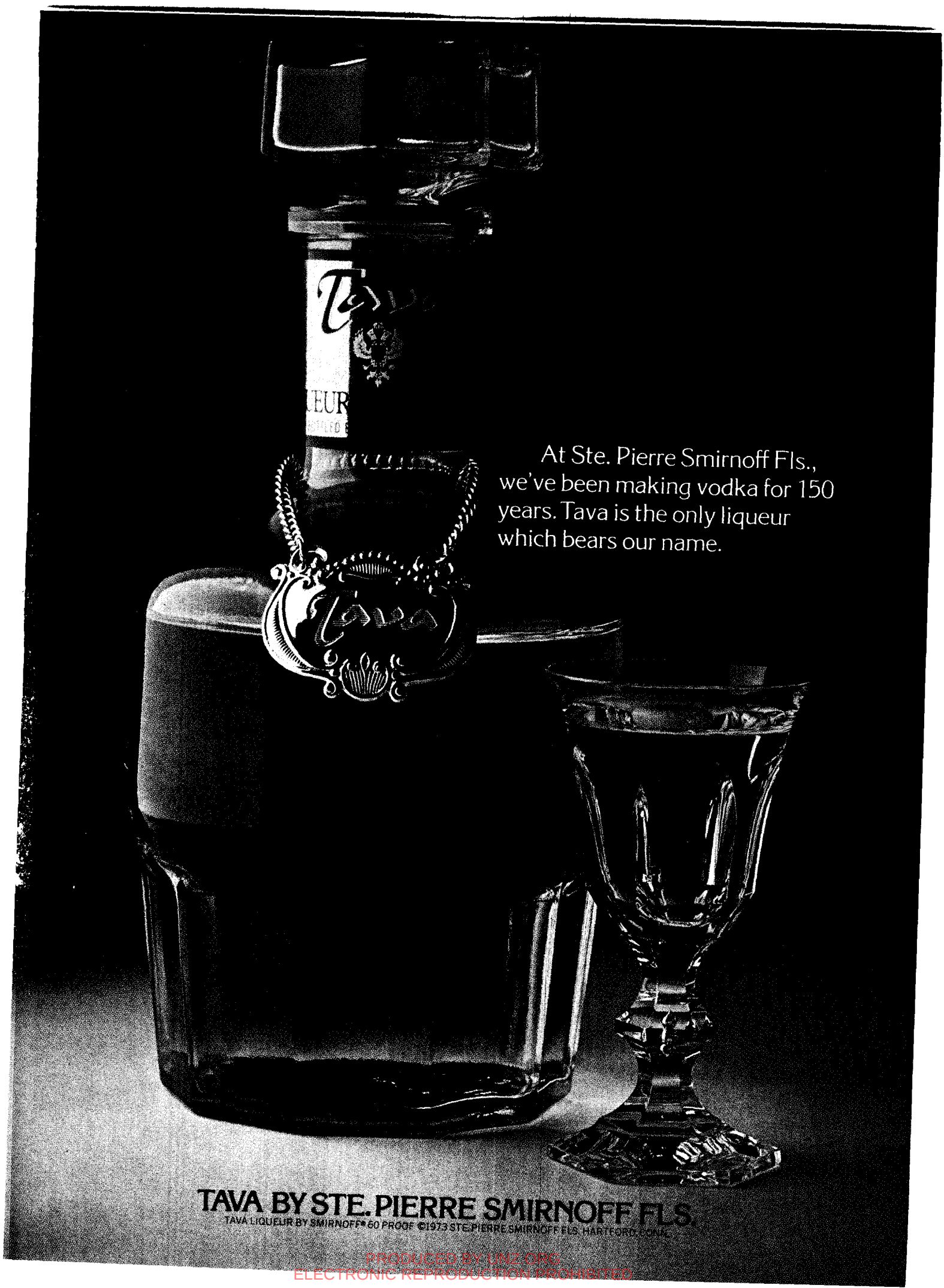

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Air is our special world, our theater of operations, the place we love and know best. It's also what keeps us in business.

People keep us in business, too. Like the 200 million passengers the scheduled airlines will fly this year, and our 300,000 airline employees. People who all need and want the cleanest air they can get.

The nation's scheduled airlines have a larger stake than most other industries in keeping the air clean. And we've been working for years to do just that.

Take the big, new, wide-bodied jets now coming into service. The engines that power these planes are smokeless and far quieter than their predecessors, and produce 95 percent less total emissions per passenger than were generated by the piston engines we once used.

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Emissions from all airliners now cause only about *1 percent* of the nation's total air pollution, but we are still battling the problem.

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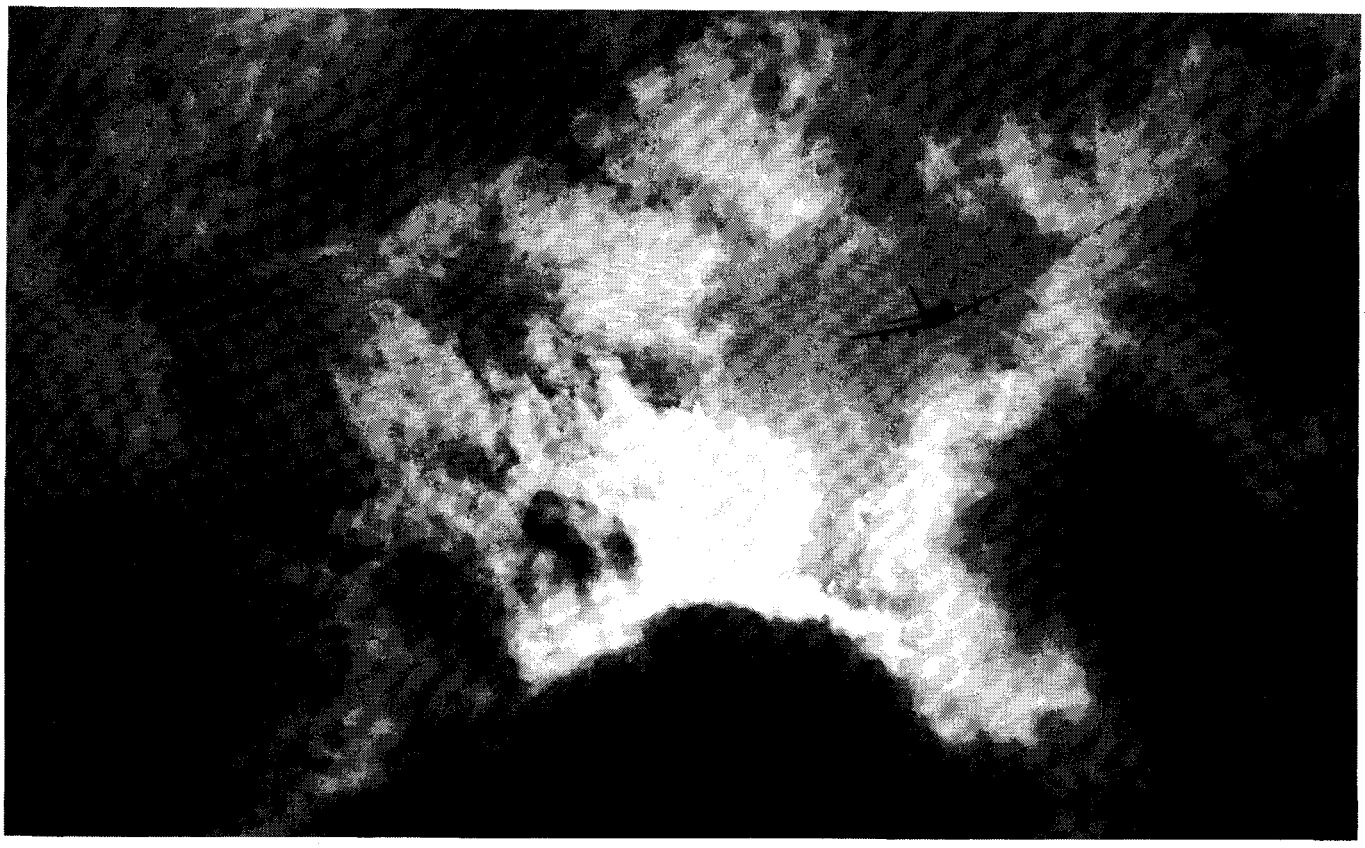

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The air we fly in is the air you breathe...and we never forget it.

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The powerful male, of course, dominates easily and is shielded from constant frustration. The weak men, who suffer daily hurt, know what it is to be inferior. For them, women have become the only territory on which their daring and drive can prove itself. And so, for them, woman must be "other," a nameless and faceless creature with the right to say Yes, but not No. We see these fantasies spelled out in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* and the other magazines of this nature. They normalize the premises of pornography and assure their readers that dominance is right, by surrounding these battered egos with a world full of female puppets who can be clothed in dreams and desires without intruding unwelcome personalities. The women's movement can see all that, but what it overlooks is the need behind it, the terrible need to dominate *something*. If your sense of inferiority persuades you that you can't successfully dominate another human being, you are going to try to find a puppet.

In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where I visited this past flood season, the equal rights amendment was coming up for discussion in the legislature. Its support is largely respectable and middle-class—rational, I guess you'd say. Its opposition runs a gamut, but it certainly reaches beyond the rational. The night before I arrived in town, a furious female opponent had taken to the airwaves and castigated the local chapter of the National Organization of Women (which in Baton Rouge is about as radical as the League of Women Voters) for upholding homosexuality and aiming to castrate normal males. The members of NOW whom I met were almost more astounded by the attack than they were angry, and one saw—as with Nixon's henchmen when Watergate brought them to the surface—how useful the numbing shock effect of calculated effrontery can be. But Madame X was not simply outrageous; she was aiming her outrages well, for she invoked the deep fear that equality for women means that men will be treated *like* women, will be faced with the alternatives of choosing to act the woman's sexual role (homosexuality) or being turned into eunuchs by castration. To admit one's equality with women means taking on membership in the second sex among creatures who are not quite human, who are not protected by bonds of fellow feeling, whose alliance with the powerful has been lost and, with it, their protection against use and misuse, and abuse of all sorts. It means sporting a badge as engulfing of hope and possibilities as the yellow star Jews wore in Hitler's Germany.

Put at its simplest, men whose experience has taught them that equality between weak and powerful doesn't exist find it intensely difficult to imagine that admitting women to equality will not somehow jeopardize their own insecure position. The idea that joining with women to oppose the power structure might be profitable is regarded as ludicrous: how could you profit by taking on an ally weaker than yourself? Your losses, on the contrary, are clear: the only sure security you have is that guaranteed by women's inferior place. Dissolving the sex difference will accentuate the power difference. It will drop you into the limbo where exploitation doesn't just happen, it is sanctioned.

To say these are nightmare fears doesn't make them easier to deal with. Can they be dealt with at all? Or is the nascent women's movement going to spawn a bitter and disruptive backlash that will stop it in its tracks? There is, of course, no easy answer. We are certainly going to get some backlash, though more important than verbal attack will be the continuance of inaction which the attacks serve to justify. The idea that women are going to climb easily into positions of power because fairness demands that they be represented according to their numbers is naïve; and, in fact, few women take seriously government rulings on equal employment as effective in themselves. They will have to be invoked and enforced by repeated court action. But despair over the prospect is also naïve, because so much has already happened. The economic and technological base for a world polarized by sex into dual systems of occupation and behavior began to vanish years ago. The strength of the women's movement doesn't lie in its rhetoric, but in the fact that it is a response (diverse and unorganized still, and the better for it) to changed realities. One such reality is a very different kind of family structure from what we still frame as ideal, much reduced in sheer numbers, reduced in necessary or useful activities, in specialness—the tide of television gives children a common, non-family-related world of experience as soon as they can talk—and greatly reduced in active relations to a wider community. Such relations are now individual, not made as a family group.

Economic needs now pull families apart instead of supporting their existence as working groups. Working mothers and wives aren't new, but today they must leave the home to earn, and though that too began years ago, only in the last generation has support to working mothers from relatives, neighbors, and hired help dwindled to practically zero. The demand for child-care centers, for example, is forced on women by the present situation. For most working mothers the alternative is untrained baby sitters, custodial day care with other untrained women in their homes—or the street and an empty (except for TV) apartment.

Equally, the isolation of the family has reinforced the effort to bring fathers closer into child care and housework. It's a response (good in itself but inadequate) to the lack of community support for the family and to our American social mobility that separates young couples from their families.

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Communes and cluster-living may help in time, but they are not only still disapproved socially, they seem to many to involve too great a loss of privacy. To be brief, a great many of our widespread contemporary problems have surfaced first, or in slightly different but acute form, in women's lives because they affect the family drastically. All too often they have been seen exclusively as family problems, personal dilemmas. The isolation of women from one another, each tucked away in her nuclear family, leaves a woman to grope with difficulties that may well have been thrust on her by society in the belief that she can solve them by herself. One real reward that the women's movement has brought us all is the increasing realization that a lot of family upsets are not unique, but instead the result of social dislocations. Understanding the nature of these upsets makes them easier to cope with because it not only brings in the social context, it gets rid of personal guilt.

Women can't solve these problems by themselves, or by male/female argument. They are bound up with the accepted social system as sustained by the power structure. But women at least are aware of them. I believe that intelligent men will start listening harder to what women are telling them about the realities they find themselves facing, once they understand that these are offshoots of larger difficulties that show themselves in other areas.

For what it's worth, my own feeling about the future of the sexes is hopeful. Partly my optimism is based on as objective and historical-minded a judgment as I can come to. The fact that men's and women's lives are becoming more alike seems to me to open doors to understanding and affectionate friendship between them. In addition, the increased ability of women to look after themselves as independent beings suggests that when they give love, it will be real love, not a hypocritical sham exacted by their dependence and often hiding secret resentment. I don't at all believe, as Erich Fromm does, that polarization of the sexes is necessary for a sound relationship between them. At any rate, it doesn't guarantee it, or how explain the large amount of homosexuality present in two such polarized societies as Periclean Greece and Victorian England? No, it seems to me that getting rid of sexual stereotypes can only enlarge the variety of *petites différences* which add a spice to affection.

Beyond objectivity, I find myself unable to ignore my old novelist's sense of mood. I have met an awful lot of liberated women in the last three years, and the constant impression they make is sheer enjoyment of life and good-feeling with each other. That is indeed a personal reaction, but it may be worth recording as an offset to the constant recurrence of sad tales about unhappy and lonesome women who have chosen feminism and therefore (!) left their mates, to their everlasting regret. The New York press seems rather to specialize in these cautionary fables; and while I don't agree with Spiro Agnew's view of effete Eastern journalism, it is only fair to say that things seemed different in Arkansas, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Oregon, and Iowa; in Missouri, Florida, Virginia, Michigan, Massachusetts, western Pennsylvania, upstate New York, and some way stations that I have overlooked. Most of the women I have run into and talked with are married, or see no reason why they may not be; lots of them have children, they are coping with jobs or with studies too, and they have been overwhelmingly energetic, cheerful, funny, and good-natured. They were also, those I met, of all ages, many backgrounds, and several colors. Discount my impression by all means, by whatever amount you desire, but it was everywhere the same, and everywhere positive.

Out of this experience and cogitation let me make two recommendations for future discourse between the sexes. I think women would do well to widen the context in which they see their needs and present their demands. A change in sex roles is a challenge to personal dominance and to political power both; to men as individuals and to a male caste which has a stake in separating itself from women, or at least thinks it has. I believe also that women would profit by a study of power and its workings. They might even produce some effective new techniques just because they come fresh to macro-politics, but they also need to see how such political action differs from private tussles over domination in the personal sphere.

As for men, I suggest that more of them listen more to women, and listen with the possibility in mind that some of what women say may not only be serious but even sensible. For the first time in history, perhaps, it is women's experience which is changing faster and more radically than that of men. In itself that bears witness to the profundity of the changes and it might alert men to the value of taking a look at them. Certainly it will not be easy to overcome men's fears of the effects of change in woman's role and image, but these fears are grounded in a mythology that is less and less in tune with social actuality. Mythologies do change as their support falls away, and perhaps we might find some cheer in the fact that men who habitually work with women, as equals in man's world, seem to be less disturbed by the ideas of equality for women than men who don't. In part, men's fear of equality is based on ignorance of how such a situation would work in practice. Our best evidence that the situation can work comes from the experience of those who have been living with it, and that seems to me realistically heartening. □

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has worked his magic... after you've done everything you can to make a fine wine,
you need one thing more to make it great: time.

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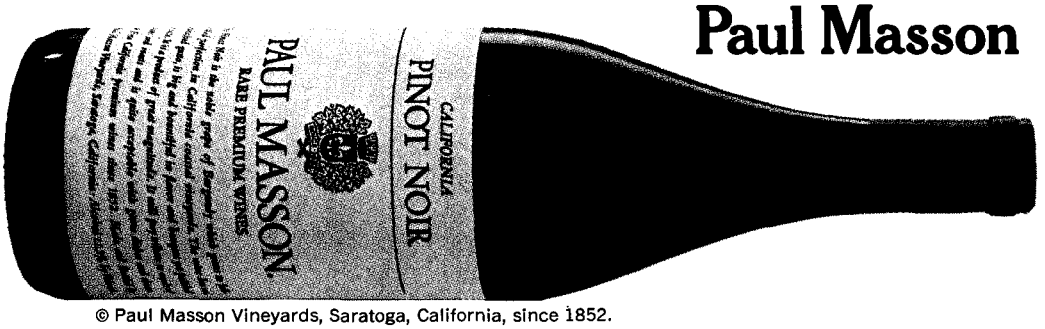
Paul Masson



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coats, ready to drive her for the tests. Mary Louise must have seen the pie in the kitchen, untouched. I had arrived home either a minute too soon or a minute too late. Had a nervous conversation with Bernie about paper and the flu epidemic. She left without a word to me. Don't know if she gave them trouble or not. Fat Mary Louise helped her down the walk. Bernie kept looking back at them, pretending to look at me, waving twice.

Wish I had started keeping this book long ago, so I wouldn't look back through it and read only about familiar routines.

Could do something different today, talk to neighbors, take a bus to the zoo, but that would seem disrespectful while Mrs. Edway is being tested.

Could get rid of the book and all the Xerox paper inserts, but I'd miss it, and she'd miss having cause to dislike me because I'm always writing in secret, refusing to show it to her. Would she be disappointed? She probably remembers what the last few years have been like. There aren't any fantasies. I could go back and write endearments in the margins, or at the end of the pages. Ink wouldn't match. She couldn't read the small writing anyway. Calling her Mrs. Edway is a form of endearment, I suppose.

Afternoon: rolled pastry crust for the meat pies. Almost forgot book delivery. The messenger came in spite of the snow, carrying two history books and three novels. She stopped long enough to stroke the kitten. Kitten won't use its box, uses the corners of the dining room. House smells a little bad. Went for some air, dressed very warmly. Nobody at the pond today. Sign still up at the inn. One two three four. We used to keep track of the number of steps it was from one place to another: between the pond and inn, for instance, or from the house to the field on top of the hill. She'd try to confuse me by counting out loud, and she took two steps for every one of mine.

When she was pregnant I stuffed a feather pillow under my shirt and walked around, colliding with her. Maybe that's why Bernie got dizzy when he was a child.

Evening: Mealybug discovered on "Victor Blue" during a routine check. Leave it there? Let all the plants be contaminated? Go out in the snowstorm and catch the flu? Stop answering the door when the messenger comes? Get no grocery list Tuesday night, do no shopping Wednesday? Take the kitten to the Humane Society? Feeling sorry for myself. Mrs. Edway tells me to spray the plant with malathion. She wants to save "Victor Blue" even though she says she will d--.

Night: Bad television reception because of the storm. A secret vote to see if we want to listen to the radio, if possible. Two No's. She calls for a vote about what she said earlier. Hers Yes, mine No.

Sunday

Discovered some of her old samplers: "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall/Jesus Loves Us One and All." Another: "In Heaven There Is Work and Play/Half of Each Makes Up Our Day."

A notice in the mail this morning, signed "Suzie Duncan, Your Girl Scout Representative," informing us that cookies had been re-ordered, but there would be a two-to-three-week delay. A depressing thought: the posthumous delivery of Girl Scout mints.

Mystery of *Romeo and Juliet* solved, book found in old box of signed agreements that had been carried upstairs. Called the messenger, apologized. Mrs. Edway got the number for me. Still don't know the messenger's name. Good she answered and not her parents.

She calls for another vote. Still a tie, of course. Now I have an advantage on my side, though. She came right out and asked if she could read the book I'd been keeping before k------ herself. I told her I'd discovered the old samplers. She was angry and accused me of spying on her because I know she can't climb stairs. I think she wants to read this to find out whether I've secretly loved or hated her all these years. It wouldn't be fair for her to get all this when I'd only have three incidents or facts imparted to me, written on sheets of Xerox paper not large enough to hold much information. It's the best she can do, she says. We take a secret vote on whether we should keep arguing: one Yes, one No. More talk about d---- later in the afternoon. She asks if I resist the idea because I want to see her suffer, smug in her assumption that that's what the book says.

Night. Petite marmite.

A phone call from Mary Louise's priest, who identifies himself as Father Donnelly and explains that he knows we are not Catholic, but that Mary Louise has been very upset and he felt he might offer words of consolation. The words he offers are references to books of the Bible: numbers, suggested psalms. Told him that "In Heaven There Is Work and Play/Half of Each Makes Up Our Day." He had no ready answer.

Keep thinking of what I'd do. Wouldn't want to stay in the house—not just because I'd have bad memories, but because I'm tired of the house. Violets are too much trouble. I complain to her about the problem it would create, and she suggests we d-- together.

Tea and bed.

Monday

Took care of violets. A little worried about "Pledge of Pink," but no signs of mealybugs. Mrs. Edway inspected with a magnifying glass to prove me wrong, but after careful examination no argument resulted.

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shades the note with her hand when she sees me looking.

Two cowboys die, shot by another cowboy on horseback. The rest of the movie shows the cowboy's dog walking home without his master, and the wife of one of the dead cowboys standing on the front porch staring curiously at the dog, who slinks under the porch. The wife goes down the stairs to look at the dog. Program interrupted by delivery boy from drugstore. Embarrassed to say I nearly tipped him a nickel instead of a quarter. Usually keep that nickel separate from my other change because it's an Indian head. Mrs. Edway sits stirring the batter for carrot bread. The movie depresses her and she speaks bitterly against Bernie for not calling, wonders what will happen to the inn across the street when it's sold. She asks how many years we've lived in the house, and I tell her fifty. She gets confused when she's tired. She tosses the kitten a ball of yarn that is nearly as big as the animal itself. The kitten circles it. She asks what we decided to name the kitten. No use lying, telling her the name I like; if it doesn't ring a bell, she won't believe me. "Rainbow," I tell her all the same. She nods. I suspect she's not tired, but in pain.

She feels better later and says she doesn't remember discussing the kitten's name. Where is the piece of paper on which we agreed? The pieces of paper are piled next to the Xerox paper, in boxes I bring back from the food store. Of course I can't produce the evidence. She wins her point and goes to bed.

The weather forecast is for snow.

Thursday

Bernie came in the afternoon, brought her a pumpkin pie Mary Louise made and a package of the new paper for me.

Bad news, but Bernie says they won't know how bad until more tests are made.

No snow yet. No decision about name.

Friday

She couldn't see the small illustrations in *Man Meets Dog,* so I copied them on large sheets of paper. Copied four of them. We've enjoyed the book more than *The Red and the Black.* Secret vote revealed that neither was sorry we had a kitten instead of a puppy.

The news has gotten around. She can't blame me because I didn't go out yesterday or today. She had two phone calls, both of them from women offering encouragement. She was polite and didn't talk long, but long enough to find out that it was Mary Louise who told them.

She won't eat the pie Bernie brought. She looked through her cookbooks today and found the recipe for apple, and has made an early store list, including the ingredients she'll need. She doesn't criticize Mary Louise for telling people what the doctor said, but she talks about Mary Louise's Catholicism and complains that she's more narrow-minded than the Pope. How foolish she is to think she'll go to purgatory because she's sterile!

She asks me if I remember the night she tried to talk Bernie out of marrying Mary Louise. I do. We talk about it, careful not to overestimate the extent to which Bernie lost his temper. Bernie never would listen to advice.

An uncomfortable moment when Mary Louise cried on the phone and said she had been to church to pray.

Two new violets have taken root.

Watched the sunset. Sky was very bright before the storm began. The colors disappeared in a second and were replaced by fast rolling clouds and then the snow. Tried to take a picture with the Polaroid, but the sky darkened too fast. Very windy. Didn't stay out long because of the flu epidemic. She watched me from inside the house—face looked like a ghost's because of the fluorescent light shining around her. Used to read ghost stories to each other. For years she hasn't wanted to hear them. She used to get frightened and dive for cover, under the afghan, into the pillows, even though the plots were familiar. Finally cleaned, got rid of the old books last summer. She laughed when she found *The Lives of the Angels* that Mary Louise gave her for Christmas: a whole book filled with drawings of the angelic hierarchy, faint lines made with a thin pen point, pastel colors swirling behind them like the sky before the snow.

Trying not to think about it.

I do all the reading now because the years have proved that I'm the better reader. I cook better too, although she still fixes a few specialties. I'm not responsible for the flourishing violets—only do what she tells me. Keep track of what was done when by making notes on a calendar hanging above the plants, with pictures of specimen violets on it—a bonus from her violet association for subscribing for ten years.

Trivia.

Kitten's ripped up pieces of wool all over the rug.

Maybe it would cheer her up if I told her about the toothpaste.

Glanced at *The Charterhouse of Parma* and am thinking of putting it in the pile to be returned, pretending we've finished the week's reading.

A television special tonight on the astronauts.

Who's supposed to arrange for the tests?

Saturday

When I got back, Bernie's car was parked outside. They were standing in the doorway in their

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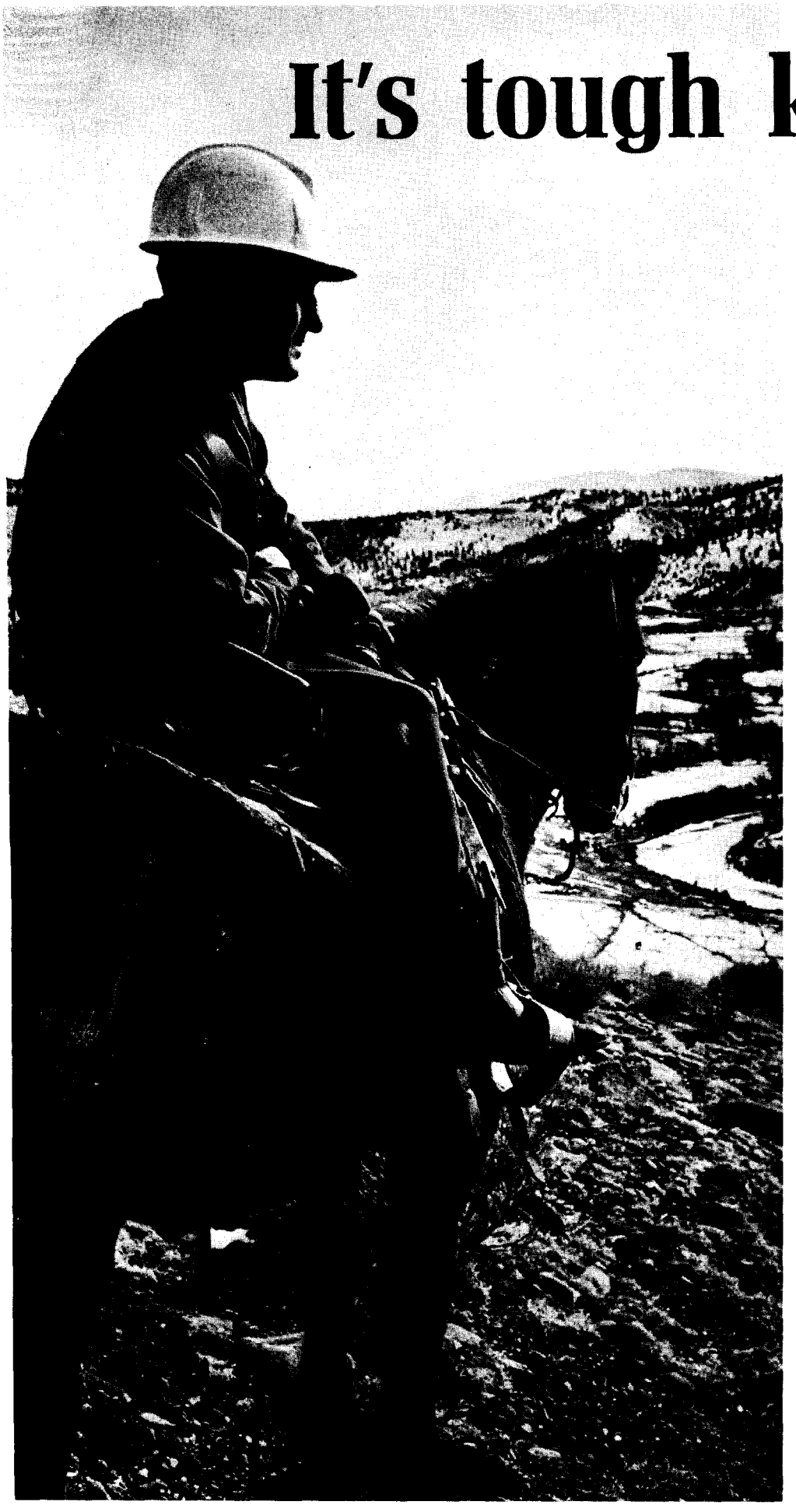
It's tough keeping a jump ahead



. . . but that's our job. We've been doing it for nearly forty years.

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And we knew, even then, we were taking on a commitment to the future . . . to provide adequate, dependable power to keep pace with the changing needs of rural America.

We're doing that, and more.

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Today, we're working harder than ever to do our part in finding solutions to America's energy problems . . . to live up to our commitment to all who have, or want to, put down roots in communities we serve.

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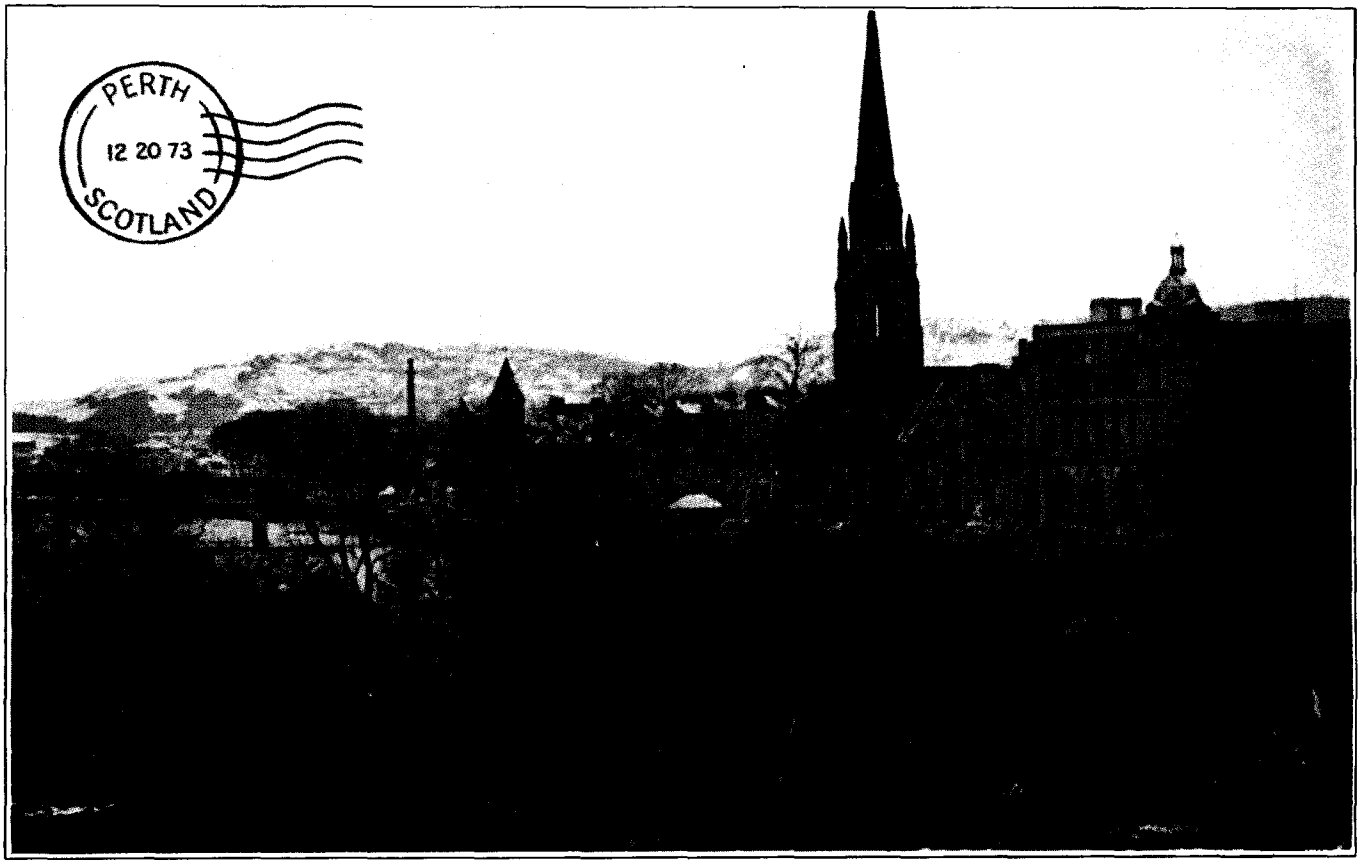
Perth sends you its Best for the Holidays



We do not have much snow in Perth. It is said that we gave it to America to make your Holidays brighter.

Along with the snow go our best wishes . . . and our good whisky.

We don't miss the snow. And we always keep enough Dewar's "White Label" over here to toast a few friends of our own. The season would be mighty cold without that!

Authentic.

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"White Label"
Dewar's never varies.

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Walked by the frozen pond, where children were ice-skating. One child recognized us, a girl about eleven, and asked if she should stop by with a selection of Girl Scout cookies. A nice little girl—remembered her from last year. Mrs. Edway knew her name, I think, but wouldn't say it in front of me. She points up my deficiencies, such as forgetting names, by not helping out. She knows the messenger's name, too, but won't use it. Am waiting to ask the favor about the kitten because things are still strained between us. Looked for *Romeo and Juliet* myself. No luck. Told the messenger it had to be either here or there. She is convinced it is here and has arranged to stop by with a friend after school. I think her job may be in jeopardy and will suggest to Mrs. Edway that she offer to repay the library for the loss and to assume responsibility.

Mrs. Edway's cousin from San Francisco mailed her a belated birthday gift: an embroidered picture of the Eiffel Tower, *La Tour Eiffel* in black cross-stitch at the bottom. Took a secret vote to see if it should be hung: "Yes." We decided on the dining room without having to vote. Mrs. Edway wrote a note to the librarian offering to replace the book before I suggested it. She leaves the envelopes for me to lick and seal because she doesn't like the taste. Peeked before I mailed it, but the note didn't mention the messenger's name.

Fell asleep in the afternoon after the episode in which Julien wishes he had died in M. de Renal's garden. Dinner was late, and I didn't concentrate as much as usual on the preparation because I was trying to piece together the nightmare I'd had, about a plane circling a garden. Someone had asked questions of me, and the correct answer would allow the plane to land. If Mrs. Edway slept when I did, she didn't say. I awoke to see her examining a magazine close to her face. She always looks over the top of her magazine to let me know she is aware I'm dozing. When she dozes, I ignore it.

She makes a shopping list for Wednesday. I have my own little private joke about the list: she can't see well and lists toothpaste every week, although she has over a hundred tubes in reserve, and I keep buying them, stacking them up so if her vision improves and she sees them we will have something to argue about. We can well afford the toothpaste—no harm done. We spend some time, while the food cooks, making lists of vegetables and meats we will both eat, then buy seven dinners of items we have both agreed upon. She has added a few things to the list when she gives it to me: a hairnet, vitamins, toothpaste (I laugh to myself).

Chicken casserole and tossed salad for dinner. She asks me if it is iceberg lettuce. I chopped it small on purpose, knowing she'd ask. I answer that it is romaine. No argument.

Search parties have gone out for the plane.

Mrs. Edway answers the phone. It is the messenger, who says she was kept after school and hopes we weren't inconvenienced waiting for her. Sensing that things have turned around a bit, I ask for the phone and tell the messenger that we are replacing the book. I inquire about the kitten. She thinks she knows where she can get one and promises to call back.

Wednesday

Pushing the grocery cart back from the store, I see a car parked in front of the house. Dr. Yeusa received my note in the morning mail. He is a thin man with curly, bushy hair and small silver-rimmed glasses. Mrs. Edway and the doctor look at each other over the tops of their glasses. She refuses to stand when asked, and asks him to join her on the couch. I will fix them tea. She is angry with me for what I have done, so surely I will at least fix tea. She allows the doctor to question her. It is a pain in the stomach that usually comes only at night. He takes her blood pressure; she turns her head to avoid looking. She sees the bad leaves on the violet, the ones I forgot to mention, and gets up, the device still wrapped around her arm. On her way back from the violets the doctor blocks her way and examines her abdomen. He takes a blood sample and puts it out of sight in his bag at tea-drinking time. Before he leaves he phones in a prescription for sedatives.

She will not speak to me.

There is a knock at the door. Mrs. Edway says, "I like the mint and the assorted." But it isn't the Girl Scout. It's another girl, and she's brought a basket of kittens, all six weeks old she says. She takes the blanket off. Mrs. Edway and I study the contents. We each write on a slip of paper which ones each likes. Her slip reads: gray and white, all gray, the largest kitten. Mine: gray, multicolored, orange-ish one. We confer; yes, by "the largest kitten" she meant the multicolored one. So it is narrowed down to that one or the gray one. I tell her that either is all right with me. She chooses the multicolored kitten. The girl stares, even after we have chosen. No, she says, they're free, and leaves the house.

I offer the kitten a can of liver, but it seems uninterested and walks off to explore the kitchen.

Dinner: liver and onions, succotash, pound cake. Lately we have been arguing about the necessity of both a green and a yellow vegetable daily, now that vitamin pills are so fashionable. I fix dinner, so she gets both, but the idea of having to eat them for good health gives us something to talk about. To annoy me, she used to finish her vegetables *and* take a vitamin pill. Now, since I shop, I ignore vitamin pills when they are on the list.

On one of my pieces of paper she has begun a thank-you note. I see "Merci, Celeste," but she

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She is looking through a magazine now, holding it close to her face. I suspect she is studying ads for cat food. The pictures show so clearly which brand contains more liver that it will not be necessary to vote when it comes time. What a coincidence that she received a free coupon for creamy liver dinner in the mail this morning. Is it the same brand pictured in the magazine?

Bernie just called to check on things. Xerox has developed an improved reproduction-machine paper. He is going to a convention to describe the new product to clients. He tells me his mind will be at rest if I persuade her to see a doctor before he leaves town.

The messenger has come and gone. *Romeo and Juliet* was not accounted for when she returned the books we had finished to the library today. She told me the book had to be in this house, because it was not in her house. She described putting the pile on her bureau and removing the pile this morning to return on her way to school. She carried them in a book bag, so she could not have dropped the book. I tried to treat the subject lightly and asked, "Wherefore art thou, book?" as she sprawled to look under the bed. Wanted to ask about the kitten, but she seemed very agitated. Decided to wait until Saturday. She made a thorough search of all but one room, and did not have time to do that because it was her lunch hour, and she had to return to school.

I raised what I thought might be a touchy subject: a charcoal filter for the spigot. She agreed.

Abandoned *Confessions of Z* for *The Red and the Black.* Listened to Brahms. Dinner of crab-stuffed flounder, lima beans, and corn. She went to bed an hour earlier than usual, not feeling well again.

Tuesday

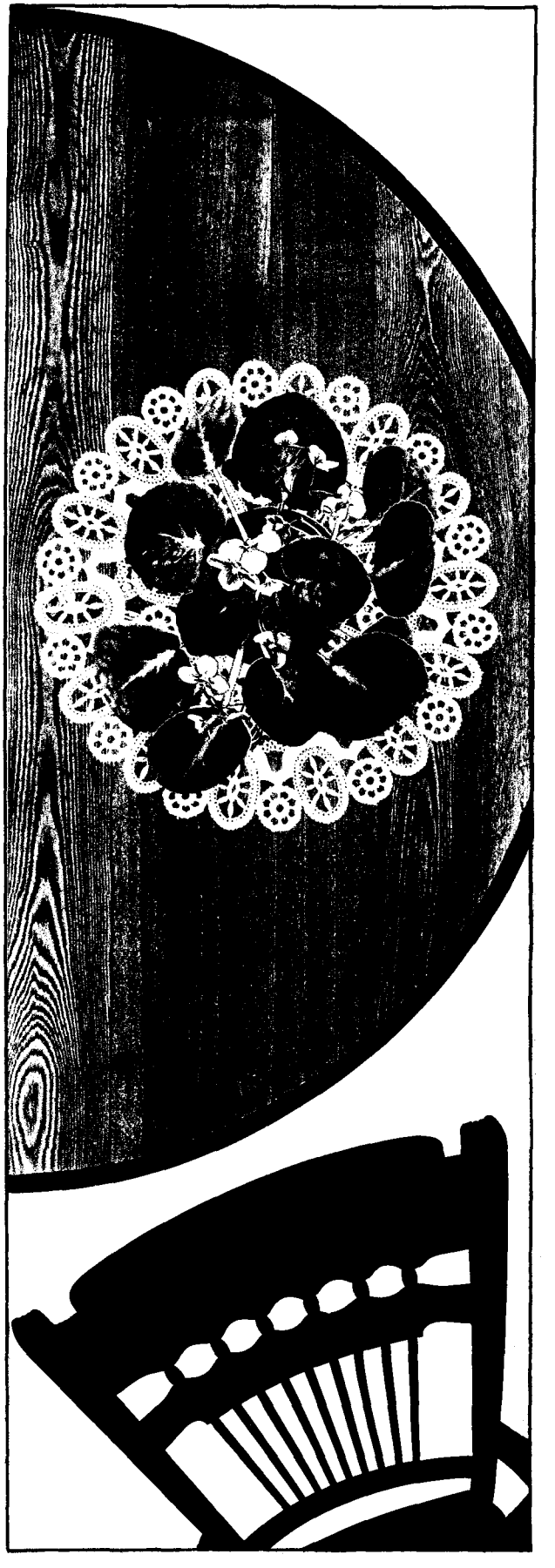
Arose early, prepared pancake batter for breakfast. Wrote two notes: one to the mail-order house for a charcoal filter, the other to Dr. Yeusa. The messenger arrived just as I finished writing. She was distraught and said she must find *Romeo and Juliet.* The search ended in vain at 8:30 when she had to leave for school.

Must call Mrs. Edway's attention to "High Hopes"—two withering leaves.

She slept through the phone call from Bernie, allowing me to tell him that I had contacted the doctor, asking him to stop by unannounced. He thanked me, promised a supply of the new Xerox paper.

When she awakens we will have breakfast and take the Tuesday stroll.

Radio bulletin about a missing two-engine plane.



Ann Beattie is in the Ph.D. program at the University of Connecticut where she also teaches freshman English.

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VICTOR BLUE

An Atlantic "First" by Ann Beattie

Monday

Took monthly leaf cuttings to send to her friends in the violet association. Other than that, all routine: turning on fluorescent light, usual watering from dish beneath the pot. Store delivered decorative pots. Now the inside pots must be carefully lifted so that none of the delicate leaves snap. A tricky business. My fingers must not touch the leaves. The clay pots must be centered exactly in the decorative pots, then misted from a distance of two feet. Mrs. Edway has inspected them carefully to be certain there are no bruised leaves. After unjust complaint yesterday, put ice water on the violets today to get even. Wilted a little. Shook my head with her as she called the violets "temperamental." Annoyed me by talking about too many articles she'd read in the violet association publication. Made note to discard next issue of the magazine in post office when I pick up the mail. She calls the mails "unreliable." She has been crankier than usual. I suspect her pain is worse, but after years of marriage I know better than to ask. Mrs. Edway has always had her secrets.

Yesterday I began reading *Confessions of Z.* Next to be read are *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma.* It sounds as though we are literate people. Also in the pile are *The Silver Chalice, French Science-fiction Stories,* and *Man Meets Dog.* Every time I read to her she reminds me how lucky we are that the librarian's mother is her personal friend, so the librarian sends us books by messenger every Saturday at noon, when the library closes. I am not sure whether the books are selected by the librarian or by the messenger, who is a young schoolgirl of racially mixed parentage. Sometimes, as Mrs. Edway called to my attention, we receive a selection of books from authors whose names follow alphabetically: Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Flaubert. Other times there seems to be little method in the selection. Mrs. Edway and I agree, however, that we should be grateful for the service, which began when Mrs. Edway (who had donated half a dozen specimen violets to the reading room of the library) wrote a note to the librarian saying that she would no longer be able to make a weekly inspection of the violets because of her poor health; in fact, she would no longer be able to use the library at all. Our service began the week the note was delivered. On that occasion the librarian came herself, dropping off several anthologies of English and American literature. She declined to stay, although she did wait long enough to be given several Food'N'Bloom pellets.

Something interesting happened: after careful consideration as to whether we wanted a dog or a cat or nothing, we voted secretly, on separate pieces of paper, which we held up at the same time, so that one couldn't change his mind after seeing what the other had written. Each of us had written "cat." Next Saturday I will ask the messenger if any of her schoolmates have kittens they want to give away.

Mrs. Edway sees me writing and asks who I think is going to read all this. She is jealous for two reasons: I am using Xerox paper that Bernie brings me (he brings his father Xerox paper, while he brings his mother nothing), and because I have not begun the afternoon reading yet. I am not much interested in *Confessions of Z* and may call for a vote as to whether we should continue with it. She is cranky today because she did not have a good night, and if she suspects that I am not calling for the vote just out of routine, she is sure to answer "yes."

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Newton "failed to see with the eyes of the spirit." That was the complaint about him which the poet Goethe made. Newton seemed to have closed the books on color research, however inadvertently; and Goethe boldly opened them once more. His own elaborate "Theory of Color" was predicated more upon happenings in the inner eye than upon observable and measurable vibrations of light in the physical atmosphere. For this reason, contemporary scientists laughed off Goethe's intensely serious efforts in the field of external and internal optics. Hence the poet's bitter quarrel with Newton's ghost.

Today, at long last, Goethe is coming to be recognized as the philosophical father of what is called "the psychology of color." There is nothing wrong with the science which he began, psychologists now say; but it really belongs to them. No one can quarrel with their claim, so long as it be understood that the "psyche" in "psychology" is something real as steel and concrete, and not a sheer tissue of illusions to be scissored up.

That essential point was made plain not so long ago in an Oxford lecture by the great physicist Erwin Schrödinger. The world, Schrödinger said, "is given once, not twice." It is single, not dual. No actual split exists, in other words, between the external world which we "see" and the internal world which we "know." Things are not real out there and false inside ourselves. Nor are they false out there and real only in us.

Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth must necessarily embrace both objective and subjective matters on an equal basis. Those two aspects of reality complete each other, like darkness and light, to create a unity, and that unity is the world. One should go further still, however, before bringing the present black and white sketch of color to a halt. There is no perception without a factual side. Similarly, no facts outside the world; nothing totally cut off, unperceived.

We get nowhere near the true nature of color, for example, until we can see it as a continuous flow. There is a dark Thames which divides London, and perhaps a more luminous Thames in the mind of such a man as Monet somewhere; but they are the same river, not discontinuous. Subjective color cannot exist separately from the shades of the river out there. Objective color cannot glow or flow by itself, either.

We speak these days of "spacetime" as a unity available to mathematics and to scientific theory, as it has always been present for human experience. The day will come when we speak of fact-percept in the same way. We still need the terms "objective" and "subjective," it seems. We still require some dichotomy between "science" and "art," even. But only for purposes of discussion. Science and art are not at war. Inside and outside do not disagree. It is we who do battle with ourselves perhaps unnecessarily. Every molecule, atom, and phosphor, in the air and in our minds as well, flows bannered with reciprocal color.

I conclude with the vision of the Prophet Ezekiel. He saw a wheel within a wheel; both were spinning independently and together as well. Such was the shape of his fact-percept, his intuition of a cosmic wholeness which really exists. Now, Isaac Newton also achieved such an intuition, in his own way. Within the wheeling colors he perceived a principle, expressed physically in what a prism can do. The poet Goethe, for his part, combed a new science of color from the seeming white light of thought. And what did Monet do?

The painter laid hold of the big, two-hearted Thames which is reality. Looking through the tip of his paintbrush, he dissolved Rouen Cathedral and built it up again. He set water lilies of color afloat upon the colors of the water lily. All these things proved possible for Monet to do. Why? Because they were not conjuring tricks. They were the sensitive and precise actions of someone who understood color in its very nature. □

NIGHT SAIL

The sail
rattles and opens
cups
fills with wind
balancing
white
a comet
whose tail froths
starless
we come about
heel over
the rail sinks
into silence
I lean
holding a line
daring myself
to be healed
the sail
like a hand
closes
over the moon
we kneel
are baptized
in blackness.

by Judith Minty

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what would be your physical body, provided your physical body had a place in this meditation. What colors are inside of one's body? What color is the spinal fluid, for example, or the blood? These questions might seem easy to answer at first, but in point of fact they remain unanswerable. Spilled blood is red, plainly; yet who can guess what color it may take while pulsing in the dark of the heart?

Now for a more difficult exercise which follows naturally from the first two. Imagine blue as before, but imagine it arising and spreading at one side of you, not directly in front. Let it come up at your left hand, or your right, whichever you instinctively prefer. Now imagine yellow arising and spreading from the opposite side. The world of blue and the world of yellow meet and merge over your head. They do the same beneath your feet. The blurred band of their merging will be a particular green hue. That green, again, belongs to you. It is a mixture of your own blue and your own yellow; your own darkness and light. Perhaps you have been in an aeroplane at dawn or twilight and seen with your physical eyes a horizontal green band of a similar hue.

The concluding color exercise for the inner eye which I will now suggest is somewhat more difficult than the first three. If you have time and interest enough, repeat your total immersion first in blue and then in yellow. After that, put yourself back in the green refulgence between the two.

Now you are in nature, as it were. If your contemplative effort has been sufficiently and above all quietly sincere, you are sure to feel rather relaxed and even happy at this stage of the proceeding. There is something good about resting in the long grass of this color of yours, poised between darkness and light. What makes the next step difficult, in fact, is your psychological state of comfort. Ask yourself, anyhow, to rise up imaginatively; up through and out of the green that you seem to be in. Go straight up, not looking for anything but feeling the direction which you are taking. Your physical eyes must remain closed, of course, as has been the case throughout each of the foregoing exercises. But now you are not being asked to visualize a color world of any description; you are required to fly blind. The green which you have left behind swirls far below you now like some iceberg-bearing arctic ocean. You have closed the lid of your inner eye. Still, it envisions a vanishing afterglow of green. Meanwhile, your hands or their nonphysical equivalents, stretched out on either side like wing tips, seem almost to touch blue and yellow. You soar in imagination, like some sun-blinded eagle. Now, and only now, when you are quite ready, let the eye of your imagination open. It will see color first, there in the highest infinite emptiness. What color? Only you can answer that.

Exercises like the ones I have outlined are practiced by people of many different religions and philosophies all over the world. For thousands of years, this has been so. Chinese adepts often found that the final color to which they came resembled that of a ripe, glowing peach, a peach upon the Tree of Immortality. A Renaissance alchemist stated, on the contrary, that he arrived at "the blood-red Poppy of the Rock."

We have been talking about contemplative seeing. Intellectual insight is something else again. Some call it a still subtler and higher development of human capabilities. Others disagree. But let's turn now from visionary experience and find out what can be done with more coolly intellectual picturing or "model-building." The strength of this second approach is that it enables one to take in systems at a glance, including color systems. For example:

Think of an equilateral triangle. At its apex, set that "blood-red Poppy of the Rock." Down in the right-hand corner, or the left, put radiant yellow. Let dark blue occupy the final corner. Here you see the so-called "primary colors" laid out in such a way as to represent the diurnal balance of nighttime and daytime, with the red sun of sunrise and sunset at its apex.

Intersect a down-pointing triangle with the one above to create a Star of David in your mind. Fill its corners with the so-called secondary colors which complement the primary ones: green, orange, and purple. The lowest point of the star will be green, between blue and yellow. Orange radiates out between yellow and red, and purple between red and blue. All that is relatively easy to see, once you wipe the words out of your consciousness and look at it directly. There is a Star of David and it scintillates in the deliberate dark of your thoughts. Now spin it. You will see a color wheel, simple and grand.

Isaac Newton possessed, if any man ever did, lucid intellectual vision of the "model-building" sort. He was able to demonstrate that each color has a specific and measurable wavelength. Newton's tool for this experiment was a simple prism. He used that to break the white light streaming in through the shutters of his room at Cambridge University into rainbow bands. Newton was revered until very recently. In our time, the mathematics upon which he relied, and the cosmology which he proposed, have been superseded. We owe a great deal to him all the same. Newton can hardly be blamed because the systems which he offered were limited in various respects. It is in the very nature of rigorous intellectual systems that they must possess strictly defined limits. Conversely, imaginative vision is a vague enterprise, more question than answer. One's own temperament may tilt toward science, or toward art perhaps. The subjective and objective paths are equally valid, and equally frustrating.

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ephemeral, the evanescent, the ever-potential, like a breath released from the body.

Clear it is that Monet remained, right to the end, in full command of his medium. Were it not true, the Orangerie panels would not work such strange enchantment upon visitor after visitor. But the word "medium" must, in this instance, be understood to cover a great deal besides oil paints. Monet's own area of command covered far more than the triangle formed between those filmy, sunken eyes and that dripping brush tip. It also took in a whole gray mountainous continent, valleyed with rainbows, between Monet's eyes and the back of his head.

Vision involves not just the eye but the mind as well. Nobody knows, at least not yet, what happens once the optic nerve has coded the light impressions on the retina and transferred them to the brain. All we can say is that thinking and feeling are involved in seeing, when one pays attention. Looking with attention is not a merely physical function. Perhaps 90 percent of that activity is performed in an area of electrochemical energy interchanges which are entirely beyond the range of present-day scientific measurement. I therefore venture to propose that although the poor, translucent jelly of old Monet's eyeballs was clouded with cataracts, his interior vision was so brilliantly clear as to be able to make marvelous new truth out of the dim signals it recorded.

Imagination, in its first and most important meaning, is simply a technique for apprehending reality. We make an image in the mind of everything outside ourselves which we regard attentively. That is imagination in its simplest sense. Over the hours and years, we store impressions of reality somehow inside ourselves, although the way in which this happens has remained an utter mystery. Imagination makes images from such stored material as well. It constantly combines those images with each other, and with current visual data. These are secondary elaborations of the imaginative function.

There is a third process, difficult to describe and yet fairly easy to perform. One can create images "out of thin air." That happens all the time, when we dream. It can occur in waking life also. When it does, it is not daydreaming but something relatively real. We feel that we perceive directly, without the aid of the sense of sight.

Certain exercises have been designed to develop that subjective process in relation to color. Anyone who practices them will find that in the course of time they do definitely enhance his perception of colors in the external, physical world as well. The proof is in the experience, however. The exercises which I myself find useful, for example, possess no inherent logic. Therefore no one will be convinced of their worth or pertinence unless he takes pains to try one or two.

Put yourself at ease, preferably in a sitting position. You need to be at rest for what follows, yet if you lie down there is a danger of drifting off to sleep. Close your eyes and deliberately tune out the sound-tapes of verbal commentary spinning in your head. Experience silence. Pictures arise inside you; blur them out as well. Paint over them a single blue color. Or let the blue obscure the images that first came to you, as a rising mist might do. There is an infinity of hues and shades, of course, which can be called blue. For example, there is the blue that you used to see when you lay out on a mountaintop in childhood, gazing up into an astonishingly deep-colored, cloudless sky. But whatever the blue which you choose for this exercise, it belongs to no one else and cannot be communicated either in pictures or in words. Let it fill the whole field; let it spread even beyond what seem to be the limits of your vision in imagination. Let it be behind you as well as in front of you; let this blue be all around you. The question arises, what are you now? What occupies the center of the blue nothing or the blue everything which you now seem to be experiencing?

There is perhaps an orange flame, a small one, flickering and glowing at the blue's center. It seems to be about where your own heart might beat, provided your physical self were any part of this meditation. The color of the orange, like the color of the blue surround, is yours and yours alone. No one will ever see it except you. Respect, then, its lonely and flickering integrity. Only you can cherish, or even see, that particular flame in the blue infinite.

Now imagine yellow, in the same way that you imagined blue previously. You will find the yellow spreads more quickly than did the blue, to every horizon of your imaginative vision. Yellow is expansive. Yet then again, it tatters easily. There may be parts of the yellow sphere you are in which turn muddy or dark, as if bruised by the blackness of outer space pressing in upon your bubble of yellow light. Stay in the bubble, though. Create more yellow, imaginatively, to keep outer darkness away. Let yellow light expand in all directions, like the rays of the sun. At the center of this expansion there must be something. What is it? Not a flickering orange spark like that which held the center of blue, but a drifting speck or cinder of purple. This purple, too, is yours and yours only. It stands in complementary relation to the ever expanding air bubble of yellow sunlight which your imagination has made.

Like negative space, a mote of purple seems to move somewhere deep in the bone marrow of

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Alexander Eliot's books about art include *Sight and Insight.*

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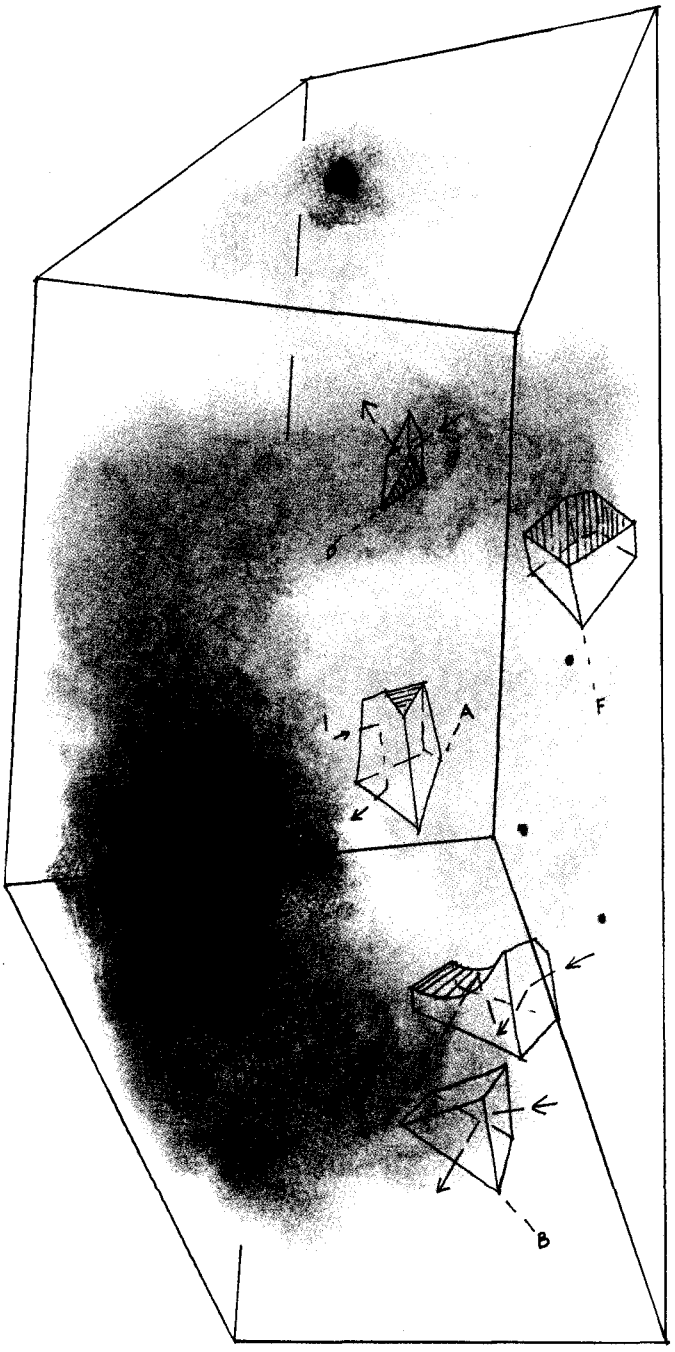
DID MONET SEE WHAT HE THOUGHT HE SAW?

by Alexander Eliot



"To put it bluntly, the fat old man who painted the great water-lily panels was very nearly blind at the time."

Claude Monet altogether dominated the Impressionist exhibition organized by the Arts Council of London last summer. The French master had received his first success in London, and often painted the Thames. He made that drearily mucky, dark-bosomed tidal river wind back and flow new again, liquefied mother-of-pearl. It looked as if Monet had deliberately glamorized the Thames, and other subjects as well.

One honest journalist traveled to the French city of Rouen and took a long, hard look at the cathedral there. Monet had pictured its façade, dozens of times, in canvases which glow with rose and lilac colors. But, said the reporter, the cathedral was nothing but grimy, gray stone. Yet Monet himself claimed to paint just what he saw—not what he saw in imagination, but what he saw with his physical eyes. When he repeated that claim, as he often did, was the painter lying in his teeth? It is not easy to see what advantage Monet might have expected to gain from insisting on a palpable whopper. Perhaps, then, he told the truth as it appeared to him. Does this mean that he suffered some sort of delusions or color hallucinations? Did he imagine that there were colors emanating from the things before his eyes, colors not visible to other people? Was Monet unable to see the world as it really looks? Did he envision it only through a dreamy haze of his own wishes? And can this be what we value in him: a kind of visual fiction?

I say no. In my opinion, Monet did paint what he saw every time; whether from the Thames Embankment, or at Rouen, or in fields of haystacks, or beside the water-lily pond at the bottom of his own garden. He actually saw colors, I believe, which would be invisible to most people.

The world is by no means dull in color. But human eyes, or rather our abilities to visualize, are relatively dull. Here biography brings me up short, however. Monet's physical eyesight was weak. In age, he had to contend with cataracts. To put it bluntly, the fat old man who painted the great water-lily panels at the Orangerie in Paris was very nearly blind at the time. Did he even know what colors he was using? Some critics have seriously asked that question. Yet, like the late quartets of stone-deaf Beethoven, these vast late masterpieces from the brush of fumbling, blear-eyed old Monet represent the culmination of his life's work.

To enter the Orangerie and let one's own physical and imaginative vision swim within the oval wombs of water woven with flowers which Monet designed for the rooms there is an experience of a timeless kind. One seems to be dying back into the

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How the war was lost but the wine was won

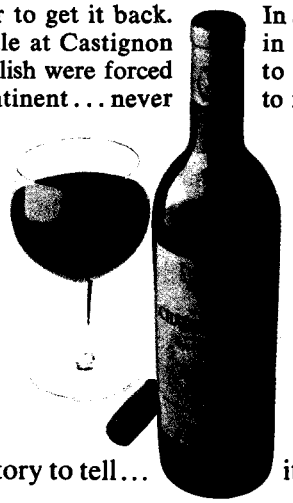
Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.



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On the phone, she refused both further testing and interim treatment. Her doctor or Bernie?

Finish petite marmite.

Gave her the book when she went to bed. She flipped through, held it close to read passages but was too drowsy to concentrate. Bottle of sedatives three-quarters empty.

Just got the book back. Put the light out over the violets and have been watching the sky change color, from pale to dark. Radio says more snow, but there's a ring around the moon. Does that only mean rain?

* * *

One officer to another officer: "The old man says he killed a Mrs. Edway. Waited to come in because Tuesday is his day for a stroll."

The authorities are such young people.

Phone call: Bernie and Mary Louise come to the police station. Mary Louise cries and says I'm innocent. Just like his mother, Bernie is wild to get his hands on the book, but two policemen are reading it in another room. I am allowed to go into the room with Bernie and Mary Louise because they hope I'll talk more. Mary Louise does most of the talking, explaining that her mother-in-law had a terminal illness. Bernie hears a report from another policeman who's just arrived. Suicide. The policemen in the room doubt it and pore over the book. Bernie looks with them. Mary Louise looks all around, crying. They want to find something written down.

"What does this mean?" an officer asks, looking at a page near the end of the book.

Another officer looks over his shoulder, brings the book to me.

I won't do anything more, including talk.

An officer makes a phone call, spells the words to someone on the other end. "It's French," he says. "A vegetable soup cooked with a turkey carcass."

Mary Louise's fat hand patting my shoulder. Remember the day Bernie first brought her home. He was going to marry her. Mary Louise sensed Mrs. Edway's depression, told Mrs. Edway she wasn't losing a son but gaining a daughter. When they left, Mrs. Edway said it looked like she'd be losing twice.

When Bernie was a little boy, we hid Easter eggs and Mrs. Edway directed him: "Warm, warmer, cooler. . . ." Bernie loved it. Days later we had to turn the living room inside out, looking for an unfound Easter egg. Turned out to be the one Mrs. Edway had spent the most time decorating. She was upset, said she wished she was d---.

Don't cry, Mary Louise. Accidents happen. A ring around the moon last night, and today no rain, no snow. □

"NOT YOU I FEAR..."

Not you I fear but that other
who can walk through flesh,
queen of the two dimensions.

She wears a necklace of small teeth,
she knows the ritual, she gets results,
she wants it to be like this:

Don't stand there
with your offerings of dead sheep,
chunks of wood, young children, blood,

your wet eyes, your body
gentle and taut with love,
assuming I can do nothing about it

but accept, accept, accept.
I'm not the sea, I'm not pure blue,
I don't have to take

anything you throw into me.
I close myself over, deaf as an eye,
deaf as a wound, which listens

to nothing but its own pain:
Get out of here.
Get out of here.

by Margaret Atwood

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LIFE & LETTERS

COUPLE TROUBLE: MOD & TRAD

by Benjamin DeMott

Can a guide to sexual liberation help us to know ourselves? Will the emergent literature of mod marital life-style—autobiographical fragments, novels, therapists' interviews—be of real service in "placing" the age?

It will indeed, says the California psychologist Carl R. Rogers, provided readers first clear their heads of cant. Critical of people who confront the new domesticity with chatter about decadence and loss of moral standards, the Doctor posits—in BECOMING PARTNERS: Marriage and Its Alternatives (Delacorte, $7.95; paper, $2.95)—a contemporary cultural crisis necessitating the development of wholly new relationships. And he attempts to provide, through extensive interviews with individual experimenters, firsthand information about present-day innovative partnerships—"as perceived and lived and experienced from inside."

Among the interviewees are an "unmarried-married couple" (youngsters in a highly precarious union), partners in a "now" marriage, a black man divorced from a black woman and about to marry a white, several communards, and a husband and wife married for fifteen years whose union has undergone almost continuous radical transformation from year one. Piquant details of feeling abound in many of the tapes. A young married woman acknowledges that, to her surprise, "it seemed more personal somehow to me to hold hands than just about anything else. You know, more personal somehow than making love." A couple acknowledges that the decision to marry came at the summit of a domestic fight, while they were living together, and constituted an invocation of magic and miracle. A husband discovers what it means to say that roles are "culturally imposed" (guilt about his joblessness began only when the in-laws came to town).

But it isn't details of feeling that establishes *Becoming Partners* as a provocative witness to the times; neither is it the expressed conviction that domestic experiment is the new American frontier ("the risks [these couples] take are just as real as those taken by Daniel Boone"). It's the author's troubling persona. Father of let-it-all-hang-out, Dr. Rogers is an extraordinary relisher of "openness" as a thing in itself, severed from content, freestanding, pure. Several of these interviews recount furies and frustrations; the interviewer not only never loses his cool but invariably responds on an upbeat. "That really hits me," he will say, leaning forward enthusiastically. "This is extremely insightful and very thought-provoking." "I really dig that." "That is really fascinating."

At moments his blessings actually startle. If the tapes transcribed in *Becoming Partners* speak them true, Erik and Denise, radical marriage partners, are a very nearly heart-shaking domestic disaster area. Hunting salvation ("got to find another way of relating"), they've flogged themselves ceaselessly toward the New—"into things like basic encounter groups, into things like drugs—grass, LSD, into things like experimenting with relationships with other people outside the marriage," into "bioenergetics and yoga." And they and their two children have suffered pain and collapse on the way. Denise has had breakdowns stretching over a period of four years. ("I started feeling as though I was getting fuzzy around the edges, unsure of my ego, all kinds of weird sensations.") Erik goes on the sauce, "crawling under the bed, and curling up on the floor and screaming and crying and clawing at the carpet and things, and refusing to do anything." They are in terror that Erik is "going to grow up with two small children and a wife who was nuts." To this day Erik leans hard on grass, and there seems no end to the pair's fearfully exacerbating restlessness—"we're dissolving the structure of our marriage," "selling our home . . . all our properties," "we're leaving our friends, our jobs, professional positions, we're leaving the country we were married in"—a new tangent.

All this is hung out before Doctor Rogers, chaos, crisis, despair—"as perceived and lived and experienced from inside." But, some kind of wonder, the man "really digs" this, too. "Well," he says, concluding the interview, "well, this has been a lot of fun, as far as I'm concerned." The age demands, as it seems, not

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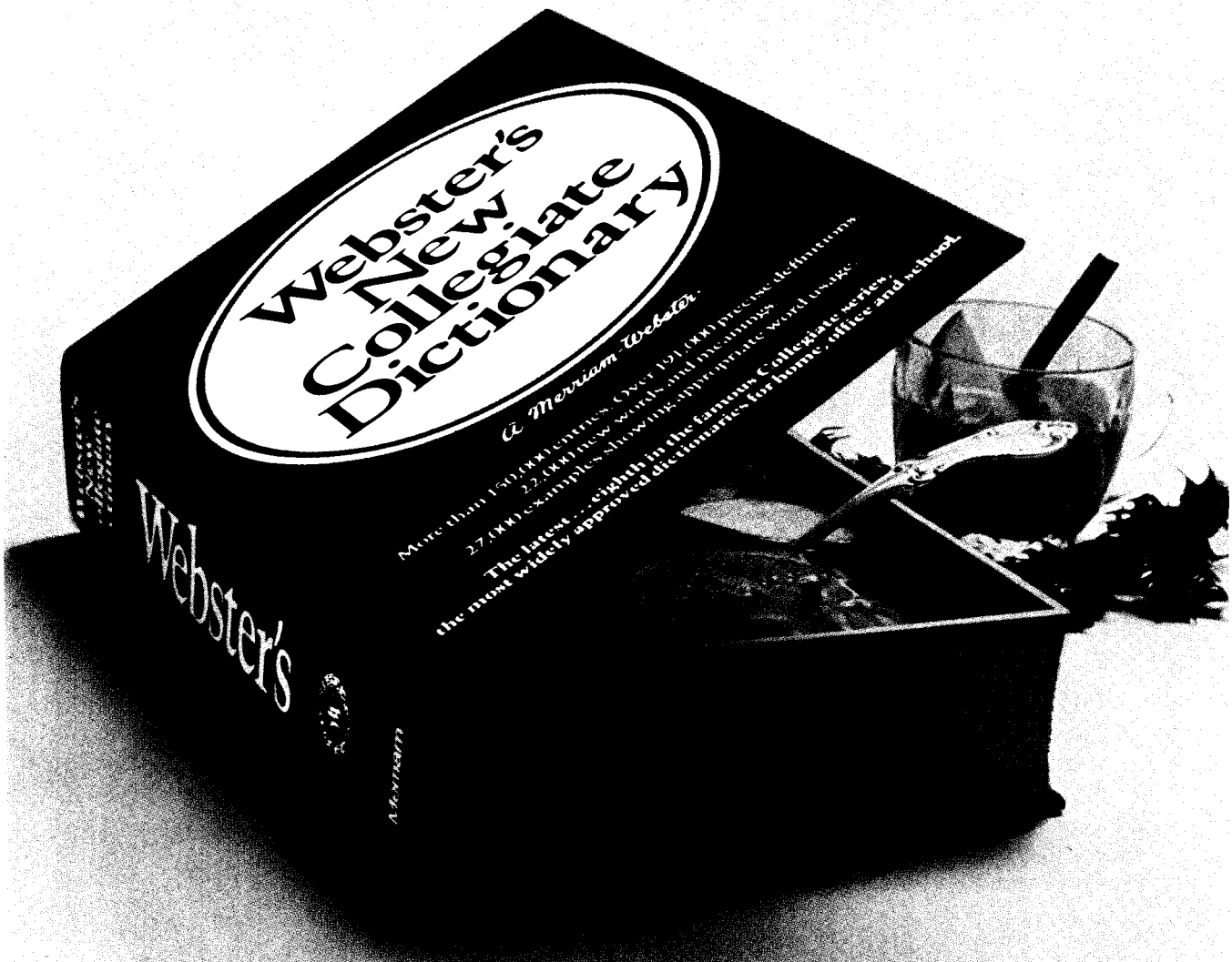
was·sail



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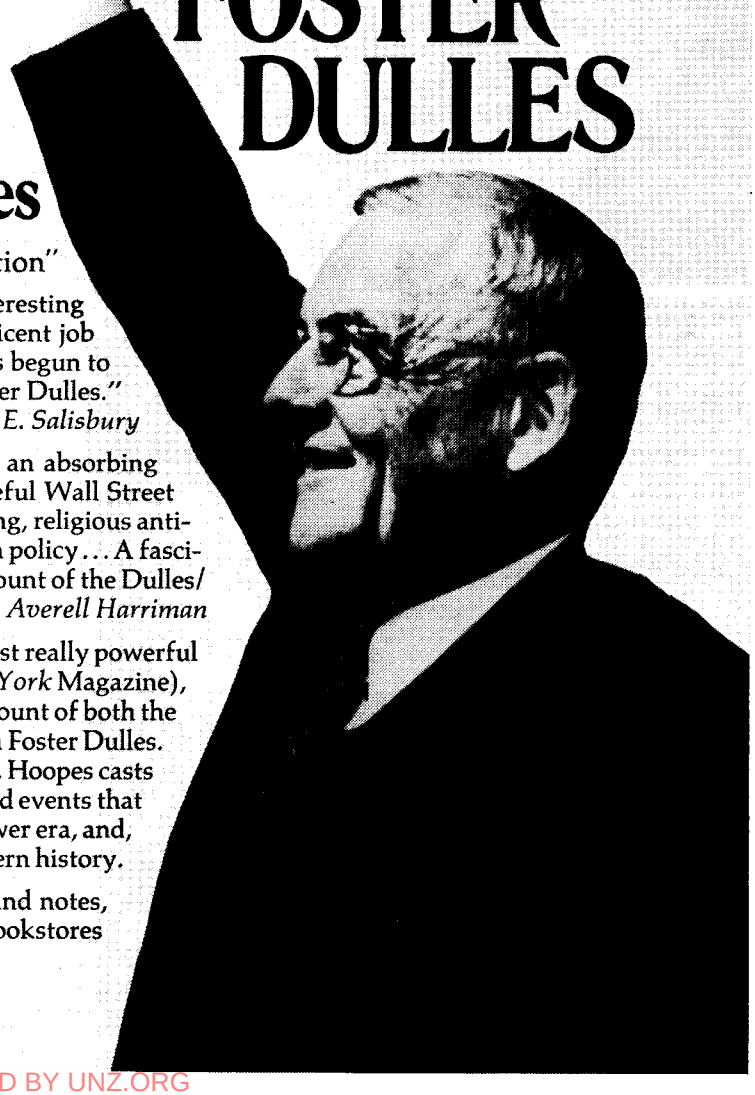
The ambitious lawyer and the devout churchman. The brinksman and the moralist.

THE DEVIL AND JOHN FOSTER DULLES



by Townsend Hoopes

Author of "The Limits of Intervention"

"I find Townsend Hoopes' book so interesting that I cannot put it down. He's done a magnificent job and for the first time I feel that someone has begun to come to grips with the phenomena of John Foster Dulles."
—*Harrison E. Salisbury*

"Townsend Hoopes' book gives an absorbing description of the man I knew as a forceful Wall Street lawyer and later as an uncompromising, religious anti-communist dominating our foreign policy... A fascinating and penetrating account of the Dulles/Eisenhower years."—*W. Averell Harriman*

In the "first full-scale study of the last really powerful pre-Kissinger Secretary of State" (*New York* Magazine), Townsend Hoopes offers a lively account of both the human and the historical side of John Foster Dulles. Drawing on a wide range of sources, Hoopes casts revealing new light on the men and events that shaped the diplomacy of the Eisenhower era, and, ultimately determined the course of modern history.

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an image of its accelerated grimace but a superlatively impervious good cheer ("must do this again"), smack at the edge of ruin. Ample and earnest in its display of evidence, *Becoming Partners* deserves rank among the more informative works in its field. And the Doctor's frontier metaphor signals he's aware that many "domestic experiments" take place at the borders of hell. But that awareness doesn't restrain him from cheer-leading. As I read it, there's ice at the core of his book.

Isadora & Adrian, John & Mimi

A chill of a different sort permeates Erica Jong's novel FEAR OF FLYING (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95), and John and Mimi Lobells' JOHN & MIMI: A Free Marriage (Bantam, $1.50)—celebrations (more or less) of radical sexual experiment. Isadora Wing, Ms. Jong's heroine, is twice-married, Barnard-educated, under thirty, and (like Erik and Denise) fiercely restless. Attending an international congress of analysts in Vienna with her psychiatrist husband, she meets an English Laingian who instantly arouses her sexually, and subsequently exhorts her to cast off marital ties and live by his self-proclaimed existentialist nonrules. The pair lights out for the European Territory, leaving the heroine's husband behind. And then, after two weeks of roaring about the Continent in a Triumph, coupling with each other and with strangers met in roadside camps, they split: it's time for the English existentialist to rejoin his wife and kids. Spirits intact, Isadora hunts up her husband's holiday digs; finding him away when she calls, she awaits his return (on the closing page) in his tub.

A first-person first novel, *Fear of Flying* is more than a report of an affair. Backflashes tell of the heroine's Manhattan adolescence, first marriage, and dealings (from Boston to Beirut) with her three sisters, who are wedded to a black, an Arab, and an Israeli. (The best of its pell-mell pages recount the fantasies of Pia Wittkin, a superbright, sex-raddled schoolgirl. Haunted from puberty by lust for a Bogart-Olivier "with very savage white teeth," Pia sees the chap making love to her in an "abandoned monastery" in Vermont—a pad fitted with "extremely rustic floorboards," "black satin sheets," and Siamese cats "named things like John Donne and Maud Gonne and Dylan.") In another of its dimensions, the book is a diatribe against marriage—against the dread dullness of habitual, connubial sex, against the paucity of means of reconciling the desire for freedom and the need for closeness, against childbearing. Isadora Wing's opinions, jokes, bawdy brio, and victory over inhibition (this is perhaps the first work of fiction to explore, through a heroine's consciousness, the comedic possibilities of masturbation and menstruation) could win *Fear of Flying* an audience in The Movement.

But the book's primary cultural interest lies elsewhere—in the character of the relationships it depicts. Miss Jong's "lovers" are notable for reverence of the experience of the self and for their achievements in "managed" remoteness; they neither expect nor desire to touch each other's subjective centers, nor, in turn, to be touched in those quarters themselves. Isadora, a writer, repeatedly objectifies her lover as a prospective hero for a novel (or as an item for an alumnae news note); her beloved, for his part, perceives the adventure as a way of providing himself with a contrived, mimetic, semi-genuine experience of existential breakout. In a word, personal creativity—a phenomenon not to be confused with generativity, to use an Erik Eriksonism—is all.

And it also is in *John & Mimi: A Free Marriage,* a "blueprint for sexual exploration that goes far beyond 'open marriage' into a new realm of sexual pleasures." The pleasures, enumerated in brief, naughtily worded chapters, narrated by mod mates John and Mimi, stress "total freedom" and the "excitement of a forbidden joy made accessible." (The activities often consist only of probes of neglected bodily apertures by accomplished hetero-homo teams.) The book is heavy with oversimplifications traceable to idealization of self-indulgence, dimness about the relation between freedom and discipline, and dread of socialization—fear that any commitment to

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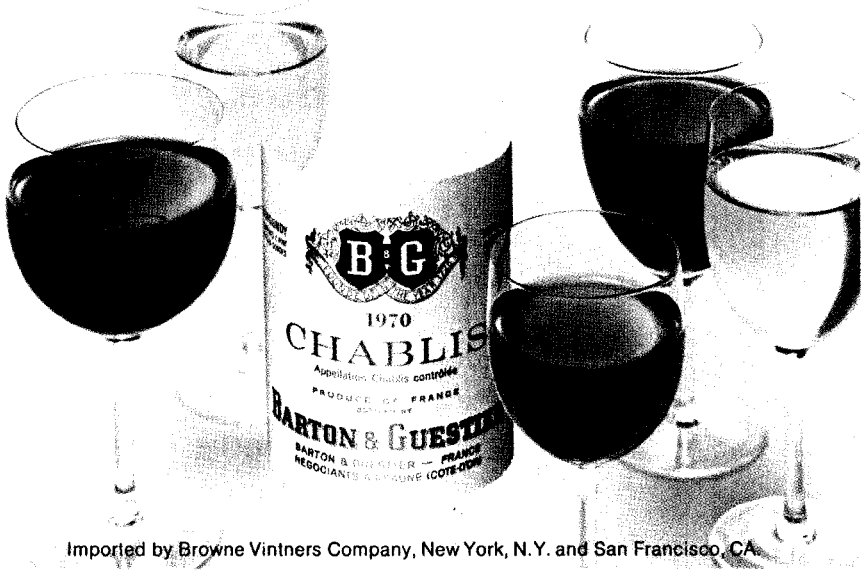

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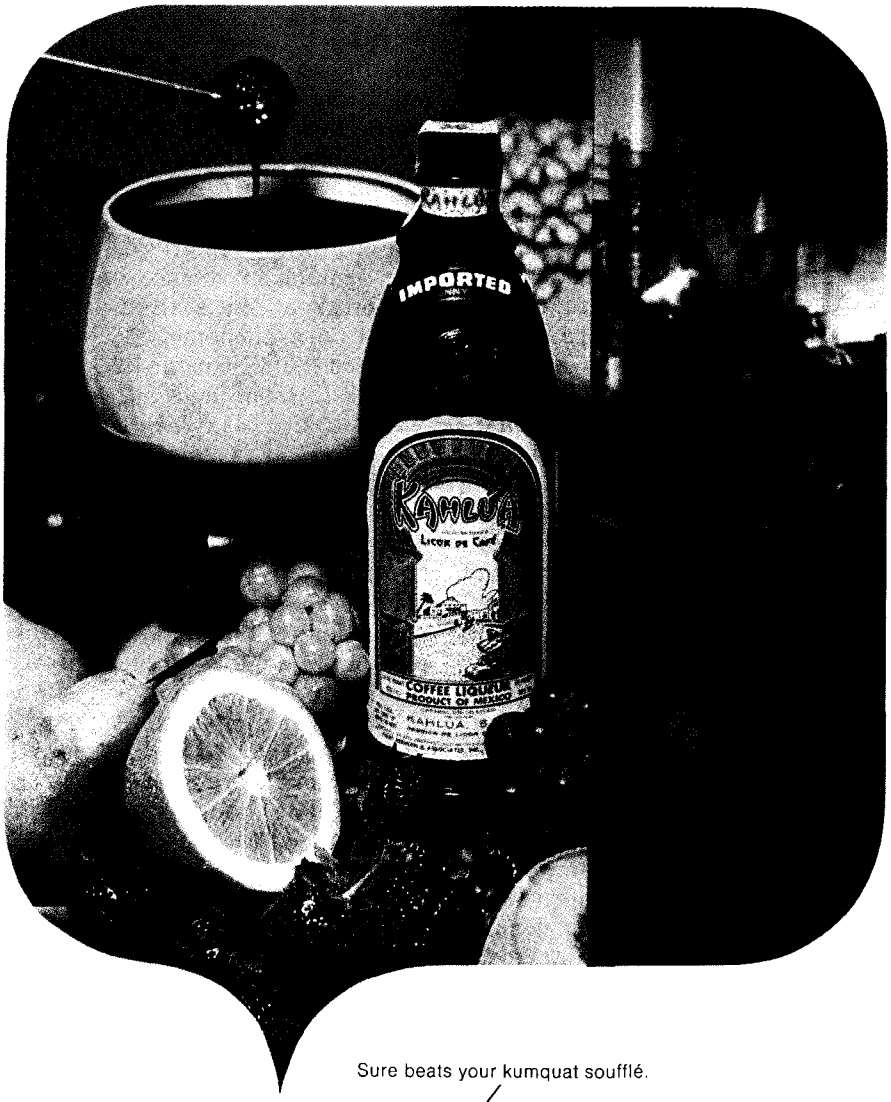

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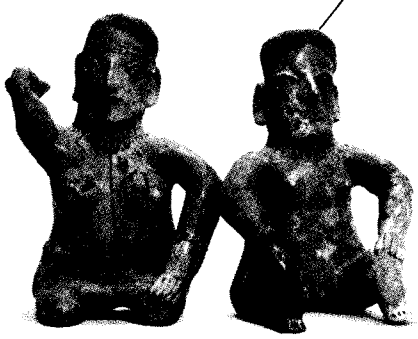

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another entails a violation or reduction of self:

> It feels wonderful to give another person freedom, and it feels horrible to restrict it. [Is freedom awarded true freedom? Do restrictions leading to self-mastery really restrict?] People who restrict their loved ones out of insecurity and suspicion never know if the love they receive is given by choice or because they demand it. [After such knowledge, what forgiveness?]

The Lobellian dogmas about trust flow more directly from longing for escape from the entanglements of full response to another, than from concern for the quality of moral relationships between persons. For John and Mimi are performers to the end, stars in sex-art shows, films, and the like that serve to objectify their feelings for each other. They are also on the prowl for aesthetic foundations, ways of linking the swinger's life-style to the taste for complexity and contradiction in the fine arts. (They quote various architectural credos—"more is not less"—in building their case.) And they regularly seek metaphorical release from the obligation to "interact" as consciously responsive persons. ("I can see our lives. We are like two liquid films floating on an endless field reflecting all the rainbow . . . continuously slowly shifting . . . free to slip apart and float off. . . .")

The thoughts of John and Mimi on freedom, children, security *et alia* don't quite warrant solemn address—too much porn and uplift in the mix. And it's proper to note that these opinions, like those of Isadora and Adrian and Erik and Denise, are products not of personal invention but of social and economic structural change. As an image of the new styles of absence-within-presence in man-woman relationships, however, and also as an intimation of ideologies of remoteness to come, the book repays a glance.

Divorcing Novels

In the context above, the season's two divorcing novels—Richard B. Wright's IN THE MIDDLE OF A LIFE (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $7.95) and Richard Stern's OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS (Dutton, $6.95)—look

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like works of "conventional domesticity." But oddly, the problem of detachment from feeling surfaces in these pages too. Messrs. Stern and Wright have shown in previous outings a satirical edge (tenderer in Mr. Wright's first novel *The Weekend Man* than in Mr. Stern's memorable *Golk*). Each writer is, at his best, stylish and witty. But neither—this is the matter of substance—can summon intensity in an address to domestic feeling. *In the Middle of a Life,* set in Toronto, tells of a moderately successful, determinedly low-key effort, by a middle-aged divorcé named Freddy Landon, to resume work life and sex life as a single. *Other Men's Daughters,* set near Harvard Square, tells of a moderately successful, equally low-key effort by Robert Merriwether, a bland, middle-aged, Shakespeare & Chablis professor, to shuck his wife of decades, and win happiness with an undergraduate beauty named Cynthia. Both heroes are likable, and while Stern's Cambridge seems sanitized, neither landscape is unrecognizable, and a quantity of civilized intelligence is kept steadily in view.

But the start of a new life in the one book and the end of an old life in the other seem equally unmomentous. Vague nostalgia and vague melancholy are the central emotions here, and only at wide intervals do they become affecting. Mr. Stern's divorced couple produces, jointly, after the day in court, a gorgeous family Christmas; no bitter phrase is spoken. Once, while lecturing, the husband thinks: "This is the last day of my married life"—and he resumes, barely missing a beat (the subject is the formation of the genetic nucleus). Mr. Wright also ends with a dying fall—"sad affection" between the new mates, easy comparisons between beat-up machines and beat-up hero. ("There was much to repair in his car. In his life, too.")

Dim lights of life living on their length of years, these characters are insufficiently energized even in love-making to be studied for general meanings. But the hint in their life stories that heavy weather about marital choices leads (in novels) straight to soap opera does connect with assumptions on fronts that are farther out. And both books bid, therefore, like the wilder tales of swingers, for regard as cultural symptoms.

"Now" Rituals

Heed only the works just cited and you'd conclude that fullness of human feeling isn't long for the Western world. Lightness about rupture of relationships, and endorsements of remoteness as a value seem in process, in letters, of becoming conventions. But, as nobody needs telling, pain and tormented connectedness persist in life, and so too do authors disposed to credit their reality. A different disposition seems implicit, to be sure, in the title of Mel Krantzler's forthcoming book CREATIVE DIVORCE: A New Opportunity for Personal Growth (Evans, $6.95). And the author, a divorced "divorce therapist," isn't above discourse about "The Promise in the Pain," or reliance on the staples of self-help manuals (the invented alliterative disease—"separation shock"; the numbered list—"Avoiding the Nine Emotional Traps of the Past"). But Krantzler does have a darker, decent side, and people for whom the suffering of a divorce is still raw could find help in his book. The reason is that Krantzler's self-help chapters are lighted by an authentic imagination of pain, awareness that only fools allow the belief that divorce *can* foster growth to overwhelm consciousness of the immediacies of the experience itself. The author knows that the tribe of Johns and Mimis is multiplying; he also knows that most ordinary men and women can't be jokey about deaths of relationships, and aren't encouraged to try to be by authority. (Krantzler quotes interesting documents from Conciliation Court services to back his contention that the "official judgment society lays on the divorced man or woman [is that] you are a failure.") A reader in search of confirmation that human beings still buzz with contradictions, vulnerabilities, and intensities could be comforted by the descriptions in this text of states of feeling among the recently divorced; so too could people recovering from the collapse of a marriage.

Viewed as a document in social history, *Creative Divorce* is most provocative for its drafts of scenarios, strategies, and techniques for putting a marital relationship to death, insuring that divorce means The End. No previous period can have been called upon to codify and test rituals of mourning in this mode. But Mr. Krantzler deserves better than to be ticked off as an evidential snippet. Smutched by gimmickry, his book attempts to deal seriously with a serious thing, speaks kindly and realistically, and, best by far, presupposes the continuance of complex affective life.

That life is abundant in Joyce Carol Oates's newest novel, whose subject is a married woman's ascent to a measure of consciousness of her situation, of the characters of her husband and lover, and of the complications of her feelings for both. Like many of this author's previous works, DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL (Vanguard, $7.95) is ungainly—an outpouring without a shape. The social observation is less pointed than in, say, *them.* And several defects visible in earlier books have yet to be overcome—density of viewpoint that obscures a denouement, shrill patches of italics signifying the Subconscious on The Boil, jumbles of pretentious narrative short takes (here called "Unrelated Time Durations").

But if this edifice rumbles and teeters over various abysses (melodrama among them), it is a restorative volume even so. And that is because Ms. Oates's people, like those shadowed forth in the divorce tract just mentioned, aren't simply bundles of *odi et amo,* confused and confusing; they're absolutely incapable of denying or neutralizing the feeling that drives them. They can be shattered by an outward spectacle or tortured from inside; they register their crises not as "lots of fun"; they seldom thin themselves out into films. Hope goes forth ever for a keenly reflective, proportioning intelligence destined to order contemporary domestic affairs in a shapely work rich with truth about where we are. But while we wait, we need voices that keep us in contact with our unreduced selves, that insist on the range and force of human feeling, that can't be conned into calling "loss of affect" a new frontier. Luckily, such voices exist; Ms. Oates is important among them.

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HAPPY MARRIAGES ARE NOT ALIKE

by William Abrahams

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE
by Nigel Nicolson
Atheneum, $8.95

Until the deaths of the three principal figures in the story, the publication of this extraordinary book by Nigel Nicolson about the marriage of his parents, V. Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson, would have been unthinkable. Vita (I will follow Mr. Nicolson's practice of first-naming his characters) died in 1962. Harold, the husband whom she had tenderly loved through a half-century of marriage, died in 1968, not long after the publication of the third and concluding volume of his *Diaries.* (Edited by Nigel, and perhaps the best known of Harold Nicolson's many books—though not, I would say, the best, dividing that honor between *Some People* and his biography of King George V—the *Diaries* gave no hint of the emotional drama encompassed in the present work.) Violet Trefusis, the third principal, died in 1970.

It was Violet whom Vita had passionately loved between 1918 and 1921; with her, at the climax of their affair, she had briefly eloped; and for her, she had come dangerously close to abandoning Harold and their two sons. In the end, however, tenderness won out over passion. Vita discovered that she could not bear to hurt Harold by leaving him, whereas the thought of hurting Violet by not going off with her was a more manageable guilt—"hurting Violet" had been an exciting element all along in the extravagant course of their affair, no matter how much they adored each other. When Harold, in an unexpectedly positive gesture (for him), hired an aeroplane and came in pursuit of his wife to France, she decided to return to him, and broke permanently with Violet, who returned to her own husband.

With the death of Violet—but how vividly she springs to life again here, a latter-day Caroline Lamb!—the way was clear for the story to be told. Nothing remained to be resolved but questions of privacy and propriety, which Nigel had been pondering for almost a decade. After his mother's death he had, as her executor, gone through enormous quantities of her personal papers in her sitting room in the tower of Sissinghurst Castle—a room he had entered "only half a dozen times in the previous thirty years"—and then, as he was finishing his tasks, he came upon a locked Gladstone bag in a corner. "The bag contained something—a tiara in its case, for all I knew—and, having no key, I cut away the leather from around its lock to open it."

What he discovered in the Gladstone bag was a notebook in which Vita had set down her own account of her affair with Violet, virtually as it was happening, an eighty-page document of quite exceptional candor and power, in many respects superior to anything else she was to write in a long, productive literary career that included poetry *(The Land),* biography *(Saint Joan of Arc),* and fiction *(The Edwardians, All Passion Spent).* Although she had put the manuscript away and shown it to no one as long as she lived, it was evident to her son, sitting at her writing table in 1962, and it will be evident now to anyone who reads it in the setting he has so skillfully devised for it, that she did expect that *someday* it would be discovered and published. But someday is one thing, and now is quite another—and to decide, as Nigel has done, to publish the whole story, must have been painful in the extreme: after all, these were not invented or disguised characters in a novel but his mother and father that he was about to reveal in all their peculiarity.

Of course, anyone who has read Quentin Bell's biography of Virginia Woolf will already be acquainted with one of Nigel's central disclosures: that Vita was not only beloved by Virginia and the inspiration for Virginia's *Orlando,* but she was also, in the words of Quentin Bell echoing Mrs. Woolf, "a frank and unequivocal Sapphist." (Nigel confirms this, but on the actual relationship between Vita and Virginia there are some differences between his and Quentin Bell's accounts: the emphasis by Nigel is on the nature of his mother's feelings for Virginia—more idealized love than physical passion, he argues convincingly, and he is forthright in his belief that "it is a travesty of their relationship to call it an affair.")

We have arrived at a point in time when a marriage between a man and a woman in which one or the other is homosexual (frankly and unequivocally; or furtively; or, as it were, unconsciously), though unusual, begins to suggest the dilemmas of tomorrow's soap operas—yet one more conventional unconventional "problem" that a marriage counselor, writing for a large, middle-class public, is now ready to deal with, ever so glibly and sympathetically. But there was nothing of the conventionally unconventional about Vita and Harold. About them there was no touch of the "bedint" (in family usage a word for the middle class). Vita's father was the third Lord Sackville; she grew up at Knole, one of the great, historic houses of England, "larger than Hampton Court," as her mother remarked. Harold's father, Sir Arthur Nicolson (later, Lord Carnock), was permanent under-secretary of state at the Foreign Office; Wellington was his public school, and at Oxford he was at Balliol. From the time of their first meeting, at a small dinner party in the summer of 1910, Vita and Harold moved in the same world, and for all their differences of character—Harold bland and Vita passionate—they were alike in the kind of aristocratic self-assurance and disregard for the multitude with which they resolved the "problem" inherent in their story. As Nigel sums it up in a rather heady prefatory statement:

> It is the story of two people who married for love and whose love deepened with each passing year, although each was constantly and by mutual consent unfaithful to the other. Both loved people of their own sex but not exclusively. Their marriage not only survived infidelity, sexual incompatibility, and long absences, but also became stronger

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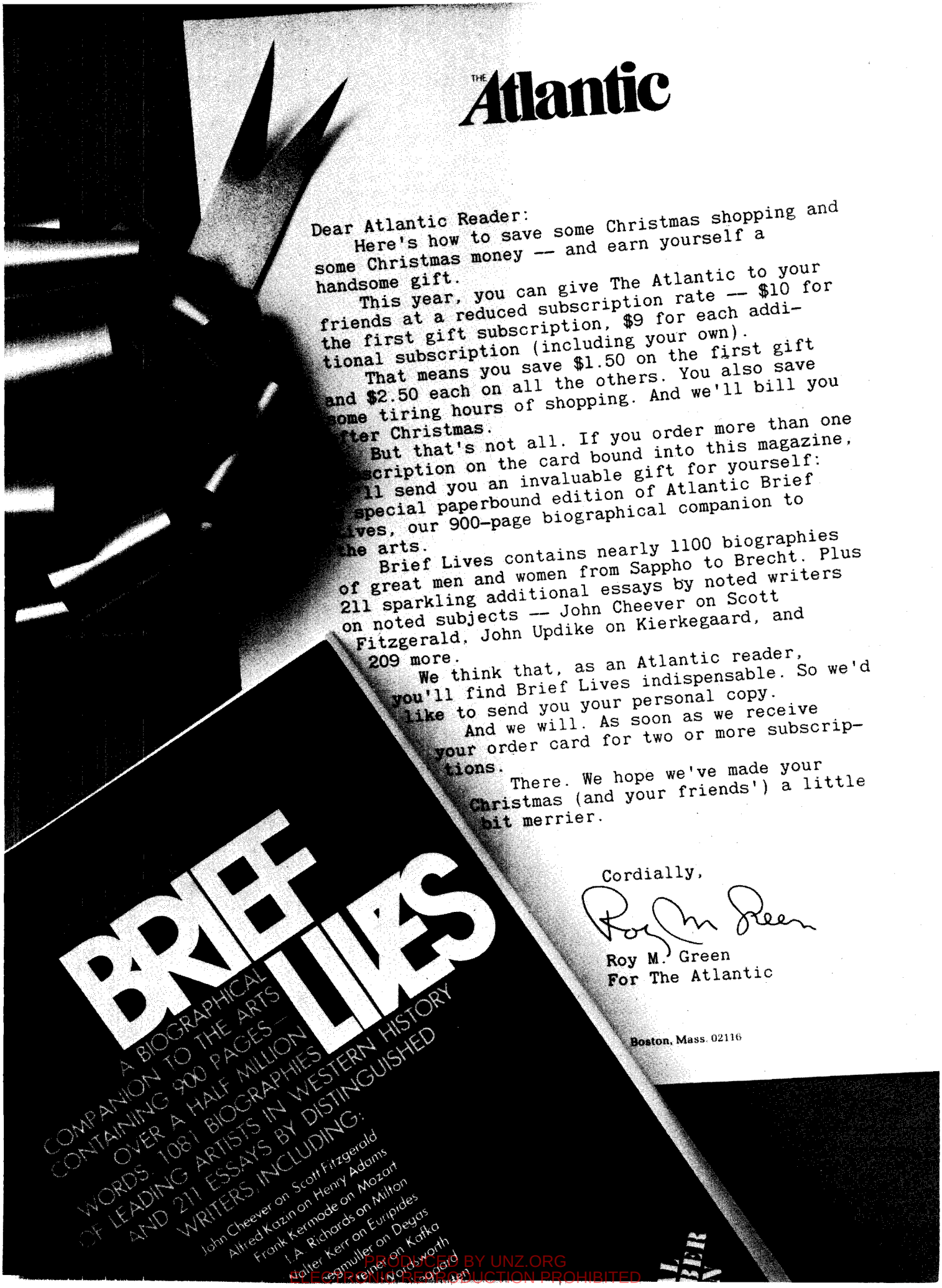

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and finer as a result. Each came to give the other full liberty without inquiry or reproach. Honour was rooted in dishonour. Their marriage succeeded because each found permanent and undiluted happiness only in the company of the other . . . the strangest and most successful union that two gifted people have ever enjoyed.

Certain facts need to be adduced as a counterweight here. Harold and Vita were married in October, 1913, and there is considerable evidence to justify Nigel's claim that in the early years of the marriage they were "sexually compatible." Their first child (a son) was born in August, 1914. A second child was born dead in November, 1915. Their third child (Nigel) was born in 1917. "After 1917—" I am quoting from Nigel again; somehow the feeling that one is invading the privacy of these gifted people is diminished by doing so—"it gradually became clear that their mutual enjoyment was on the wane. . . . When I myself married, my father solemnly cautioned me that the physical side of marriage could not be expected to last more than a year or two, and once, in a broadcast, he said, 'Being "in love" lasts but a short time—from three weeks to three years. It has little or nothing to do with the felicity of marriage.' Simultaneously, therefore, and without placing any great strain upon their love for each other, they began to seek their pleasure with people of their own sex."

The style is so fluent here, it hardly allows for questions—but one does draw back for a moment at that inevitable-sounding "therefore." Vita, as we encounter her in these pages, especially in her own memoir, was a woman of ardent temperament, as innocent and demanding as a loving animal in her physicality. Suppose, for example, Harold had been a more passionate lover than he was, not "so physically cold," as Vita remarked to her mother, mightn't things have taken a different course? Idle to speculate, since that is not how things arranged themselves, but it is not uninteresting that Vita's next affair, when she had returned to Harold and given up Violet, was with Geoffrey Scott, the author of *Portrait of Zélide,* a man of forty who was, as

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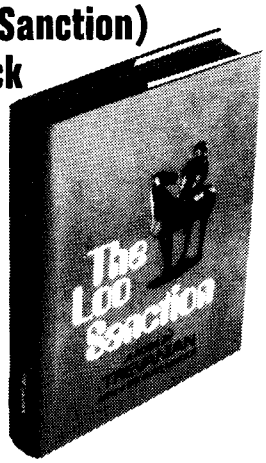

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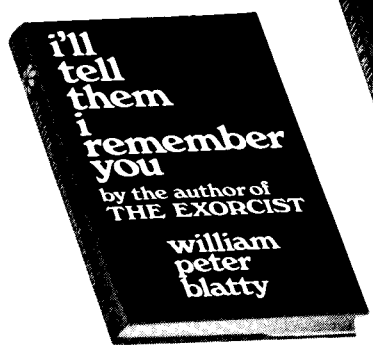
Vita yet again confided to Lady Sackville, "very passionate."

In any event, from 1919 on, theirs was a marriage in which the sexual relation played no part at all; and once the perils of the Violet episode had been survived, their separate, temporary connections outside the marriage in no way endangered it; indeed, it may even have become, as Nigel asserts, "stronger and finer as a result."

In a society such as ours where a continuing, not to say nonstop, sexual relationship is held to be the prime ingredient in a successful marriage, and where even septuagenarian marital partners are concerned with the quality of their orgasms, the strangeness of the Nicolsons' marriage is more likely to be accepted than its success. And yet I don't see how anyone reading this book (unless he chooses to disbelieve the evidence of Vita's and Harold's letters, and Nigel's remarkably specific statements supporting them) can doubt that their marriage was *successful for them*—it worked!—and by what other standard, so far as its protagonists are concerned, is a marriage to be sensibly judged?

That the marriage portrayed here is an exceedingly different one from the conventional stereotype goes without saying. Yet, reflecting upon it, one is tempted to suggest that the difference is a matter of degree. Any successful union of two people determined to live together for all their lives will have its elements of the mysterious and unexplained. It is hardly surprising that we should know more about the couples who live in fiction—the Bovarys, the Karenins, the Leopold Blooms, the Dick Divers, the Dodsworths—than we do of the couples who live down the street. Once the door of the bedroom closes, all is darkness within, and statistics and answers to sexual questionnaires are inadequate to the mystery it contains. Yet beyond the bedroom there are other rooms and settings where the lineaments of a marriage are to be discerned, and at Sissinghurst—the Elizabethan ruin which the Nicolsons bought in 1932 and proceeded over the years to make habitable—one looks to the garden.

The property, which is still Nigel Nicolson's home, has been given to the National Trust, and is open to



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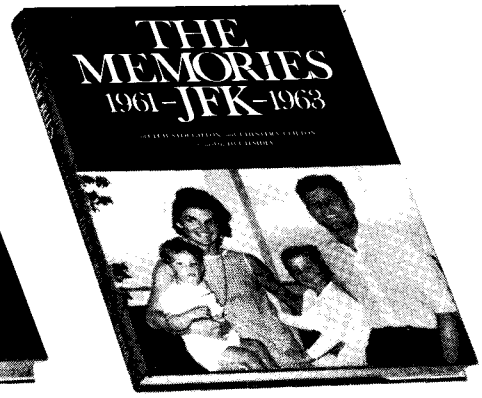

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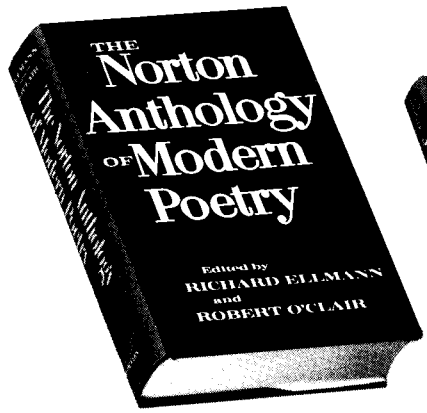

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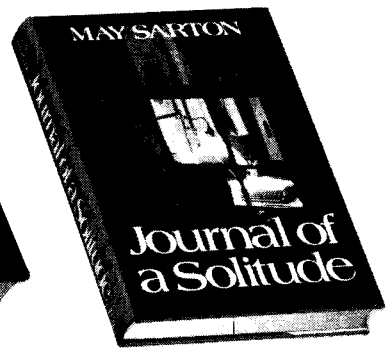

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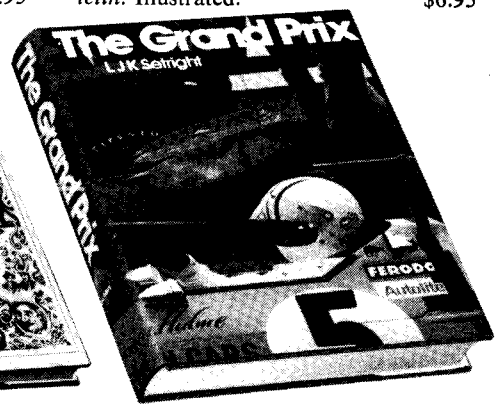

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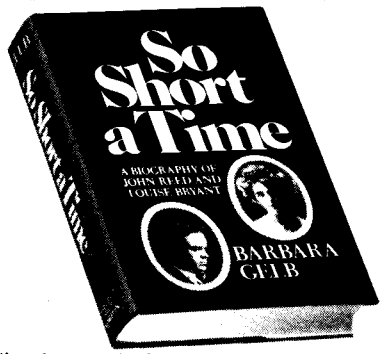

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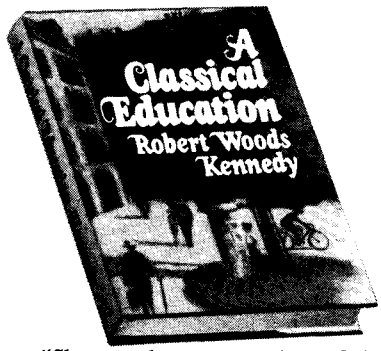

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visitors. If one goes late in the afternoon, toward closing time, one avoids the crush. The effect, strolling from one beautiful "room" to the next—a purple garden, a white garden, a cottage garden, all reds and oranges and yellows, disciplined in design and romantic in the planting—is magical. One feels that the creators of this great work of art and nature are palpably if invisibly there, perhaps on the other side of the ancient brick wall. To Nigel it is a "portrait of their marriage," and one can understand why he should think so. For the garden at Sissinghurst, designed by Harold and planted by Vita, is a reflection of their so strongly contrasting natures, and the harmony between them that was, like this garden, their own extraordinary achievement.

MOVIES

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

by Joseph Kanon

Mean Streets, directed by Martin Scorsese and written by Scorsese and Mardik Martin, is the latest in a group of American movies to arrive this season with the unsettling power of a new sensibility. It's too soon to sort and label them as a trend or movement—given their individuality, who would want to?—but in small and sometimes large ways they are unlike anything on the screen before. Scorsese's *Mean Streets,* George Lucas' *American Graffiti,* Ralph Bakshi's superb animated feature *Heavy Traffic*—and, in a slightly different way, Lamont Johnson's *The Last American Hero*—are small-budget films by young directors with more energy and originality than we've seen in some time and their energy seems to come at least in part from a shared source, a generational tone. (Johnson, at fifty-one, is the exception and his film, not surprisingly, has a much more conventional structure than the others, but it has the same feel to it.) It is as if the people for whom all those silly "youth" pictures of the late sixties were made have finally been allowed behind cameras themselves. What they have come up with are hard stares at a society finding its limitations.

It's not exactly news that we are in trouble; what sets these movies apart is the absence of protest or even rebellion. They are about a society of walls that are going to be neither jumped over nor smashed through—doing that would be like complaining that Las Vegas is ugly, a pointless exercise because it's overwhelming, comparable to nothing, *there.* The American society reflected in these movies is so complicated—even crazy—that observing a mere fragment of it with clarity and understanding seems a triumph. These young directors are like reporters at an accident: they haven't time to make judgments, they're just trying to get the facts down before the tow truck comes.

Mean Streets was shot in twenty-seven days on a budget of under $500,000, almost entirely in the streets, bars, pool halls, and restaurants of New York's Little Italy. Like *American Graffiti* (which had a similar shooting schedule and whose director, at twenty-eight, is an almost exact contemporary of Scorsese's), its loose story concerns four young men and its geography is so defined that the picture often blurs into sociology. But *Mean Streets* has a narrower range (and probably, as a result, a narrower appeal). *Graffiti*'s small-town drag strip was a mirror to American suburbia as a whole; the Little Italy of *Mean Streets* can't be anything but itself. The movie is more firmly placed by ethnic culture and class, and though it has a real proletarian grit to it, even connections to a larger working-class America can be made in only the broadest terms. But *Mean Streets* transcends these territorial limits because it works from the inside out. This is not the film of a well-meaning outsider come to observe street corner society: Scorsese is from the neighborhood. He knows it like the back of his hand and he knows its people not as specimens but as themselves.

A good deal of the movie was shot at night and since the tight shooting schedule was plagued by rain, the film has a slicked-down urban look to it, garbage cans ringed with puddles, twisted neon reflecting off the pavement like simmering mirages. It's not in the least beautiful, even in the op art way peculiar to cities at night, because it works from the street level. When Scorsese takes his cameras to the rooftops for a series of shots of the San Gennaro festival below with the skyscrapers of midtown in the distance, the visual transformation makes the neighborhood seem even more claustrophobic. A party seen through fire escapes looks like a revel in a cage. But up there on the roofs the night stretches out with possibilities, the skyscrapers like postcard promises of money and power. *Mean Streets* is about New Yorkers who have spent every day of their lives on its streets (when one character takes his girl to the beach, he's uncomfortable and wants to get back) but who remain, in a sense, tourists in their own town.

Down below, life is chaotic, violent, often senseless. This is a neighborhood of restaurants whose walls are decorated with pictures of the Kennedys and Pope John, pool halls where brawls break out at the drop of an insult, apartments that look out on other windows. The dress is flashy, the sexual attitudes frankly chauvinistic, the rituals of honor and crime as firmly set as a body in cement. There is noise everywhere—not just from street sounds and endless arguments, but from the soundtrack, a mixture of pop (now virtually a trademark of young directors) and operatic Neapolitan. Scorsese selected the music before editing the film but the songs don't work for the movie in any particular way (his opening with the Ronettes' "Be My Baby," however, is an inimitable touch)—the characters seem as happy listening to Frank Sinatra as they do to the Rolling Stones, so it's just a background of sound. The important thing is the jukebox volume ("The girls like it loud," a pool hall owner says). But the kind of anarchy found in the music has no place in the characters' lives. Much like the young men in Fellini's *I Vitelloni,* their high

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spirits are locked into an endless adolescence. They exhaust their inventiveness in horseplay: dueling with garbage can lids on the spur of the moment, using whiskey glasses to shoot pool on a bar top. They play because outside the game circle life is formal and very serious, no violations allowed. If you cross a loan shark, for instance, you get dead.

Mean Streets is loose in structure, its story line really an accumulation of portraits that bounce off each other like a chain reaction. Tony (David Proval) runs a bar and has the befuddled look of a man who's discovered too early that he's a hack. Michael (Richard Romanus) is a small-time hood who deals in stolen goods, filled with criminal ambitions but too stupid to do more than affect a criminal style (when he buys a shipment of stolen German camera lenses, they turn out to be merely filters, and Japanese at that). Charlie (Harvey Keitel, in an impressive performance), the main character, runs numbers and collects payments for a Mafia uncle. He wants to open a restaurant uptown, and is still torn by his Catholicism (when a friend asks him, "Why do you let those guys get to you?" he says, "Cause they're not supposed to be guys"). Cursed by good instincts in a corrupt society, he looks after the slightly crazy and wildly anarchistic Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro, even better than in *Bang the Drum Slowly),* who has the self-destruct impulses of the irrational. The relationship leads to trouble, of course, if not a breakthrough—the catalyst in these new movies doesn't force a rite of passage, but merely flushes out the violence.

There is a sad sack element to the characters—they're no better than they should be—but *Mean Streets* never goes slack or sloppy. This is life under a high-intensity bulb—pitiless, without sentiment, slipping into shadows to escape the glare. Johnny Boy isn't a Lenny figure from *Of Mice and Men;* his feebleness holds no romance and little pathos, just annoyance and danger. Michael is not above hustling two silly kids down from Riverdale to cop some firecrackers. Charlie overhears plans to smuggle a murderer out of town but calmly washes his hands and goes about his business.

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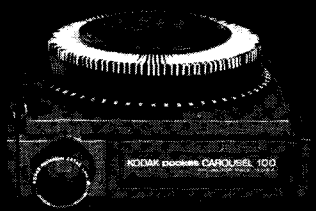

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Scorsese says the directors who have influenced him are Roger Corman (horror and biker pictures) and John Cassavetes, and the signs of Cassavetes are particularly pervasive. *Mean Streets* is a movie that depends heavily on its actors, and Cassavetes' method of improvisational acting *(Faces, Husbands)* is especially suited to a style rooted in documentary. Scorsese gets some wonderful things out of his cast (about a third of the dialogue was improvised) but it's a risky technique. If the actors run on too long (as they often do in Cassavetes' movies), it gets boring. A conversation punctuated with "I says to him" and "so he says" can be so realistic that after a while it's like listening to a drunk at a party. Scorsese never goes quite this far, but *Mean Streets* is long—too long—and, like the life it portrays, repetitious.

American movies at the moment have a wonderful abundance of "natural" actors who seem to work out from their characters into the flow of the film. The stars are not completely gone—*The Way We Were,* for instance, is a triumph for Barbra Streisand, who has a style all her own—but a sublimation into character, the impossibility of stepping out of a part, is clearly the trend, and all of these recent movies (except, of course, for the animated *Heavy Traffic)* have moved it a step further. This kind of low-key acting blends so well with the looser style these movies represent that it's often difficult to think of "performances." In *The Last American Hero,* Jeff Bridges gives one of the best performances of the year and you feel he doesn't even know the camera's on him. When this kind of young actor gets stuck in a conventional movie of no depth at all, however, nothing jells. In *The Paper Chase,* a regressive little number about Youth Today and the Harvard Law School, Timothy Bottoms plays with such quiet conviction that you begin to wonder what he's doing there and why he doesn't walk off the set. *Mean Streets* is not a conventional movie; it depends on this new approach to acting for its very life. Its sensibility is drawn from a generation so familiar with film as a language that it often has no "literary" aspect at all. Scorsese's visual dexterity is startling—his camera moves as if it were running for its life—but there isn't much written character development. The actors can't rely on the lines for impact; they have to establish a more visual, fluid rapport with the audience. They come at you like a mass of signals.

But the limitation to all this is a withering of emotional response. It is rare in these movies to empathize with an individual on the screen; often the subject matter itself is collective, the components of a scene, a life-style. It's an open question how far a director can go with group experience without losing contact with the audience. In *The Last American Hero,* Jeff Bridges does a monologue in a Record-Your-Voice machine, sending his family love from a distance, and the effect is—well, moving. One isn't often moved in these new films and perhaps we're losing our ability to record emotion at that pitch. *Mean Streets* doesn't even try; it stays on the screen, a world hermetically sealed and perfectly observed. There is no nostalgia to cushion us, as in *American Graffiti,* nor even the tortured joy of *Heavy Traffic,* where surviving urban horrors is at least a victory of sorts. But it's a special, sometimes innovative movie, turning documentary into life. It's as tough and real as a headline and, these days, that's about as tough and real as you can get.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

BURR
by Gore Vidal
Random House, $8.95

History maintains that Aaron Burr, the deadly rival of Alexander Hamilton and of Thomas Jefferson, was an accomplished scamp. True, his courage was repeatedly tested in the Revolution, and in the famous duel with Hamilton it was he who fired second; true also that women found him irresistible and he could sway men. In the election of 1800 when the balloting was in the Congress, he failed by a single vote to defeat Jefferson for the presidency. That was his zenith; the office and the power eluded him and he went down in the books as a disgraced adventurer. That there was another side to the story Gore Vidal discovered three years ago when he purchased a large collection of the Burr papers.

Vidal's novel, very lively and very disparaging of Burr's associates, is in the form of a reminiscence, partly written, mostly as if dictated by Burr in the last three years of his life, 1833-1836. He had outlived his contemporaries but forgotten none of his scorn; had survived a stroke but still craved women, claret, and the chance to vindicate himself. His listener, and his amanuensis, is young Charlie Schuyler, a New York journalist, hired to do a job of character assassination but soon lost in skeptical admiration.

The story begins with the elder musing about his youth. Burr's maternal grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, and his father had been the first and second presidents of the College of New Jersey, and when in 1772 young Aaron graduated from Princeton, as it came to be called, he had a decisive mind, the dark handsome eyes and the impertinent wit that added to his charm. The Revolution gave him an early chance to excel and in his upward course he rarely underestimated himself.

The rivalry with Hamilton begins in Washington's headquarters. They are of the same age—Burr was a major at twenty—but Hamilton is the favorite; and when Burr imprudently questions the General's strategy after the British have landed on Long Island, he forfeits Washington's trust. The rivalry is renewed at the war's end when for six years Burr and Hamilton share the pick of legal practice in New

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York City. In their political strife Burr, by reconciling the Clinton and Livingston factions, leaves Hamilton in the shade, and in their amatory pursuits each is renowned but it is Hamilton's nasty vilification that leads to the final challenge.

Jefferson, in Burr's view, "was the most charming man I have ever known, as well as the most deceitful." The story has it that after their tie-vote for the presidency, it was Jefferson who intrigued while Burr made no effort to break the deadlock. (I find this hard to swallow.) In his role as Vice President, Burr resented the "Virginia junto"; he showed his independence, and when Jefferson made it clear that he wished to be succeeded by Madison, their enmity was sealed. Burr quit the capital at forty-nine. Inspired by Napoleon's example, "I saw myself as the liberator of all Spanish America," and with a mistaken reliance on General Wilkinson, he spun a conspiracy which was to prove the most reckless, ill-judged intrigue of his career.

Like a bruised apple Burr has long lain ready for peeling and what a fascinating book Vidal has made of him! He was a maze of contradictions: priding himself as a gentleman but in money matters irrational and in dalliance as free as a goat; contemptuous of Washington as a general while admitting that he was the only man who could hold the Army and Congress together; boasting that he was "indifferent to slander," yet killing his brilliant rival for a despicable remark; quick to perceive the power of the Virginians and resisting the New England talk of disunion, yet himself embracing the idea of separatism in the Southwest when he was desperate for power. Mr. Vidal has satisfied our curiosity on many points; I only wish he could have told us more about Burr's daughter, Theodosia.

TOWARD THE 21ST CENTURY
Education for a Changing World
by Edwin O. Reischauer
Knopf, $5.95

There are a few men, prudent and farsighted, who can look into our troubled future with a reasonable hope that if we will act now, with our historical development in

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mind, disaster can be averted. One such is Edwin O. Reischauer, whose long experience in the Orient makes him one of the few Americans who can speculate with authority about the West and the East.

Mr. Reischauer begins with the assumption that war between the two great nuclear nations "would amount to a sort of double suicide." In the breathing spell which he sees ahead, "we face," he says, "a mind-boggling dilemma between a too slow rate of industrialization in the less developed countries that sets off a slow-ticking population bomb and a run on the world bank of natural resources that bankrupts us all." The less than one-third of the world's population (in Communist and non-Communist nations) accounts for five-sixths of the world's production, while more than two-thirds of the human race have only a pathetic one-sixth of the total. With the world's population doubling every thirty-five years, unless this discrepancy can be ameliorated, says Mr. Reischauer, we are heading for deep trouble. In a terse analysis he traces the ever enlarging groupings, from the tribal federation, to the small city states, and on to the great empires in Egypt, China, and Rome. He shows the temporary binding power of religions and the national spirit and observing the present breakdown of cohesion, he predicts that "today, if we fail to develop a viable world community, the collapse of civilization may be total."

Our need is to develop strong feelings about a world community among many people and new skills in cooperation. At the moment we obviously don't have either, but a beginning has been made. The O.E.C.D. (the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development) and the Common Market, Reischauer argues, have already been enlarged into "a triangular community" of Western Europe, North America, and Japan. This is one angle, as he puts it, of a future triangle which must include the Communist states as a second angle and the undeveloped nations as a third. The binding force will consist of technology, science, and trade; he indicates in what ways the haves must adjust their trade relations so as to build up the have-nots, and he warns us that for this accomplishment, with its immense psychological and linguistic complications, we have a time span of decades, not centuries.

The excellence of this mind-stirring essay is its clarity, its calm assessment of the imponderables, and its hope, based on the experience of Japan, that West and East can meet.

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT: The Rise and Fall of New Bedford Whaling
by Everett S. Allen
Little, Brown, $10.00

In the 1850s, the sale of whale oil, candles, and whalebone, and the craftsmanship that went into the outfitting of its superb whaling fleet, had made New Bedford the richest city per capita in the world, for a time. It was only five decades—not a long time as wealth goes. During the Civil War the rebel cruiser *Alabama* destroyed forty-six whalers, twenty-five of them out of New Bedford, and afterwards the overkill of leviathan had driven the shy bowhead whales to the north, forcing the shipowners to take the gamble of hunting in the short risky season of open water in the Arctic. A single bowhead was worth $10,000; four big ones made for a good trip. On their way north the whalers paused for an indiscriminate butchery of the walrus, females and pups, regardless of the famine they were imposing on the friendly Eskimo communities.

Everett Allen has spent thirty years in and about New Bedford, and the graphic nature of his readable chronicle derives as much from oral accounts as from the printed word. His father is an authority on whaling and he himself interviewed the last of the great shipmasters, and whalemen like Amos Smalley of Gay Head, "who inherited the Indian's traditional skill with the harpoon and who 'ironed' a white whale."

He begins his narrative with a description of the Arctic "grounds," from Point Barry to Icy Point, and of the "Innuit," the small, light, hardy natives on whose generosity the whale men depended whenever their ships were frozen in. Then for contrast he shifts back to New Bedford, to the "Children of Light," the Quaker brothers, George and Matthew Howland ("George led, Matthew followed"), respected, dedicated owners who had enlarged the fleet inherited from their father. Since it was now "the Arctic or nothing," the Howlands decided to send their vessels north with not a penny of insurance; not even on their beautiful new *Concordia,* the preparation of which the author depicts as a model of the fleet.

In 1871 New Bedford was still basking in its prosperity, as in a haze, unmindful of a shipmaster's protest, in the local *Republican Standard,* of the cruel destruction of fifty thousand female walrus in the previous year, and unaware of the Eskimos' warning that the weather would be unusually bad that summer. The Arctic fleet did its hunting as a unit in the compact area of open water close to shore where the bowhead were spouting, and where they must be swiftly dispatched before they could escape under the ice. That August, as predicted, was unlike any within memory: an inshore gale with snow, "waves of formidable heaviness," spray turning into instant ice; and as the flue broke, ponderous blocks, bigger than houses, came "charging toward the land." By the twenty-ninth, thirty-two ships, including three of the Howlands', were jammed in shoal water close to the beach and their skippers took counsel on what to do. They were responsible for more than a thousand lives, including three women and five children; could they be ferried in the open whale boats through the miles of ice to the seven ships waiting offshore? There was no panic and their resolution is best and bravely told by Mr. Allen and in the stark, strong prose of the shipmasters. It was the heroic last act of a most hazardous calling.

THE PLUNDERED PAST
by Karl E. Meyer
Atheneum, $12.95

The plunder of art objects begins in a big way with the Romans; and although Lord Elgin when he transplanted the marbles from the Acropolis probably provided a safer resting place than they would have had if they had remained where they were, the question of whether an-

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tiquities should be restored to their place of origin will probably never be decided. When Edward Herbert Thompson in Chichén Itzá began dredging up treasure from the Sacred Well, he was serving as our American consul, and his shipments to the Peabody Museum at Harvard were unknown to Mexico until his first book appeared. When an Austrian grand duke had collected along the Adriatic a rare assortment of Illyrian relics, it too went to the Peabody because, seemingly, there was no one in Europe interested.

The postwar art boom, as Karl Meyer tells us, started with an auction in Paris in 1952 at which record new price levels were set by Impressionist and Postimpressionist paintings, and the astronomical increase since then has stimulated the theft of masterpieces (every day, an important work of art is stolen from somewhere), and the plundering of archaeological monuments in a way that is shocking—and, I must add, great fun to read about.

Mr. Meyer, for fifteen years a staff member of the Washington *Post,* became interested in archaeology on an extended trip through Latin America, and his book *The Pleasures of Archaeology* gave him the status of a tolerated outsider when he penetrated the inner circle of illegal importers. He speaks of the more daring anonymously, and as one of them remarked to him, "You must not forget one thing. I am a pirate. I enjoy piracy. I like the moment at the airport when they look at my passport [he carries several] and glance at my bag, for I take the very best pieces with me, on the airplane. . . ." His early pages have to do with the pillage of the Maya ruins and his story of how the famous mask of the Maya god finally landed in the Bliss Collection is a honey. The harvesting of illegal treasures from Turkey comes easier because there are so many more sites (some forty thousand, ranging from scattered burials to the remains of sumptuous cities); and because the Turks who are professionally involved in archaeology, whether as guards or as museum directors, receive such a piteously low wage. "More ancient treasure has left Anatolia in the past generation than at any time since the fall and sack of Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade."

For their cloudy acquisitions and for their policy of "de-accessioning," the author holds the American museums and particularly the Metropolitan Museum of Art responsible. The competition which developed in 1970 when the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan were each celebrating their centennial resulted in a scandal that was mutually damaging. Boston was obliged to return to Italy the smuggled, over-painted portrait attributed to Raphael; and Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, after a blanket denial had grudgingly to admit that the Metropolitan in twenty years had secretly traded or sold some fifteen thousand works. The accusations came thick and fast, prompting Allen Wardwell, curator of primitive art at the Art Institute of Chicago, to propose a two- or three-year moratorium of acquisitions for all American museums so that the directors could rethink their policy. But the argument has another side to it: the Icelandic sagas, in dilapidated shape, were removed to Denmark and carefully preserved. Today when Iceland can care for them they have been returned.

Life & Letters Contributors

Benjamin DeMott is a critic and professor of English at Amherst College.

William Abrahams is co-author with Peter Stansky of *The Unknown Orwell.*

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams write regularly for these pages.

Poets in This Issue

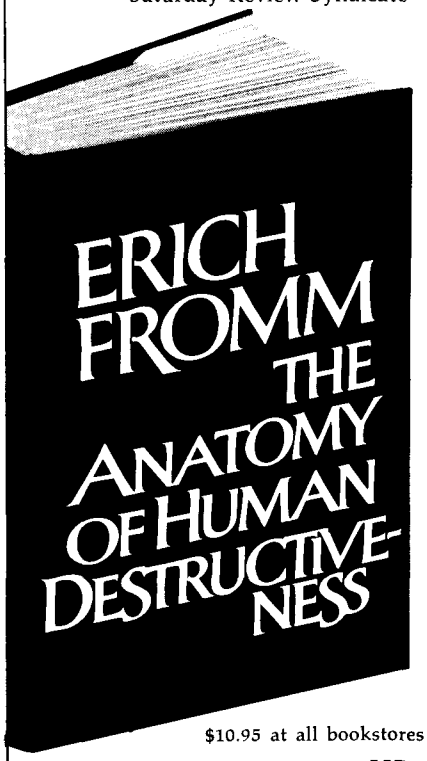
Annie Dillard (page 67) is the author of a book of poems, *Tickets for a Prayer Wheel,* to be published next spring.

Robert Penn Warren (page 84), Pulitzer prizewinner in fiction and poetry, is the author of *All the King's Men* and numerous novels and volumes of poetry.

Judith Minty (page 111) was the 1973 recipient of the United States Award of the International Poetry Forum for her book *Lake Songs and Other Fears.*

Margaret Atwood (page 121) has written novels *(The Edible Woman* and *Surfacing),* poetry (including *The Animals in That Country* and *Power Politics),* and nonfiction.

"*The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness* is not only a landmark book but one written in standard English comprehensible to any intelligent reader." —John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate



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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

"IN MY HOT YOUTH" and "FAMOUS IN MY TIME": Byron's Letters and Journals edited by Leslie A. Marchand. Harvard University Press, $11.50 per volume. With all the studies, speculations, and sensational revelations published about Byron during the last century, there has never been a complete edition of his surviving papers. This curious hiatus in the record is now being handsomely corrected with a collection that will eventually run to eight volumes. Of the two now available, one begins in 1798 when his lordship, aged ten, undertook "the first letter I ever wrote" concerning a "poney," an indeterminate quantity of potatoes, and the gift of a rabbit to a Miss Frances—a thoroughly Byronic mixture. Volume two ends in 1812, with the poet famous, fashionable, in debt, and proposing to Annabella Milbanke while trying to disentangle himself from Caroline Lamb. Byron was a superb letter writer, a fact which no amount of bowdlerization has ever obscured. The restored passages, when tracked down, reveal more about Victorian editors than about Byron, which in no way lessens the value of this admirable edition.

THE SEVEN WIVES OF WESTLAKE: A Documentary Assembled by Enrique Lopez. Putnam's, $6.95. Seven women gathered in a consciousness-raising group to discuss their problems. They met at one member's house; her husband promptly had the living room bugged. The recorded conversations being published here have allegedly been so thoroughly scrambled that none of the women can recognize herself. If this is true, the scrambling has also destroyed any serious value in the material, reducing it to standard complaints, too generalized for reliable meaning. The one plain fact is that the project is a case of exploitation by male chauvinist greed, for the women who provided the text of this book are not going to get any share of the royalties on it. It is to be hoped that at least one of the victims will recognize herself, and sue the pants off somebody.

CHULO by Bil Gilbert. Knopf, $7.95. Chulo is the Southwestern name for the coatimundi, a well organized relative of the raccoon. As one local put it, "They take care of themselves, don't bother anybody, and aren't afraid of anything. They are smart and pretty and they are good to each other." Mr. Gilbert spent months studying chulo and has written delightfully about these thoroughly charming animals.

GLORIANA: The Years of Elizabeth I by Mary M. Luke. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.50. Readers who have either never read a book about Queen Elizabeth or can never read too many will find this one a straightforward, workmanlike narrative distinguished for the lavish and adroit use of contemporary quotation. Illustrations, bibliography, notes.

THE FEMININITY GAME by Thomas Boslooper and Marcia Hayes. Stein and Day, $7.95. The authors are remonstrating against the unfair treatment accorded women in professional and amateur sports, but their worthwhile facts are buried in promiscuous quotation, borrowed ideas, and overfamiliar feminist complaints.

MAXFIELD PARRISH by Coy Ludwig. Watson-Guptill, $25.00. Parrish's shimmering, dream-world paintings, his amiably comic grotesqueries, and his pretty-pretty commercial work all suggest a life of placid success. The suggestion is correct; aside from an early and victorious bout with tuberculosis, Parrish spent most of his ninety-five years getting well paid for work that he loved to do. This sort of thing does not make for exciting biography, but Mr. Ludwig has added interest to his quiet text by explanations of Parrish's intricate, meticulous technique. The illustrations are the great point—over 100 in black and white and 64 fine color plates. Notes and catalogue.

THE LOO SANCTION by Trevanian. Crown, $6.95. This clever author is the latest candidate for the boots of the late Ian Fleming, but while he splashes a Flemingesque sufficiency of blood, he is a different breed of puss. James Bond derives, admit-

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tedly at outrageous length, from Kipling (the number .007 also belongs to one of Kipling's odder heroes—a steam engine) and Fleming's tales always assume a basic confidence in Duty, Empire, and All That. Trevanian writes with blunt contempt for such trash and manages to imply that he thinks no better of his readers.

BLACK CONCEIT by John Leonard. Doubleday, $6.95. Mr. Leonard indulges in fits of fine writing which do not always serve his purpose, but allowing for these divagations, his novel is a shrewd, amusing account of a pair of young liberals. He is into race relations, she is into female liberation, and both of them wind up in, and causing, trouble.

DOROTHY AND LILLIAN GISH by Lillian Gish. Scribner's, $19.95. Miss Gish takes the reader through her professional photograph album much as though she were entertaining at her own coffee table—a little kindly gossip, a little affectionate reminiscence, and considerable delicate humor. The careers of the Gish sisters cover fifty years of screen and stage history, some of it important. The story could hardly be more modestly presented.

THE TALE OF KIEU by Nguyen Du, translated by Huynh Sanh Thong. Random House, $6.95. This narrative poem of lost love and ambiguously salvaged honor is a national classic in Vietnam, and one can see why; the tale out-perils Pauline. The translation, into an unrhymed but firmly accented line, is readable and unaffected.

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding. Praeger, $29.95. Eight Picasso specialists discuss various aspects of his work. The approach is, on the whole, intellectual, technical, iconographic—it requires close reading, and is worth the attention it demands. Nearly five hundred illustrations, predominantly black and white.

Excerpts from the following books have appeared in *The Atlantic:*
THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00.
MALCOLM LOWRY by Douglas Day. Oxford University Press, $10.00.

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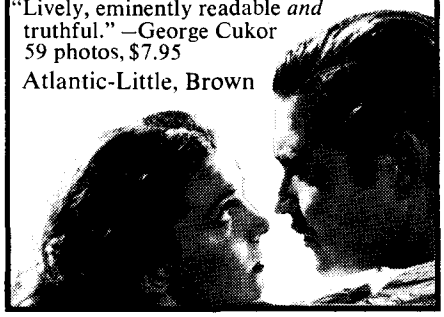

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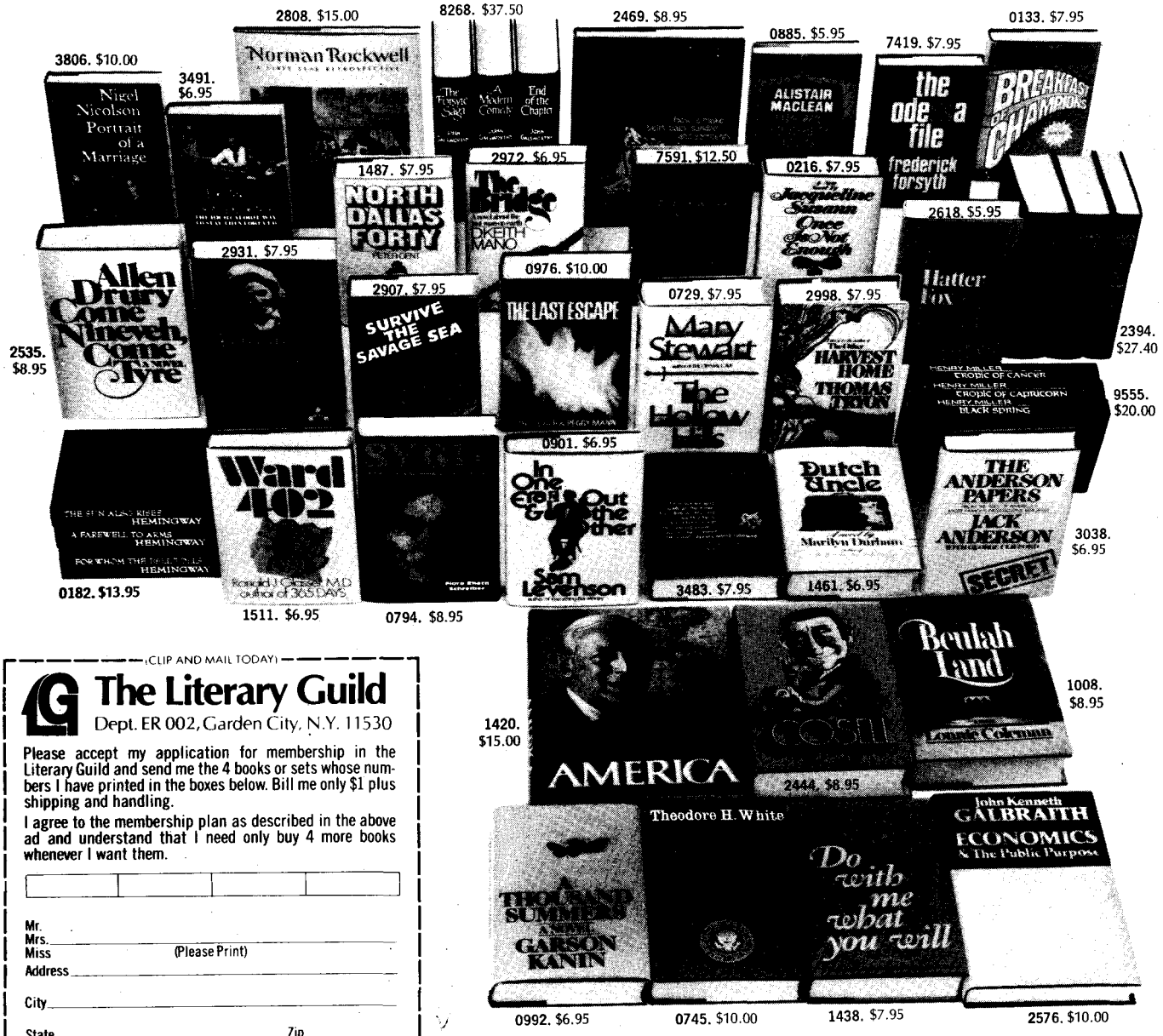

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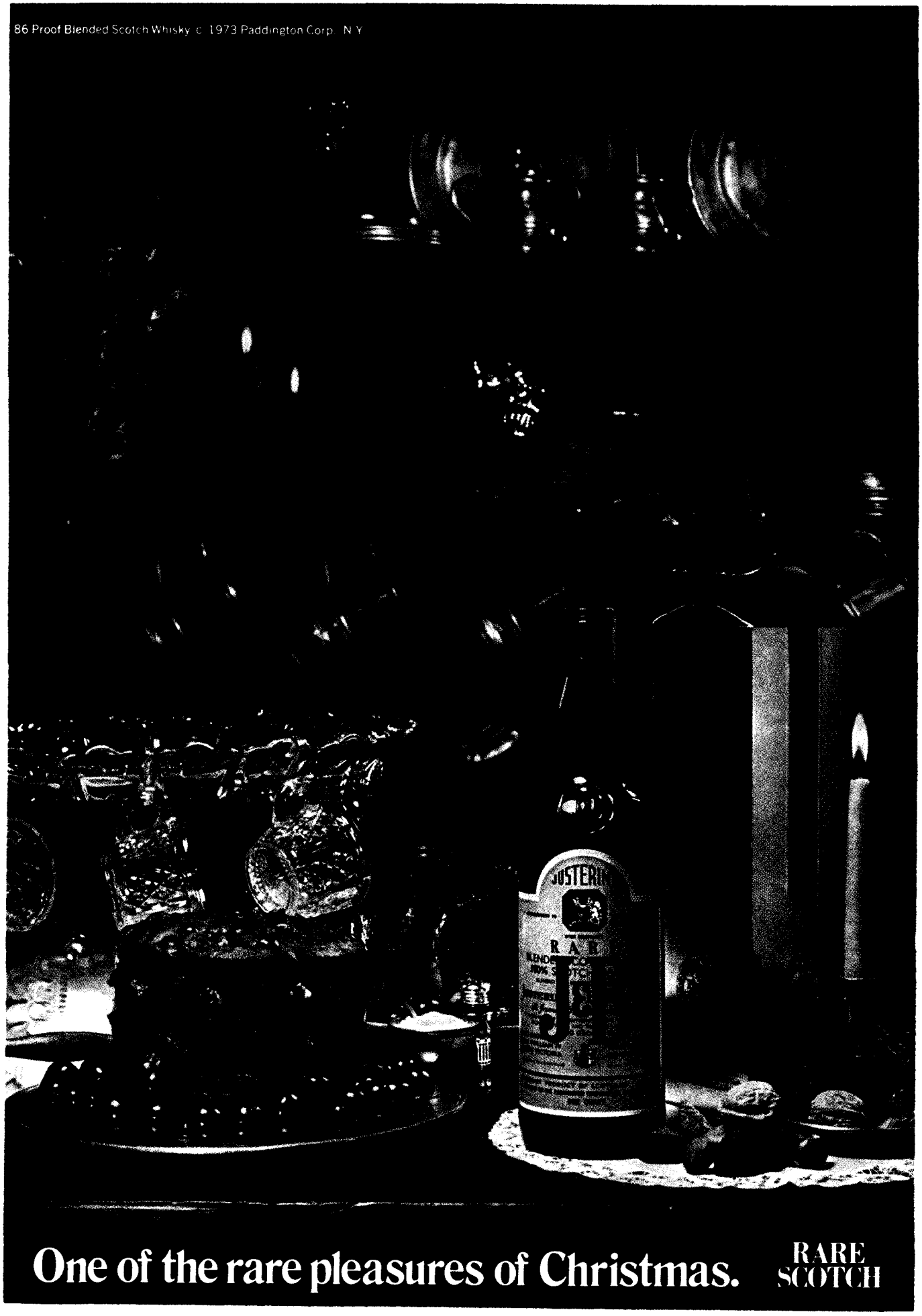

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Zenith Allegro console stereos are powerful and versatile, too. Up to 320 watts peak power, and you can add eight track or cassette tape units.

Four channel? Just add an optional four-channel adapter and two external speakers.

Console stereo should also look as good as it sounds, so great styling is a must. Styles like Mediterranean, Early American, Modern and Contemporary. Shown above, The Scofield, Mediterranean styled E966. There are many beautiful models to choose from, all with Allegro.

So whatever style you choose, you'll make beautiful music.

The surprising sound of Zenith.

ZENITH Allegro

The quality goes in before the name goes on®

*patent pending

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